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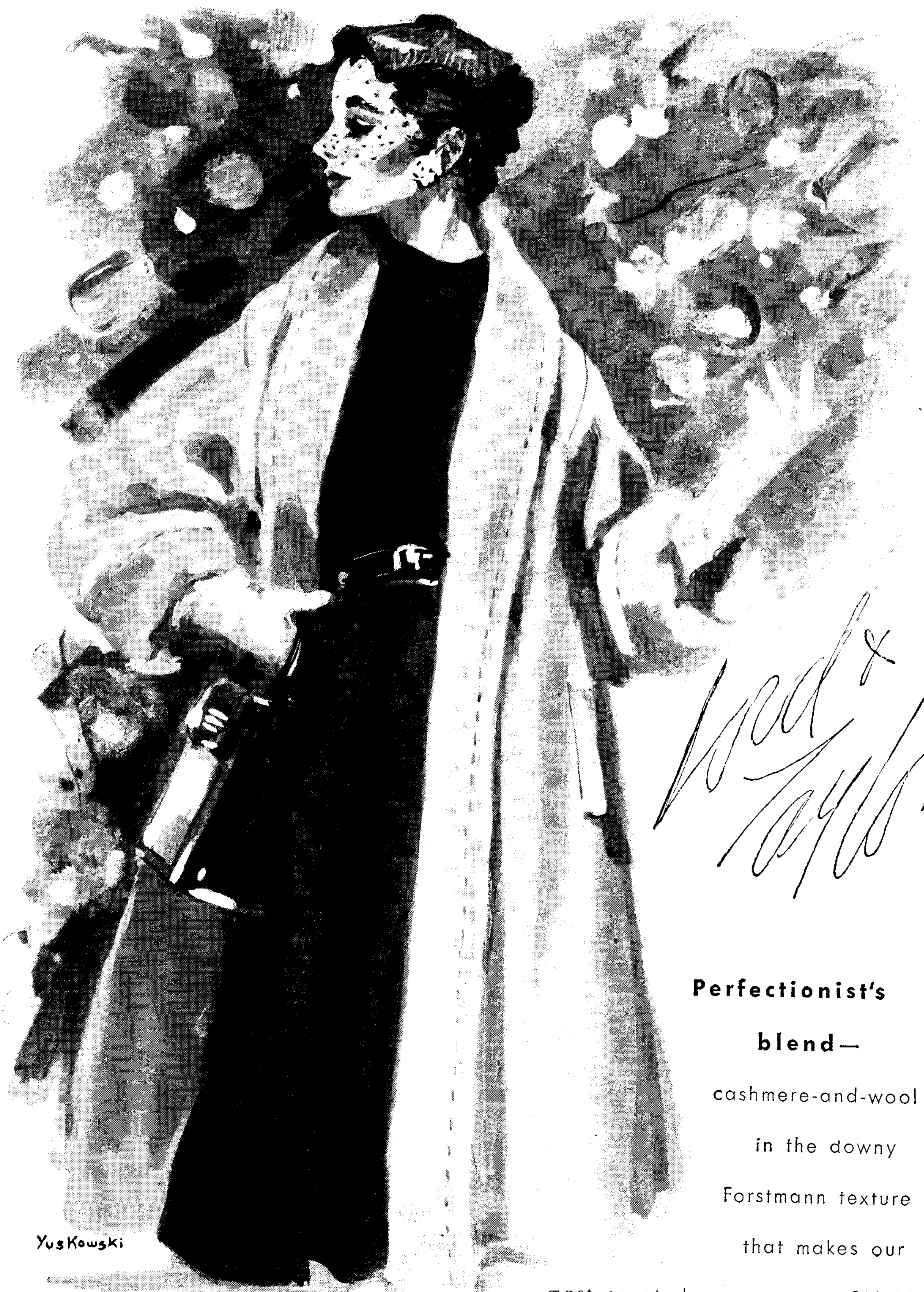

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—Lloyd Nolan is magnificent as Queeg, and John Hodiak and Henry Fonda are both very good indeed as the defendant and his attorney in this fine and exciting adaptation of a section of Herman Wouk's novel. Charles Laughton directed the exemplary cast, which also includes Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ruth Draper—The celebrated monologuist in a widely varied and fascinating series of impersonations, most of which you've probably seen before. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

His and Hers—Celeste Holm and Robert Preston in a reasonably diverting comedy about a couple of playwrights who are driven apart and then together again by the hazards of their profession. With Howard St. John, Elizabeth Patterson, and George Voskovec. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

In the Summer House—Jane Bowles' drama about a dominating mother and her unhappy daughter stumbles now and then, but on the whole it is one of the most distinguished offerings around at the moment. Judith Anderson is dazzling in the leading role, and she is ably supported by Mildred Dunnock, Elizabeth Ross, Logan Ramsey, and Jean Stapleton. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Kind Sir—Mary Martin and Charles Boyer in a lavishly mounted comedy about absolutely nothing at all. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; Jo Mielziner and Main Bocher, respectively, are responsible for the set and the costumes; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Robert Ross. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mademoiselle Colombe—Edna Best and Julie Harris in Louis Kronenberger's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's very French but rather non-effervescent farce concerning backstage life in Paris. Harold Clurman directed a cast that includes Sam Jaffe, Harry Bannister, Mikhail Rasumny, and Frank Silvera. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's funny account of the misadventures of a psychoanalyst who gets just a bit too involved in the lives of his patients. Franchot Tone is the analyst, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden help keep things thoroughly mixed up. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Prescott Proposals—Katharine Cornell is the chief figure in this Lindsay-Crouse play that deals with devious carryings on at a United Nations meeting. It is, unfortunately, a little old-fashioned and elementary. Miss Cornell's associates include Felix Aylmer, Ben Astar, Minoo Daver, and Lorne Greene. Donald Oenslager designed the impressive scenery, and the costumes are the work of Main Bocher. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—This comedy by Liam O'Brien about a man who lives a terribly complicated double life is one of the season's most cheerful adornments. Burgess Meredith, Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager have leading roles. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—The ups and downs of a millionaire and a chauffeur's daughter who find themselves in love. Margaret Sullavan is quite pyrotechnic as the lass, and Joseph Cotten makes an attractive magnate. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins lend them a helping hand. Samuel Taylor is the author. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who is probably everybody's best girl, in a very funny comedy by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann that has to do with the strange vagaries of the world of high finance. Loring Smith is at the top of a fine supporting cast, which includes Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—This play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who plays a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Leif Erickson, Richard York, and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are well seconded by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DIAL "M" FOR MURDER:** A British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 27.) . . . **THE FIFTH SEASON:** Menasha Skulnik is the mainstay of this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **PICNIC:** Sex in a small Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with a cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Treasurers Club of America Sunday evening, Feb. 7.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Lullaby—A comedy by Don Appell, with Mary Boland heading a cast of four under the direction of Jerome Mayer. The producers are Mr. Mayer and Irl Mowery. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 10, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—This revue is about equally divided between the good, the indifferent, and the tedious. The best ingredients are the sketches that feature the comic talents of Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe, and there is also some agreeable singing and dancing by Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kismet—A big, handsome show derived from the comedy-melodrama that Edward Knoblock put together in 1911. With music adapted from the work of Alexander Borodin, dances arranged by Jack Cole, and sumptuous sets by Lemuel Ayers, the piece goes along with plenty of verve. Alfred Drake is fine as a vagabond poet, and Doretta Morrow is most appealing as his lovely daughter. They have the help of Richard Kiley, Joan Diener,

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 51, February 6, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Philip Coolidge, and Henry Calvin, among many others. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**can-can:** A glimpse of nineteenth-century Montmartre set to Cole Porter's music. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i:** A royal Siamese (Leonard Graves) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Annamary Dickey. Yul Brynner will resume the leading role on Tuesday, Feb. 9. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2:25.) . . . **wonderful town:** Rosalind Russell in a revival of "My Sister Eileen" for which Leonard Bernstein composed the music. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Stockade—A dramatization by Mark J. Appleton of some of the chapters of James Jones' "From Here to Eternity." Presented by Diana Green and Paul Butler, the play features Murray Hamilton, Rusty Lane, and Jay Barney in an all-male cast. Staged by Robert H. Gordon. Opens Thursday, Feb. 4. (President, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Immoralist—Louis Jourdan and Geraldine Page in an adaptation, by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, of André Gide's novel. Produced by Billy Rose and directed by Daniel Mann. Trial performances through Saturday, Feb. 6; official opening Monday, Feb. 8. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Confidential Clerk—T. S. Eliot's verse comedy, starring Ina Claire, Claude Rains, and Joan Greenwood. A presentation of Henry Sherek and the Producers' Theatre (Roger L. Stevens, Robert Whitehead, and Robert W. Dowling), directed by E. Martin Browne. Opens Thursday, Feb. 11. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Feb. 5: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Paul Vincent Carroll's "The Wise Have Not Spoken," directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and with Thomas Clancy and Helena Carroll in the cast, will open on Wednesday, Feb. 10. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8.)

Circle in the Square—A theatre-in-the-round production of "The Girl on the Via Flaminia," Alfred Hayes' reworking of his novel. Betty Miller and Leo Penn are in the cast, and the play will open on Tuesday, Feb. 9. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Phoenix Theatre—"Coriolanus," Shakespeare's tragedy about a proud Roman who betrayed his country has its obvious contemporary aspects, and is certainly worth seeing in spite of a rather unsatisfactory performance by Robert Ryan in the title role. Among those who try to help or destroy the hero are John Emery, Mildred Natwick, Alan Napier, and Will Geer. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Feb. 28.)

Shakespeare Guild Festival Company—"Othello." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-5480. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 7.)

Theatre de Lys—Hurd Hatfield in "Bullfight," a rather muddled account of a matador whose cowardice costs his brother his life. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

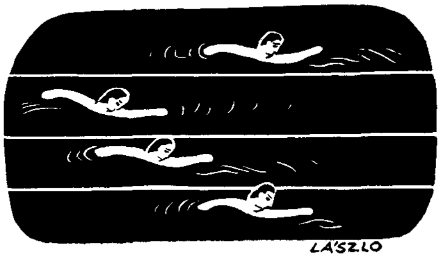
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Feb. 4: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 5: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "A la Français," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 6: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Opus 34," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 6: "Filling Station," "Opus 34," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 7: "Four Temperaments," "Firebird," "A la Français," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 7: "Fanfare," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 9: "Four Temperaments," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 10: "Swan Lake," "The Cage," "A la Françaix," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 11: "Filling Station," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 12: "Serenade," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "La Valse," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Feb. 13: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 21.)

Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris—A company headed by Roland Petit, Colette Marchand, and Leslie Caron in "Le Loup," "Deuil en 24 Heures," and "Carmen." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:45. Through Sunday, Feb. 28.)

José Limón—With his dance company and Pauline Koner, and with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Frederick Prausnitz. For the benefit of the Dance Scholarship Fund of the Juilliard School of Music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 35. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 5-7, at 8:30.)

Sophie Maslow—With her company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)



NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Not a note is sounded on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's instrumental group is audible in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous house by the side of the road, but the principal characters in this particular charade are more Carl Van Vechten than Eddie Guest. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The ice age still reigns in the Terrace Room, where Arnold Shoda's nimble skates barely scratch the frozen surface. The current show is the perkiest to come along in some years. There's also dancing to Ernie Rudy's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The dances of Mata and Hari are exemplars of classic workmanship and malice aforethought; the songs of Denise Darcel are merely incidental to the fact that she is one of the seven architectural wonders of France. The scene is the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays only a dinner show, and on Mondays the room is closed. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, turns out music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Mindy Carson, a gentle lark and a pretty one, is carolling in the Persian Room. Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, sings in his happy tenor as he conducts one of the world's best dance bands. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra ambles along at a Sunday-driver pace. No music Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a small but solvent duchy, is full of carefree villagers, all arrayed at least like King Solomon. There are soft lights by the management, sweet music by Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's bands, and boyish songs by Russell Nype, the epitome of the Yale undergraduate. He departs on Wednesday, Feb. 10, and next evening the beautiful Marti Stevens will commence her song recital. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day but Monday, Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, warm, cozy, and pretty as a picture, offers dance music all evening long and some of the most expert amateur waltzers in town. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Horace Heidt's orchestra has grown into a large, busy, and not especially cerebral floor show. It operates in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. The crying, though, is done into champagne, not beer. Payson Ré's or-

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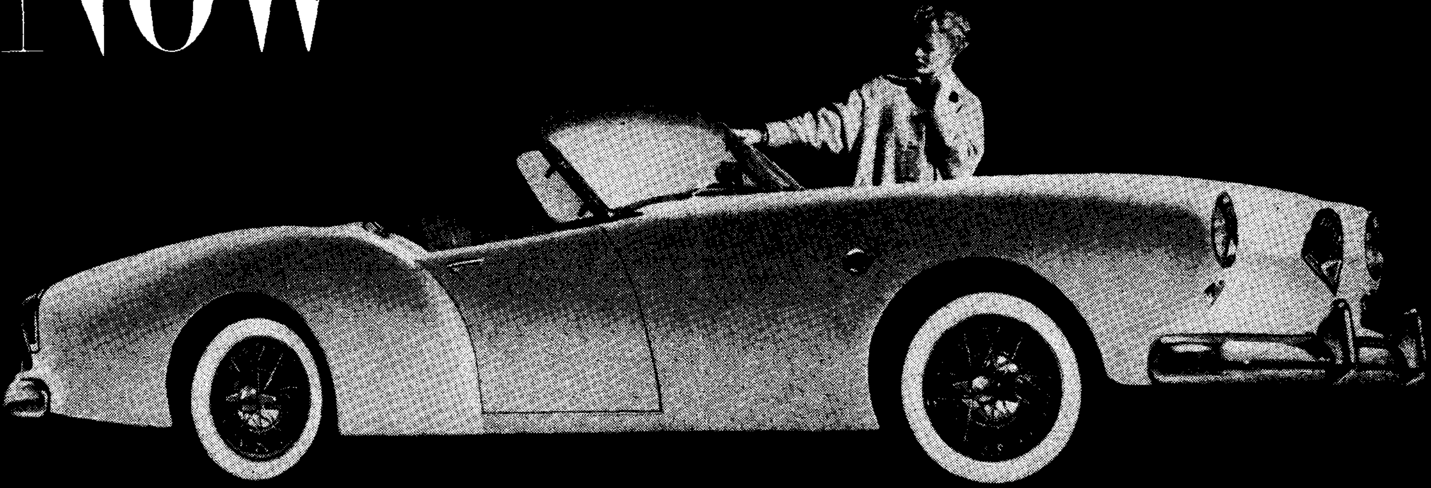

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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chestra and a rumba band chortle away until all hours.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a funny girl, rips through the miniature musical comedy here like a hot knife through butter, which is the best way to treat the plot of this show. It makes a nice coming-out party for her and her friends, such as Lou Nelson, Georgie Kaye, and Don Liberto, who are comical, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dolores Gray, who should have no trouble making the front page of any calendar, does a direct, solid job on a sheaf of songs suitable to her blond disposition. She's in the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's big orchestra sounds off most of the evening. On Thursday, Feb. 11, she'll be replaced by Connie Russell, a small but active nightingale, and the Bob Hamilton Trio, who dance. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In one room of the enormous complex called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is at the piano off and on from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when another group sits in.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of Yellowstone National Park, and affording an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A bustling oasis symbolically situated east of Broadway and west of Park. The piano of Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard *cum laude*, is in the brisk vernacular of today, but its flavor is distinctly individual. He's on during dinner and supper. Ralph Strain, who looks in at supper, makes the piano one of the foremost romance languages. They rest on Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry where, from six to eight and from ten to two, except Sundays, Cy Walter and his latest Steinway are in complete rapport. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after ten, to a freshet of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, performs quiet and discerning études at the pianoforte. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at cocktails and dinner and after the theatre, except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators. Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to José Poniera's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a suave specimen of the strolling violinist, will find him prowling this straight and narrow path at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **HARWYN,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-1447): A new and opulent assembly hall, almost too pink and glittery to be for real, wherein Ira Brant toys with a baby grand from eight until two, and, on Fridays and Saturdays, heads up a trio. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Myron Cohen, graduate of the Seventh Avenue ateliers, casts a humorous eye over the folkways of that famous canyon; Tony Bennett, a juke-box graduate, does the singing; and the fetching Copa ballerinas scamper through their no-one's-going-to-tell-me-what-to-do dances. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Times Square on New Year's Eve. Dorothy Dandridge, an impressive hollyhock, may be singing her come-hither lyrics here, and again she may not. Vic Damone may start crooning here on or about Thursday, Feb. 11, and again he may not. Dancing when there's room.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5098): There's no mistaking the message of Josephine Premice's West Indian mating calls, which are delivered with fairly fancy trimmings. Progressive dissonance is the theme of the clever songs of Jackie Caine and Roy Kral, and in their case dissonance lends enchantment. Andy Griffith tells tall tales of his native Carolina mountains, and Jorie Remes is a broody combination of lady panther and parodist. The backdrop is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio. On Thursday, Feb. 11, the compelling voice of Felicia Sanders will replace the Caine-Kral duets. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, an innocent abroad in night life with only a beautiful face, some beautiful songs, and a beautiful soprano to guide her, and Enid Mosier, whose jive tunes are delicately seasoned with humor, are in action here. There's also Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): A houseful of pleasant youngsters, few of them old enough to leave their mothers, are performing in collaboration with Julius Monk, the local *conférencier*. They are Arte Johnson, whose wit is often abstract and frequently abstruse; the Jackson Sisters, experts at playful part singing; Jonathan Winters, an itinerant Western humorist who holds an accurate mirror up to provincial American life; and Susan Johnson, a straightforward soprano with taste and sincerity. The work of these shiny new pennies is greatly enhanced by the unique music of the Norman Paris trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, a healthy girl with a one-track mind, is citing chapter and verse (in both senses of the word) on the men in her life. The ballads of Jeff Warren indicate an idealist's approach to love. His last night is Sunday, Feb. 7; hers is Monday, Feb. 8. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateurs on Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): A symposium on the care and feeding of contemporary love life, couched in the well-chosen words of such poets as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard and set to music by the understanding voice of Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often clamorous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The biggest permanent floating pillow fight in town is on view here. The continuous participants are Kaye Ballard, whose ditties are all equipped with broomstick propulsion; Jimmie Daniels, singer of man-of-the-world romances; the Three Flames, whose jump tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Oliver Wakefield, an after-dinner speaker to end all after-dinner speakers; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs.

STREET CLOSED

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet could easily pass for the Angel Gabriel's. His compeers are Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Walter Page, and occasionally even Mr. Condon, whose vocals are all sotto-voce and table-side. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks off some of the hottest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A well-appointed finishing school for easy-on-the-ears jazz musicians. Joe Bushkin and his pals (Johnny Smith, Ed Shaughnessy, and Clyde Lombardi), plus Stan Free's trio (to be replaced on Monday, Feb. 8, by Jo Jones' trio), emit a steady stream of lively sound after nine. Sunday nights, young Barbara Carroll, a one-of-a-kind objet d'art, sits up long past her proper curfew to play tender, loving, but wholly modern piano to the background of Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are, as always, hot but not heavy. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Zutty Singleton, Sidney de Paris, and Omer Simeon, keeps firmly to the faith, which is that old jazz is the best jazz. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Feb. 10, Slim Gaillard's gang and Arnett Cobb's band will be doing the honors; next evening, Art Tatum's trio will replace the Cobb group. Visitors turn up in quantity for the jam sessions, which are held on Mondays. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 7, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, the Janis boys and Pee Wee Erwin will conspire to break the Sabbath peace. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a crisp and knowledgeable pianist, and her progressive trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A splinter group from the American Rocket Society meets here on Fridays. On Feb. 5, the speakers will probably include Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, and Pop Foster. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, it is promised, there will be target practice by Max Kaminsky, Jimmy Archey, Big Chief Russell Moore, Charlie Shavers, Buck Clayton, Freddy Moore, Sonny Greer, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Reopens Thursday, Feb. 11, with solid sending by such experts as Bobby Hackett, Lou McGarity, Hank D'Amico, Buck Clayton, Jimmy Crawford, and Don Abney, and the high-style jazz singing of Sylvia Syms. Jam sessions Sunday afternoons; dancing every night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

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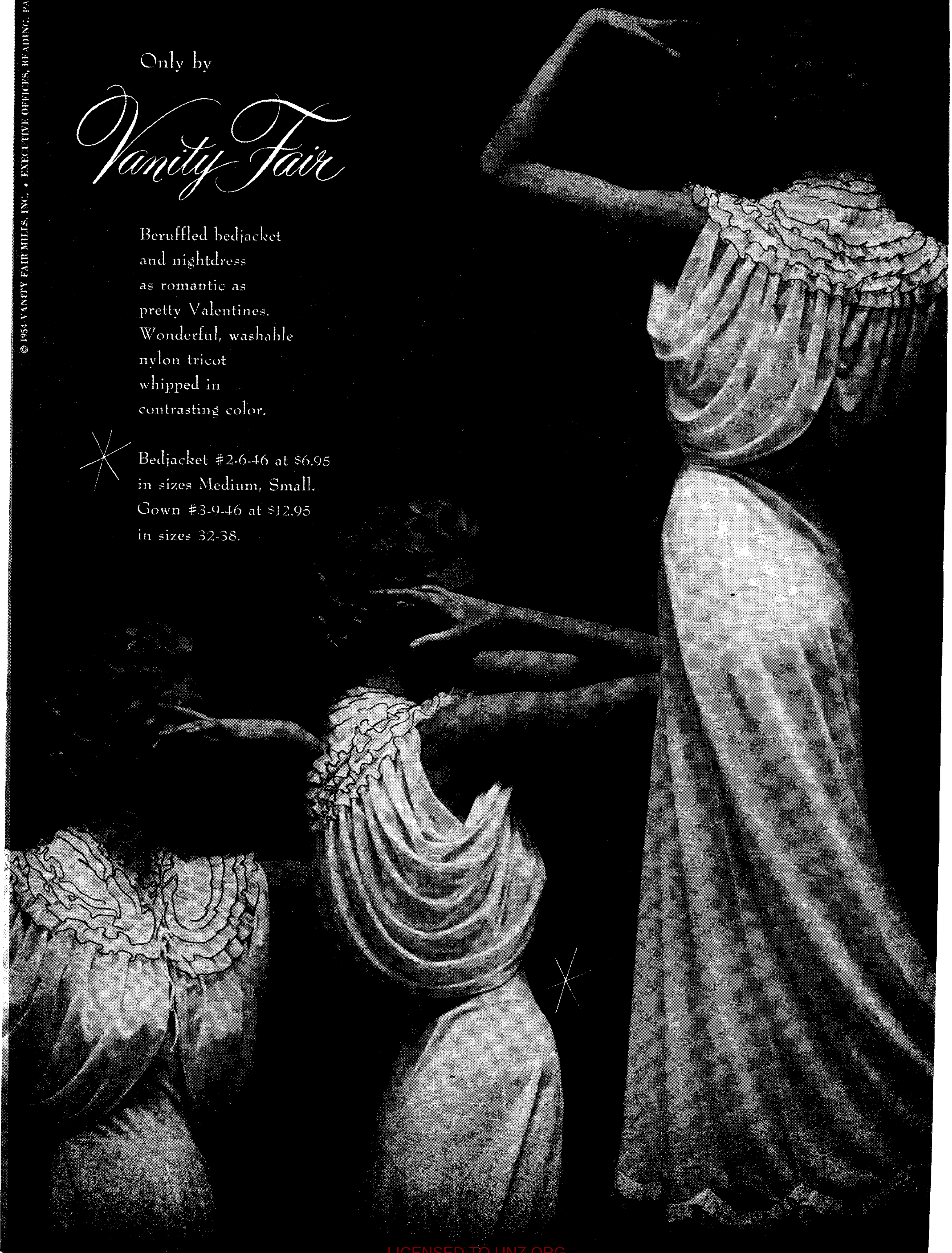

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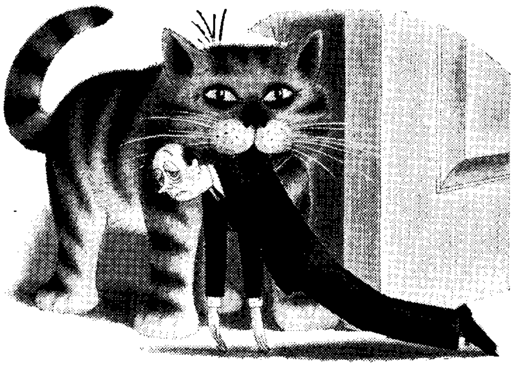

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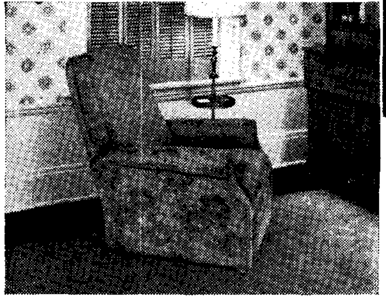

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

objects from the Gold Coast, many borrowed from their native owners; through Feb. 6. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Balla and Severini—A small but extremely well-selected showing, full of little-known pieces, by two early leaders of the Italian Futurist movement; through Feb. 26. (Fried, 6 E. 65th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Harold Baumbach—Post-Impressionist landscapes, still-lifes, street scenes, and other oils by a New York artist; through Feb. 6. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Max Beckmann—A highly apposite retrospective exhibition of paintings by this German Expressionist, who died in 1950; through Feb. 20. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Bonnard—Sixteen paintings, the earliest dated 1896 and the latest 1942; through Feb. 6. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Leonardo Cremonini—Semiabstract paintings, dark and rather sombre in mood, many of them using the figure of a bull as the central symbol; through Feb. 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Cubism to 1918—The first decade of the movement, as seen through the works of its three great exponents, Picasso, Braque, and Gris; through Feb. 6. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Emeryc Gomery—Semiabstract paintings, a little harsh in color but full of movement, in a first one-man showing of considerable appeal; through March 13. (Artisans, 32 W. 58th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

George Grosz—New oils and other works, many of them the result of a recent visit to Texas; through Feb. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.) The Grosz exhibition at the Whitney Museum may be of interest in this connection, too.

Nathaniel Kaz—New sculptures, flowingly designed, in his first exhibition in eight years; through Feb. 11. (Grand Central Moderns, 120 E. 57th St.)

Earl Kerkam—New paintings, all done in the last year or two in Paris, and mainly centering on rapid, and frequently very expressive, studies of the human head; through Feb. 6. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Karl Knaths—Canvases chosen from his work in Provincetown over the last eight years, many of them on exhibit for the first time; through Feb. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Richard Lindner—A first one-man exhibition of oils by an artist who mixes such diverse influences as Léger, Chirico, Tenniel, and Delvaux in an odd but full-bodied stew; through Feb. 13. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

John Marin—A retrospective, with almost a hundred oils, water colors, etchings, and drawings, tracing the late artist's career for forty-nine years; through Feb. 14. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

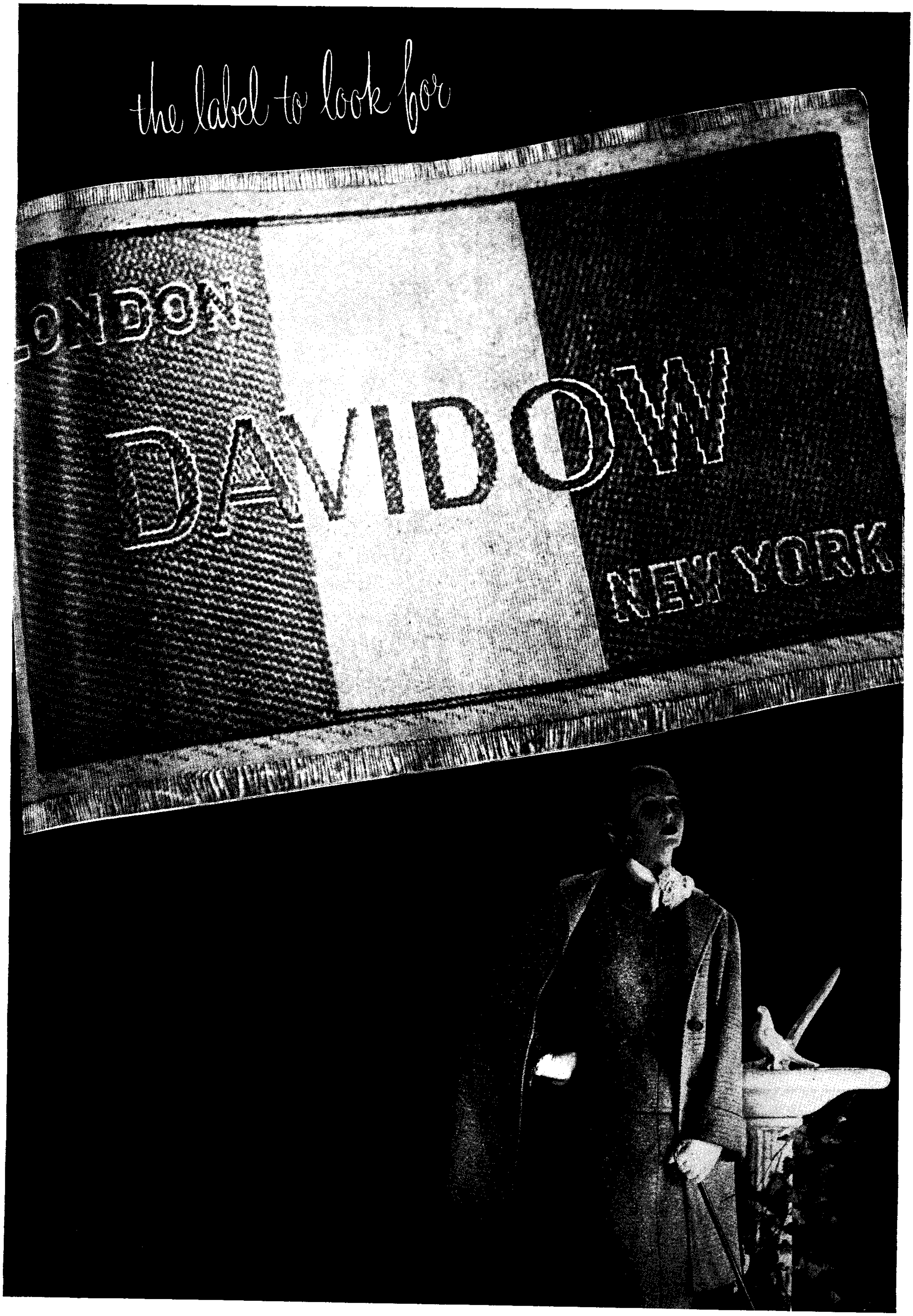
Luciano Miori—Large, boldly fashioned studies in wax crayon by a young Italian of much promise; through March 5. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

Nora Mirmont—A first solo exhibition of oils, shakily designed in spots but including some agreeable still-lifes; through Feb. 11. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Mitchell—Oils and water colors, many about life in the New Orleans jazz joints and very knowingly done, in his first show in five years; through Feb. 13. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

Walter Stuempfig—New oils, done by an artist who can make simple Pennsylvania scenes look as mysteriously romantic as those of classical Italy; through Feb. 6. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

True or False—Paintings and other works, dating from the fourteenth century to the present, selected to point up the difference between the work of masters and the so-called forgeries by unknown artists; a bene-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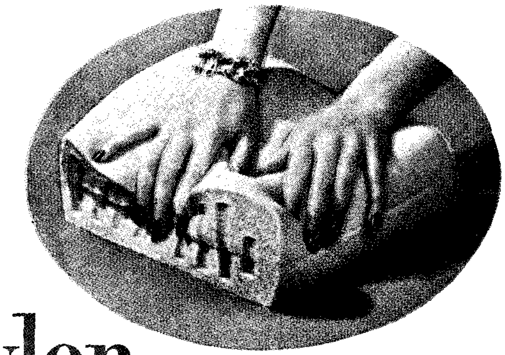

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fit for the Menninger Foundation. Through Feb. 20. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Nicholas Vasilieff—Expressionistic still-lifes and other subjects, done in a cheerfully naïve manner; through Feb. 13. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—Paintings in encaustic, mainly of city subjects, by one of the most devoted and proficient practitioners of this difficult medium; through Feb. 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the ARTISTS', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St.: Stephen Pace; through Feb. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: John C. Pellew; through Feb. 13. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Jackson Pollock; through Feb. 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: André Marchand; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Group shows at the CARLEBACH, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.; through March 31. DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) JACKSON, 22 E. 66th St.; through Feb. 27. KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.; through Feb. 20. NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.; through Feb. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over six hundred oils, water colors, and other works, in a huge, somewhat higgledy-piggledy, but still generally engrossing review of American art from 1754 to the present. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, textiles, gold and silver pieces, featherwork, pottery, and quantities of other artifacts in a show called "Ancient Arts of the Andes," which covers the time between 1200 B.C. and the sixteenth century; through March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Take Care," an instructive exposition of modern techniques for the care and authentication of paintings; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A travelling exhibition of American drawings, water colors, and pastels ranging back to 1782. Some of the artists are Sargent, Whistler, Homer, Audubon, Glackens, and Eakins. Through March 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—On the first floor, a selection from the Guggenheim Collection, with examples by Bonnard, Kandinsky, and Brancusi; on the second floor, a thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of drawings (largely on loan from the Kunsthaus, in Zurich) and water colors by Henry Fuseli, compared with works in the same mediums by William Blake; through Feb. 6. (Daily, except Sundays, 9:30 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A loan exhibit of about thirty works by William Sidney Mount, one of the founders of the American school of genre painting; through Feb. 7. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A showing by the Painters and Sculptors of New Jersey, which includes works by the late John Taylor Arms, Henry Gasser, and Ogden Pleissner; starting Feb. 7. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by George Grosz, in a big, slightly scattered but consistently interesting retrospective survey of this truly great modern satirist; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A good complement to the exhibition is the Grosz show at the

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Ferdinand Frantz, and Set Svanholm. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 5, at 8: "The Rake's Progress" (in English), with Hilde Gueden, Blanche Thebom, Eugene Conley, and Mack Harrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Dolores Wilson, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, Martha Lipton, Cesare Siepi, and Charles Kullman. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Margaret Roggero, Eugene Conley, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Sandra Warfield, Jussi Bjoerling, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Ferdinand Frantz, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:15: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Gino Penno, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines. (A non-subscription performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 5, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:45 (with James MacInnes, piano); Sunday, Feb. 7, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 12, at 2:30 (Richard Strauss programs; no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Pierre Monteux conducting—Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:45, with Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, and Saturday, Feb. 13, at 2:30, no soloists. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30; no soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Concert Society of New York—The Saidenberg Little Symphony, Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 5:30.)

Singing Boys of Mexico—Romano Picutti directing a chorus of thirty-two voices. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8:30.)

The Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing, with soloists and an orchestra; the second in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Vera Franceschi—Piano, in a program called "The Challenge of the Sonata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Soriano—Spanish pianist. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 5, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 3.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 3.)

Suzanne Danco—Belgian soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 3.)

Hans Hotter—Bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 8:30.)

Musicians' Guild—The Kroll Quartet; Lillian Fuchs, viola; Artur Balsam and Beveridge

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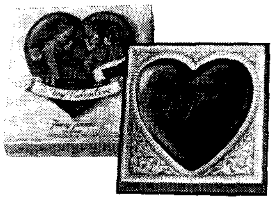

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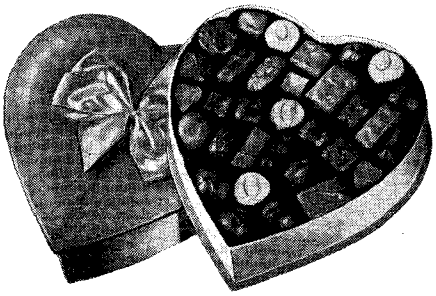

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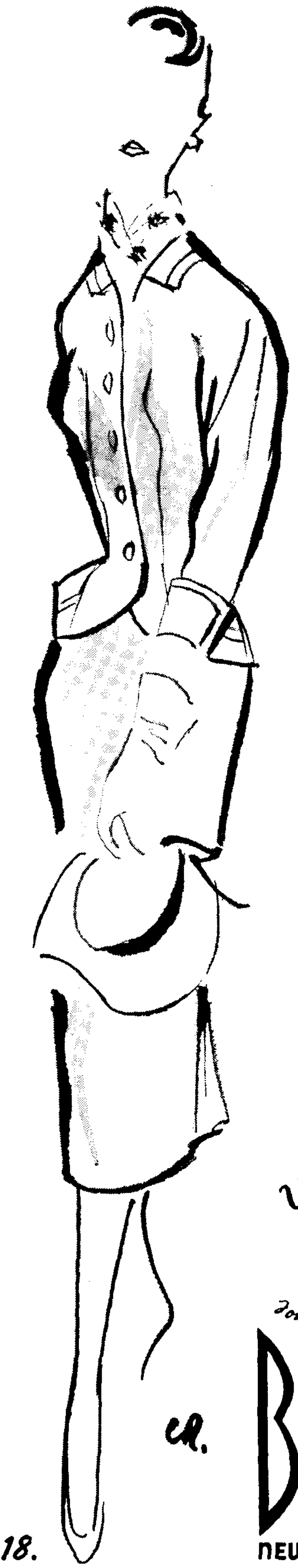

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Webster, pianos; and others. The third in a series of four programs. (Town Hall. Monday, Feb. 8, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano, in the second of two all-Chopin programs. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Jascha Heifetz—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Camilla Wicks—Violin. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 9, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of three programs presenting a cycle of Domenico Scarlatti sonatas. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—The last (postponed from Saturday, Dec. 12) in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 5:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Joseph Fuchs will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 14, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Feb. 9, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the programs of interest is a concert by the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Leon Barzin, with Maurice Wilk, violin, and William Hess, tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 12, at 3. Tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 7, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 5: Joey Giardello vs. Walter Cartier, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 12: Joey Giambra vs. Italo Scortichini, of Italy, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Belmont Plaza Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 49th St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 4-5, from 10 to 10.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 8-9.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Sunday afternoon. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Games begin at 3:30.)

Indoor Track Meets—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 8.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. WA 3-5580. Thursday, Feb. 11, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ New York Athletic Club. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—By the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Bobby Mariotti, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **playmart children's theatre:** "Rip Van Winkle." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **junior theatre:** "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **clare tree**

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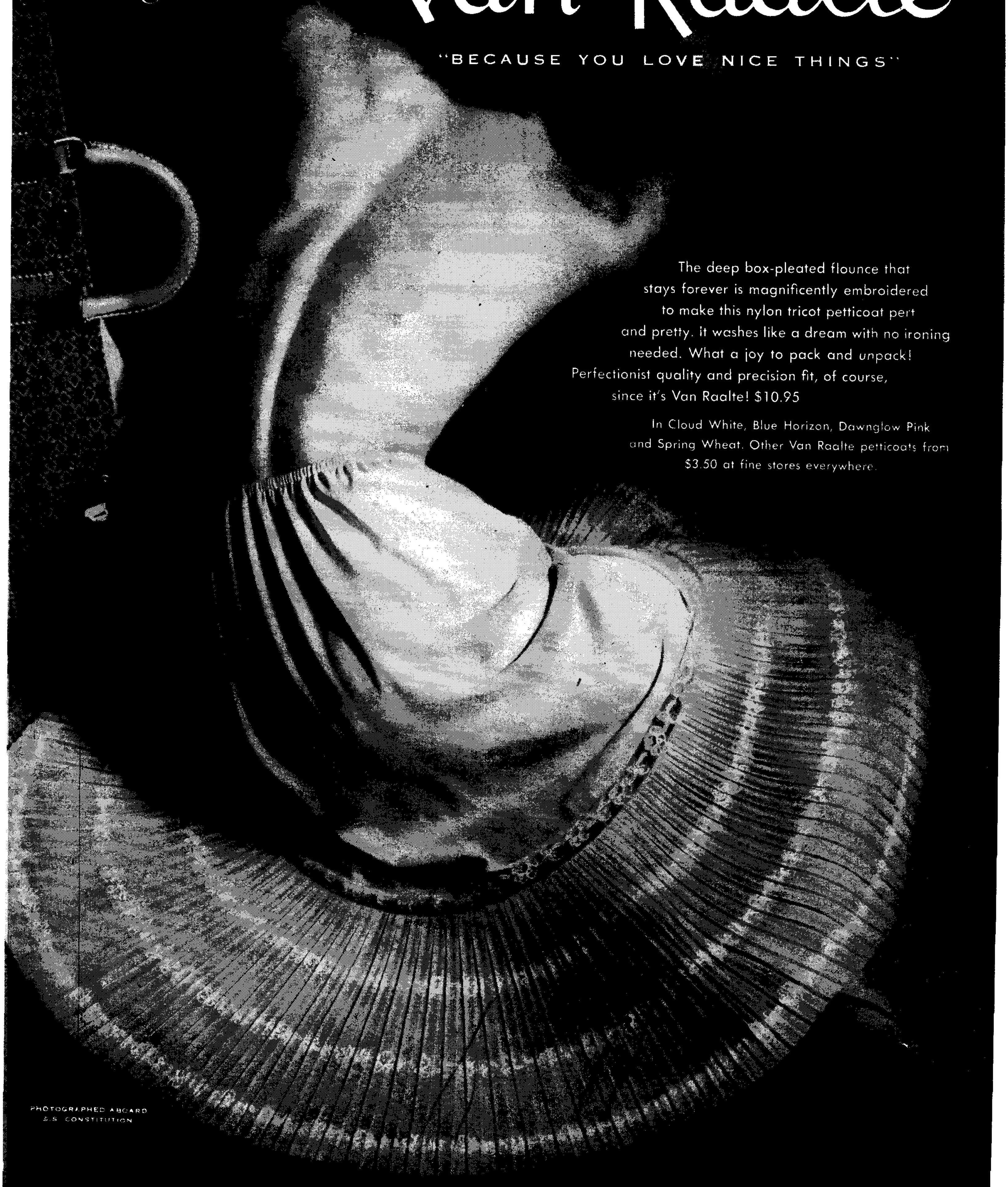

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Puss in Boots." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 6, at 3.) . . . **Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY:** "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 1, and 2:40.)

BALLET—Story ballets presented by the Merry-Go-Rounders. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Feb. 7, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Dick Whittington," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician and several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays and on Lincoln's Birthday, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), various commissions and committees, and periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2:30 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ *Questions about the United Nations will be* answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Saturday, Feb. 6: Richard Dyer-Bennet in a program of folk songs. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 8: The late Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood," a verse play, read by Walter Abel and a company of actors; a benefit for the Dylan Thomas Memorial Fund. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 10: Frederic Prokosch reading from his poetry. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS SHOW—An awful lot of cars—in fact, over two hundred of them: foreign, domestic, Fiberglas, custom-designed, racing, and myriad other models, from Ferraris to Rolls-Royces, and from Mercedes-Benzes to Chevrolets. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Feb. 6, through Sunday, Feb. 14. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 2 to 10.)

BOOKBINDINGS—King Charles I's Bible, bound in decorated crimson velvet, color-plate albums embellished for the ladies of Marie Antoinette's court, and other examples of embroidered book covers; through March 13. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show, "Our Neighbor Worlds," presents theories about the surface, atmospheric conditions, behavior, and the like of Mars and, in less detail, of the other planets in our solar system. Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays and Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 5-6, at 1:45: A Queen Anne walnut secretary and needlepoint wing armchair, a George IV mahogany secretary, and other English furniture, together with such decorations as Derby and Worcester porcelains, lacquer pieces, opaline glass, and paintings; owned by Herbert J. Green and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 10-11, at 1:45: A heterogeneous collection of Chinese art objects, among them a Shang bronze wine vessel, Ming and K'ang Hsi porcelains, ivory and jade carvings, silk-scroll paintings, pottery, sculptures, and glass; from the collection of B. Eric Sander and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Willie Pep vs. Lulu Perez, featherweights, 10 rounds, Feb. 26. Jimmy Carter vs. Paddy DeMarco, 15 rounds for the World Lightweight Championship, March 5. Nino Valdes vs. James J. Parker, heavyweights, 10 rounds, March 12. . . . ¶ Golden Gloves Tournament: New York City Finals, Feb. 22. Eastern Championships, March 3.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 14, 17, 21, 24, and 28, and March 7, 10, and 14.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Indoor Championships, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Feb. 18-22.

TRACK MEETS—At Madison Square Garden—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships, Feb. 27.

MUSIC—**OPERA:** The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 17. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through May 2. . . . ¶ Walter Gieseking, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Yma Sumac and her company of dancers and musicians, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, March 5. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, March 6. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 10 and 13. . . . **TOWN HALL:** Jesús María Sanromá, piano, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Concert Society of New York, Feb. 14, 21, and 28. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Feb. 15 and March 8. . . . ¶ Stell Andersen, piano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Jean Casadesus, piano, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, Feb. 20 and March 7. . . . ¶ Norwegian Singing Society, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth, tenor and soprano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Paganini Quartet, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Marais and Miranda, folk singers, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, March 3. . . . ¶ American Chamber Orchestra, March 6. . . . ¶ American Chamber Opera Society, March 10. . . . ¶ The Concert Choir, March 11. . . . ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 14. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, March 15.

DANCE PROGRAMS—Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians, from Tokyo, at the Century Theatre, Feb. 18-March 21.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A comedy, "The Winner," by Elmer Rice, with Joan Tetzel and Tom Helmore. . . . ¶ "Ondine," an adaptation, by Maurice Valency, of a play by the late Jean Giraudoux, starring Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer. . . . ¶ Jeanmaire and Charles Goldner in "The Girl in Pink Tights," a musical with a score by the late Sigmund Romberg, a book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, lyrics by Leo Robin, and dances by Agnes de Mille. . . . ¶ A play by Charles Morgan called "The Burning Glass," with Cedric Hardwicke and Lucile Watson at the head of the cast.

OTHER DATES—National Photographic Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Feb. 17-22. . . . ¶ National Sportsmen's and Vacation Show, at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 20-28. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday is Monday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 3. . . . ¶ United Nations Economic and Social Council meeting, March 3-April 23. . . . ¶ International Flower Show, at the Kingsbridge Armory, March 7-13. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 8-14. . . . ¶ Federal income-tax returns for 1953 and estimates for 1954 are due Monday, March 15. . . . ¶ The bock-beer season starts around March 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ANNAPURNA—How things went with the French expedition, led by Maurice Herzog, that conquered one of the highest mountains in the Himalayas and paid terribly in personal suffering for the triumph. A gallant and colorful picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Feb. 10.)

THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at each end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST—Up to the mountaintops again. On this occasion, the host is the British expedition that scaled the highest peak in the world last May. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. Unparalleled photography, and with an enlightening commentary written by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY—Life in the Army, according to James Jones' novel on the subject. The scene is Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, the time is just before Pearl Harbor, and the picture is excellent. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 10, tentative.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company makes a stimulating affair of the various light-opera excerpts studded brightly through this story of the careers of the Victorian minstrels. Robert Morley and Maurice Evans are commendable as, respectively, the poet and the composer. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturday at 5:30 and 11:30 and Sunday at 5:30. Reserved seats only. Through Feb. 7.)

HEIDI—This Swiss film, which has English dialogue, is a cheerful rendering of the Johanna Spyri story about a mountain girl who does a lot of good when she descends into Frankfurt. On the same bill is a fine French picture called "White Mane," a brief, impressive tale of a boy and a wild stallion. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU—Some sprightly satire on the mores of the television and advertising world, woven into a story about a young lady (Judy Holliday) who is mad to have her name emblazoned on billboards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070.)

JULIUS CAESAR—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a worthy appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

LITTLE FUGITIVE—A thoroughly enjoyable trip to Coney Island with a small runaway who is on the loose because he has been deceived into thinking he shot and killed his brother. This lad, enacted by a seven-year-old named Richie Andrusco, is droll, touching, and diverting, and the film is wryly perceptive in its scrutiny of Coney's crowds. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Feb. 9.)

THE LIVING DESERT—Another Disney exploration into the world of birds, insects, and animals. This one, magnificently photographed, has to do with the wildlife indigenous to the Western deserts of the United States. Some of the creatures under surveillance are a bit hard to take (snakes, rats, tarantulas, bats, and the like), but the picture has the virtue of plenty of action and enormous detail. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

MAN ON A TIGHTROPE—A detailed account of the escape of a Czechoslovakian circus from the clutches of the Communists. The performers are a lively lot, and their method of cracking the Iron Curtain is highly original and exciting. Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou are in the cast. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Feb. 10.)

ROMAN HOLIDAY—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is bewitching as the princess. With Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Feb. 10, tentative.)

REVIVALS

THE CAPTIVE HEART (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Feb. 10.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," and "Caught in a Cabaret," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Feb. 9.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—A French picture concerned with the trials and cruelties of adolescent love. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 5.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Feb. 9.)

THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE (1951)—John Huston's screen translation of the Stephen Crane story about the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Feb. 6.)

SHANE (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 5-6.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 5.)

THE 13TH LETTER (1951)—A poison-pen campaign disrupts the even tenor of a small town in Quebec. With Charles Boyer and Michael Rennie. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Feb. 7-9.)

TRIO (1950)—The second collection of Somerset Maugham stories. A British item, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Feb. 4.)

TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The last four in a series of six films directed by Jean Renoir—"Grand Illusion" (1938), in French, on Feb. 4; "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet, on Feb. 5; "The River" (1951), on Feb. 6; and "Diary of a Chambermaid" (1946), with Burgess Meredith and Paulette Goddard, on Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 8: "Works of Calder" (1950), produced by Burgess Meredith; "Coney Island" (1952), produced and directed by Valentine Sherry; and "Out of the North" (1953), directed by Larry Madison. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Feb. 10: "The Bigamist," Edmond O'Brien, Joan Fontaine, Ida Lupino.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through Feb. 7: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**
From Feb. 8: Theatre closed.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Feb. 9: "Miss Sadie Thompson" (in 3-D), Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer.
From Feb. 10: "The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Rob Roy," Richard Todd, Glynis Johns.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Feb. 10 (tentative): "Knights of the Round Table" (in CinemaScope), Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner, Mel Ferrer.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Feb. 4: "The Command" (in CinemaScope), Guy Madison, Joan Weldon.
From Feb. 5: "His Majesty O'Keefe," Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Hell and High Water" (in CinemaScope), Richard Widmark, Bella Darvi.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Forever Female," Ginger Rogers, William Holden.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

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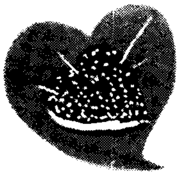

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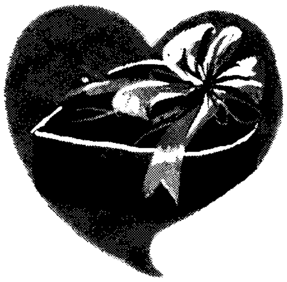
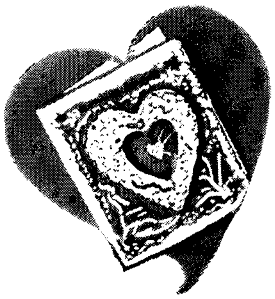
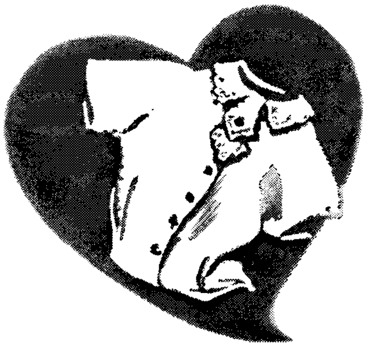


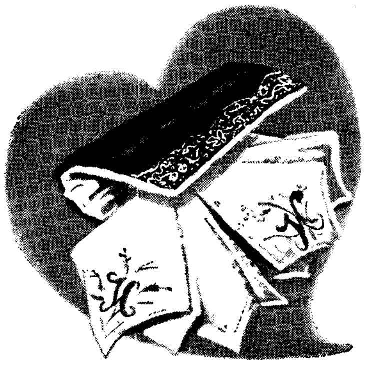
or a charming



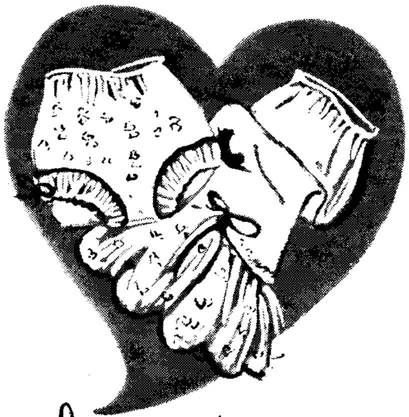
old-fashioned remembrance

or a fashion dear to her young heart





or it may be practical yet personal



or a gay gift she has set her heart on

tiny heart pin of simulated rubies, 7.50 plus 20% Federal tax
heart box, big and beautiful, with assorted Valentine candies, 6.75
Valentine exquisitely lace- and "jewel"-bedecked, 5.00
Young Colony blouse of white ribbed Dacron, with pink or blue embroidery on collar and double tab, sizes 9 to 15, 7.95
handkerchiefs of white linen-and-cotton with colorful hand-embroidered initials, 2 in satin case, 5.00
sheer white nylon tricot panties with hearts, sizes 5 to 7, 2.95
matching pettiskirt of white nylon tricot with a flounce of red hearts and piping, sizes small, medium or large, 5.95
OR an Altman Gift Certificate in any amount, in a heart gift-wrap.
main, second and third floors . . . and at East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

as long as it comes straight from the heart
and from Altman's—she'll love it!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Al Smith dropped that pungent remark "Let's look at the record," he had no idea that the record was about to grow into such a big boy. Radio, tape recording, and television have had the effect of vastly expanding the record. There may come a point beyond which the record can be enlarged only to its own detriment and at our peril. Already signs of this are visible. By "the record" we mean any word or covey of words that gets uttered or written and disseminated. When Godfrey says "Fiddledeedee," he is adding to the record if he's on the air or on telefungy. When Dulles uses the adjective "agonizing," he is adding to the record if he is in an official stance and is riding the waves. Before radio, before recording, before TV, the record stayed within the limits of the human voice and the telegrapher's nervous key. Public servants and private individuals did not usually have the record on their minds; they spoke and acted in a somewhat casual and carefree way, and only pulled themselves together and tightened up on their syntax and their logic on special occasions. But nowadays, in the electronic atmosphere that charges so many forums, committee rooms, living rooms, studios, corridors, and rear platforms, everyone feels the brooding presence of the record. In high circles, caution mounts. In low circles, abandon grows. This is not good.

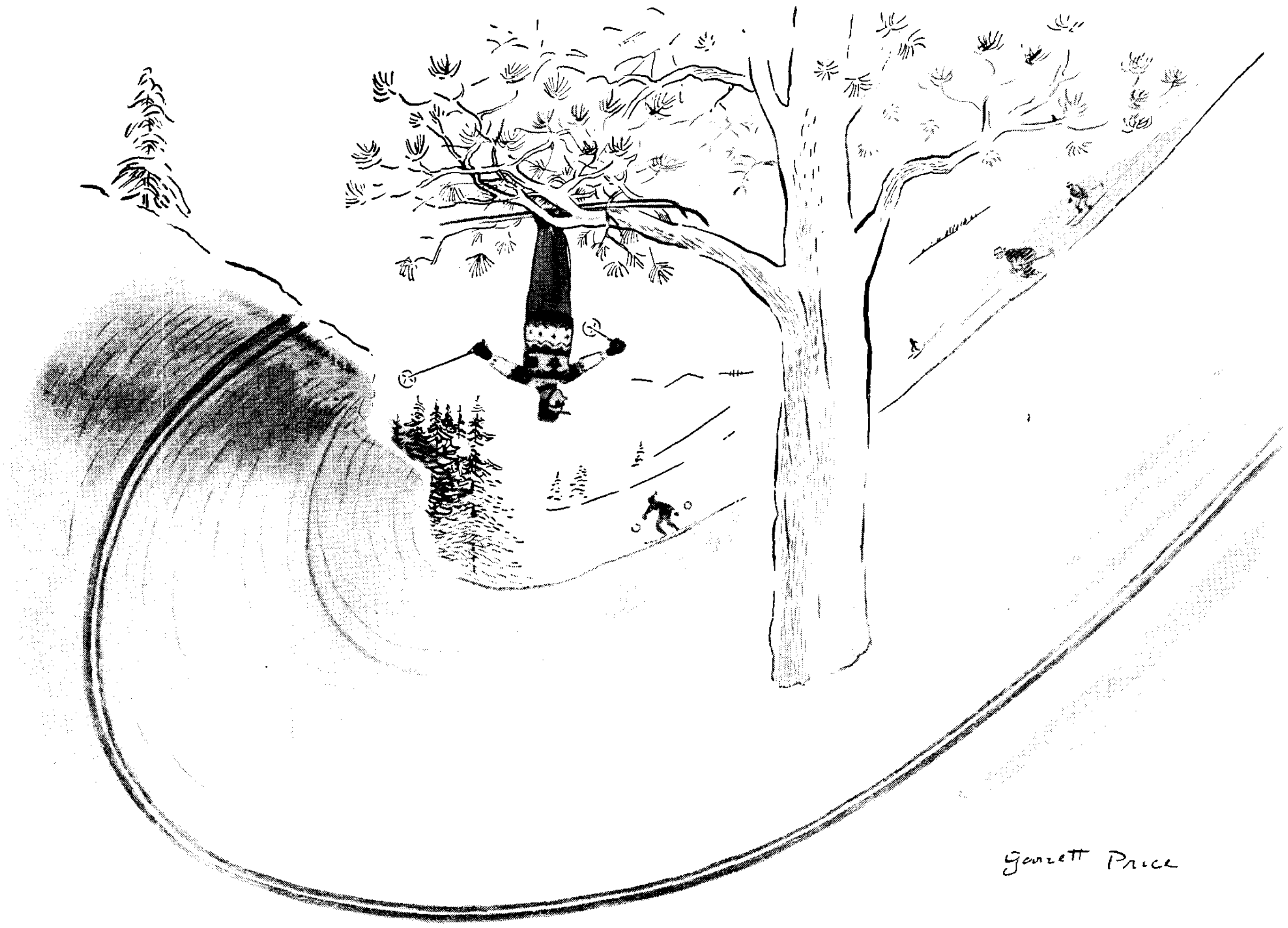
TWO instructive articles have appeared recently on this fascinating subject, both of them having to do with the President's press conference and electronics. John Crosby, a student of the record, offered in his *Herald Tribune* column a closely reasoned argument against introducing a TV camera into the White House conference. His argument seemed flawless to us. Richard Strout, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who has attended press conferences with Presidents for thirty years, stated in a piece in the *New Republic* that in his opinion the conference has already been watered down to some extent by the new rule permitting a tape recording to be made and broadcast, and the full text to be published. Strout thinks that the old "off the record" system had great advantages for all concerned; it put the President at his ease, it placed the reporters in a livelier relationship to him, and it created an atmosphere more favorable for turning up information—which is the true purpose of the meeting. The new rule, he says, "turns what has been an extremely handy, carefully evolved, semi-official, and unique contrivance into a theatrical performance. The press conference becomes a show." Probably not all White House reporters would agree with that, but the fact that one veteran reporter is concerned about the matter seems to us important.

THE temptation to stage a show is strong, particularly in America, land of showmen. TV has been desperate for live material ever since the miracle came to pass, and nobody can blame producers for wanting to slide their cameras into any room where something's up. But a camera is like a gun; it changes the climate in the room. A camera makes some people jumpy, other people coy, other people morose. In many it brings out the ham, in many it brings out the clam. It instantly turns a relaxed air into one of tension. Mr. Crosby points out that a televised White House conference would tempt some reporters to get into the act in order to climb life's ladder. It would place other reporters under heavy pressure from the home desk to get the home paper some free publicity by asking the President questions. This is certainly a sound prediction. And such temptations and pressures would louse up a meeting.

In the case of Congressional hearings, the role of television is still a dubious one, it seems to us. No witness should be compelled to testify before a TV camera, since the camera adds for many persons an intolerable extra burden, almost a gunlike threat. And it offers to any legislator the chance to star in a drama written partly by himself. When Senator McCarthy was conducting a hearing in Boston not long ago, a member of the audience jumped up and began making objectionable remarks. Guards hustled him out, but not before a good show had been produced on TV screens all over the map. If the Senator had been looking for publicity that day, he would have been doing all right. If the TV people had been looking for action to wake up a jaded audience, they would have been doing all right too. But the incident was unpremeditated and the record was reasonably clear—a sort of general impression that our Senate spends some of its time watching disorderly citizens get the bum's rush. The thing we worry about is what would happen to the record if cameramen and producers and senators should ever take to meditating. Cameramen are notorious rearrangers. It is their first act on entering a room—rearrange everything. The record, of course, would be of little value if it became merely the work of playwrights and photographers.

Dead or Alive

HERE, for history, is how it happened that Ernest Hemingway got to read his own obituary notices. The mixup began at 2:14 P.M. on Sunday, January 24th, when the Associated Press sent out the following bulletin: "A chartered plane carrying novelist Ernest Hemingway and his wife crashed yesterday near Murchison Falls in Northwest Uganda." By 2:28 P.M., the A.P. had worse news: "Novelist



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Ernest Hemingway and his wife are feared to have perished in the crash of a chartered plane yesterday in Northwest Uganda." Within an hour, the *Times* and *Tribune* had got the Hemingway clips out of the morgue, and each had assigned a man to the job of bringing the Hemingway obituary up to date. The paragraphs on what were supposed at the time to have been Hemingway's last days were no problem to the papers, thanks to the story on his African trip that he had written for the then current issue of *Look*. William Lowe, an editor of *Look*, who had gone to Africa to help arrange the Hemingway story, had returned to this country and was thought to have seen the great man more recently than anyone else hereabouts. Lowe was spending a quiet Sunday at his home in Greenwich. Before the afternoon was over, he had been telephoned three times by the *Tribune*, and once each by the *Times*, the A.P., the U.P., I.N.S., *Time*, C.B.S., N.B.C., and Earl Wilson. Meanwhile, William Arthur, the managing editor of *Look*, who lives in Mamaroneck, was being called by most of the above for permission to use *Look's* pictures of Hemingway. Permission having been granted, Ben Wickersham, picture editor of *Look*, sped into town, opened the *Look* offices, and passed out fifty or so of the three thousand negatives of the African trip that *Look* had on hand.

By late afternoon, the *Times* had also got through to Hemingway's publisher, Charles Scribner, who wisely said little more than that Hemingway had considered the novel on which he had been working, and which the firm would, of course, bring out, the best he had ever done. Hemingway's lawyer, Alfred Rice, reported to the A.P. and to Earl Wilson that Hemingway's taxes were all paid up. Leland Hayward told Wilson that "no man-made machine will ever kill Papa." The *Times* started polling a number of literary critics on Hemingway's ultimate significance in the history of literature. Nearly two columns of type were required for the comments of, among others, Lionel Trilling, Van Wyck Brooks, Marc Connolly, Carlos Baker, Archibald MacLeish, and Irwin Edman. The *Times* kept trying to get in touch with William Faulkner, who was in Europe, and John Dos Passos, in Virginia, and John Steinbeck, in the Virgin Islands. By 7:30 P.M., the *Times* obituary, three and a half columns long, was in type on the obituary page and ready for printing. The *Tribune* obituary was not only ready but had been printed in its Early Bird edition, and was on its way to the newsstands.

At the *Mirror* and the *News*, rewrite men were briskly riffling through pounds of old Hemingway clippings. The *Mirror* considered putting through a telephone call to Butiaba, the town nearest to the spot where Hemingway had crashed, on the assumption that he might have come out of the crash alive, reached Butiaba, and be eager for an interview; instead it settled for a piece that dealt at length with his four wives. At the end of the piece was a note announcing a sequel for the following day, to cover "Hemingway, a he-man who packed a punch—and proved he could take it," a sequel that never appeared. The first edition of the *Mirror* carried not only an obituary but a front-page headline that read "HEMINGWAY, WIFE KILLED IN AIR CRASH." The first edition of the *News* carried an obituary bearing the headline "VIOLENCE MARKED HIS WRITING AND HIS LIFE."

At 7:50 P.M., an A.P. bulletin announced that the crashed plane appeared to have suffered little damage. The

Times immediately called off its obituary and the two columns of literary mortuary work. (It used much of the obituary in its news story and thriftily filed the remarks of the critics for future use.) The *Tribune*, which had hedged by running across the top of its obituary the words "Biography of a Foremost American Writer," left them alone and neglected to alter the final paragraph, which listed the various relatives by whom Hemingway was "survived." The *Mirror*, with a front page now reading "HEMINGWAY LOST IN AFRICA CRASH," stood pat on the ambiguity of "lost." The *News* hurriedly changed tenses. In the final edition, the obituary headline ran "VIOLENCE HAS MARKED HIS WRITING AND LIFE." The *Mirror* and *Tribune* closed up around 3 A.M., thus missing a 3:24 A.M. bulletin from the A.P. announcing Hemingway's double escape. The *Times* and *News*, on the verge of closing up shop, managed to switch leads on their Hemingway stories in time to catch a good part of their last run.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A dress-suit-rental outfit in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has two branches—one, on Harvard Square, listed as William's Clothier, and the other, nowhere near Harvard, as Bill the Tailor.

British Barrister

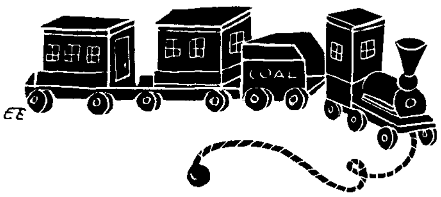
UNTIL we had a cup of coffee with him in his living room at the Park Lane the other day, we hadn't seen Sir Hartley Shawcross, former Attorney-General of Great Britain and former chief British prosecuting attorney at the Nuremberg trials, since 1946, when he came here as a delegate to the United Nations General Assembly. He has been here five times since, so we concluded it was high time we had another chat with him. "I've brought my wife over, for the first time, and I feel quite blasé in comparison with her," he said. "Not really. Really, we're both tremendously excited. We've been here nearly three weeks and haven't had a meal on our own. So many kind friends! Theatres! Night clubs! Elsa Maxwell gave a party for us. We're going to Poughkeepsie this afternoon with Tom Watson—he has a plant there—and I'm going to talk to his people about foreign policy." (The Tom Watson he was referring to is, of course, Thomas J. Watson, head of International Business Machines.)

Sir Hartley had come here primarily to deliver a speech before the Bar Association on man's right to knowledge within the framework of national security—the occasion had something to do with Columbia's bicentennial celebration—and to receive an honorary LL.D. from Columbia, and by the time we saw him both events had duly occurred. At our request, he pulled his diploma out of a suitcase, and we jotted down the final words of the citation: "A brilliant man whose legal and administrative talents have been devoted to the public interests of a great people." Sir Hartley's legal talents have recently been devoted to such clients as the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and British Drug Houses, Ltd.; the latter won a patent case against Parke, Davis & Co. that is currently being appealed in the House of Lords. He has also done a lot of criminal work, apart from his war-criminal work. As Attorney-General, a post he occupied from 1945 to 1951, he prosecuted John Haigh, the man who dissolved a dozen or so bodies in sulphuric acid, as well as the traitors Alan Nunn May and Klaus Fuchs. Convictions all. "However, I've defended about as many people charged with murder as I've prosecuted," he said. He is a barrister, not a solicitor, which means that he goes in for trials, rather than for advisory work that doesn't involve the likelihood of litigation. Sir Hartley is chairman of the General Council of the Bar, a position equivalent to president of the American Bar Association, and he is a Labour M.P. "I joined the Labour Party in 1918, when I was sixteen," he said. "I thought that there was room for only two parties, and that Labour would eventually inherit the tradition of the Liberal Party. As a result, I'm on the Right Wing of Labour politics."

As befits a man on this wing, Sir H. is the owner of a yacht and a member of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, the Royal Cornwall Yacht Club, and the Royal Burnham Yacht Club. "I have a twelve-metre racing yacht, which my wife and I use for cruising to France and up the English Channel," he said. "We live on board and take our two older children along—William Hartley, who is seven, and Joanna, who is five. The boy, I hope, will be a sailor."

Lady Shawcross, a very pretty Lady, came in at this point, handed her husband a cablegram, and picked up the conversation. "Our son can already row ashore, collect the newspapers, and get the milk," she said, and told us that her youngest, Hume, is nine months old.

"Good news!" said Sir Hartley, reading the cable. "I've just won a case for the Australian government."

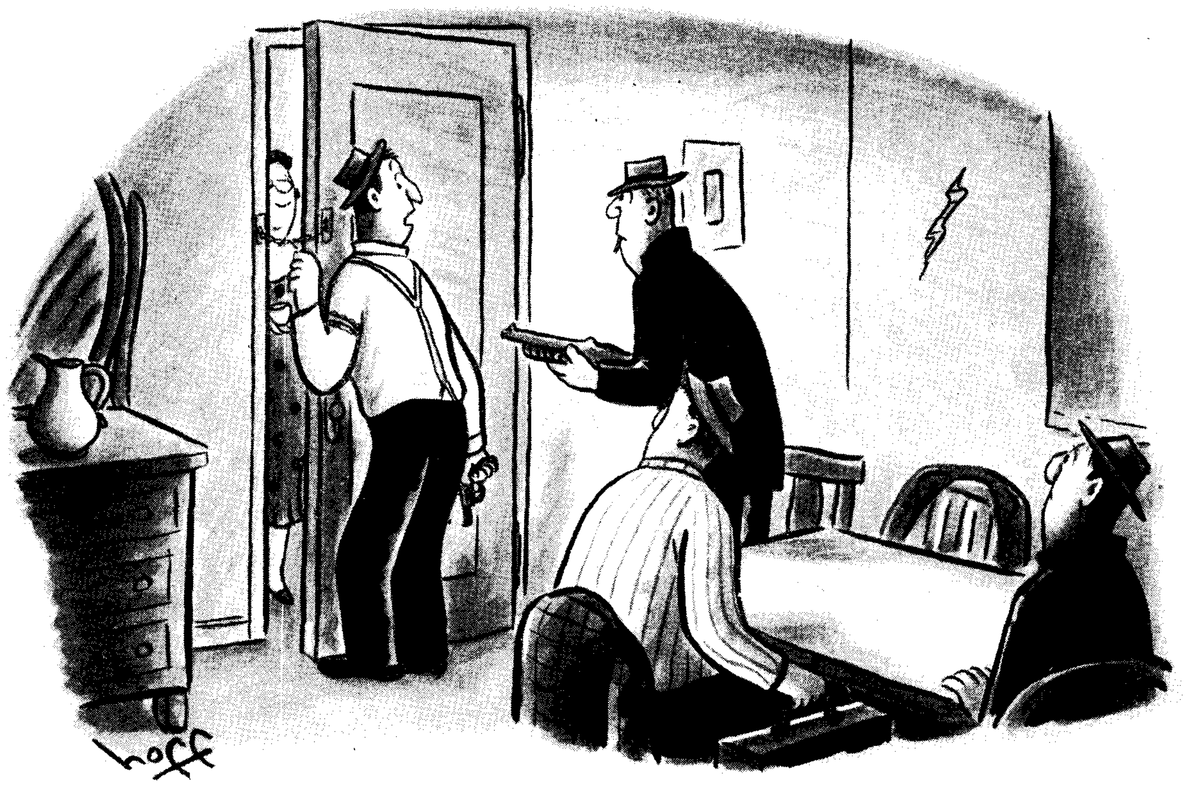


The Waikiki Way

THE latest addendum to our dossier on the versatility of modern household appliances comes from Honolulu, where octopus is a staple delicacy. Because the monster's tentacles are not naturally tender enough for eating, they must be beaten with a wooden paddle, but they must be beaten carefully and with restraint, or they will get bruised and taste bitter. Well, our correspondent's Chinese cook always pulled a long face when octopus was proposed, because the beating process is protracted and tiresome; he pulled a long face, that is, until he discovered a short time ago that the washing machine knows exactly how to slap octopus tentacles around, and does it in three and a half minutes.

A Good Start

IN a recent piece about champagne, we asked how ships managed to get christened before that wholesome beverage was invented. Now we have an answer, and a sanguinary and sometimes spooky answer it is, for the development of boats and the development of propitiatory rites for getting them off to a good start appear to have gone practically hand in hand. The oldest surviving record of a ship anointing is an Assyrian tablet of circa 2100 B.C., which bears a Babylonian account of the building of Noah's Ark. The rites that celebrated her completion included the scattering of several bushels of bitumen over her and the sacrifice of a yoke of oxen. Farther East, at Samoan and Fijian ship launchings, human sacrifice was the rage for many centuries. The sharks that infested those blue waters were held to be deities, and how please a ravenous shark-god better than by serving up a few freshly marinated mariners? In what we call the Friendly Islands, it used to be the thing to wash down newly built canoes with human blood, while Icelandic legends tell of men being ceremonially crushed under the rollers used for launchings. This fine old custom was called "roller-reddening." To this day, ships in some parts of India are launched on ways where numerous pumpkins stuffed with vermilion and turmeric have been set



"Do we have any flour?"

out; when the ships hit the pumpkins, the scene is nearly as horrible and satisfying as the genuine article. Vergil describes ship launchings in "The Aeneid." More gore.

With the advent of Christianity in Europe—and, for that matter, of the word "christen"—holy water and wine took the place of blood at ship launchings. No one knows when ships began to be given names, but by 1200 A.D. religious designations were extremely fashionable. In July, 1418, in the reign of Henry V of England, the Bishop of Bangor was paid five pounds for travelling to Southampton and christening a ship Grace à Dieu. The Bishop contented himself with holy water; no wine, thank you. In England after the Reformation, ship launchings became largely secular, and whatever traces of religion they retained were more pagan than Christian. In 1610, for example, the Prince Royal, brother of Charles I, named a ship after himself in a ceremony during which he stood on the poop deck and tossed wine from a silver cup toward the half deck; no holy water, thank you. Throughout Catholic Europe, however, the christening of ships continued to be a sacred rite, and in France, up to the early years of the nineteenth century, fishing vessels were baptized as tenderly as babies, with two godparents in solemn attendance.

The tradition in England was for the silver cup used in a ship launching to be thrown overboard at the end of the ceremony. We regret to state that around 1690, for no better reason than economy, the cup gave way to the bottle and the practice of breaking the bottle against the prow of the ship was established. Champagne became the popular christening agent some seventy years ago. Before that, claret and sherry were the favorites, but plenty of other alcoholic beverages were also used. In 1797, the U.S.S. Constitution was christened with a bottle of old Madeira; in 1850, the Boston clipper Surprise was christened with rum; and in 1863 the U.S.S. Shamrock was christened with Irish whiskey. Even water has been tried from time to time. In 1858, no fewer than three bottles of water were used in the christening of the U.S.S. Hartford; one was full of Connecticut River water, another of Hartford spring water, and the third of sea water. In 1931, when the S.S. Manhattan was christened, prohibition was still the law here, and the crucial bottle contained samples of water from every last one of the forty-eight states. There's a story, which the Navy stoutly maintains is untrue, that the U.S.S. Vermont was christened with maple syrup.

It was the Prince Regent of England, later George IV, who, in 1811, thought of inviting distinguished ladies to sponsor new ships. Despite several early mishaps—on one occasion, a highborn lady took such bad aim that the bottle struck a spectator twenty yards off, who later sued for damages—the practice caught on. So did the practice of fastening the bottle to the bow with a sturdy cord. Nowadays, to make assurance doubly sure, the bottle is often suspended in such a way that the lady sponsor merely snips a ribbon to release it. A quart bottle is the preferred size, splits looking niggardly and jeroboams having a tendency to spray. The bottle is wrapped in canvas and decorated with silk ribbons, and is afterward presented, foam, fragments, and all, to the sponsor. Though it's considered bad luck for bottles not to break, they often don't and no harm done. The U.S.S. Nautilus, the first atomic-powered submarine, was launched at Groton, Connecticut, last month, and Mrs. Eisenhower was its sponsor. The champagne, like the atom, was domestic, and, thank goodness, the bottle broke at the very first try.

Critic

SO far, our favorite four-year-old moviegoer of the new year is a lad we just heard about who, while watching "The Robe" on the wide screen of his neighborhood theatre, at first indicated plainly to his father that he was bored and then grew interested when the hero set out from Rome for Jerusalem. He wanted to know why the hero was doing that. His father said it was because the hero was being punished by Caligula, but the boy considered the explanation unsatisfactory. "I think he's going away because he doesn't like this picture, either," he said.

Prepared

WE found ourself one afternoon last week in the presence of a hundred gentlemen who were all obviously in better shape than we are. The gentlemen made up the Eastern Section Athletic Training Clinic, and they had assembled in a ballroom at the Hotel McAlpin to discuss their work. It's strange work. On arrival, we were presented with a program of what the boys were grappling with. The program read, "Ten A.M.: Psychology of Training Injured Athletes. Noon: Treatment of Injured Boxers. Two P.M.: Head Injuries in Athletics. Three to Five P.M.: Seminar of Taping and Bandaging." Since we didn't get to the McAlpin until the seminar was under way, one of them, a Mr. Linskey, said he would be happy to fill us in on the topics covered earlier. "For instance, right here," he said, "is a thing by Yustin Sirutis, who is with the Police Athletic League. It's about how a second should do his stuff in boxing." He handed us a mimeographed statement that a second should, among other things, have a "knowledge of the condition of oxygen debt." The statement also contained the information that a knockout indicates "a state of being without sensibility and with reflexes abolished," and Mr. Sirutis admonished his readers, "Leave the boxer lie in a comfortable position. Keep the boxer warm until the arrival of the attending physician. . . . DON'T THINK THAT YOU ARE A MEDICAL DOCTOR." We gave Mr. Linskey our wan thanks, and suggested that maybe we might dispense with the balance of the résumé.

"There's a fellow I want you to meet here," said Mr. Linskey, and summoned a gentleman called Lloyd Percival.

Mr. Percival told us he was from Canada and in the personnel-fitness field. "*Mens sana*, corporation *sano*," he remarked mysteriously.

We inquired about the personnel-fitness field. "As managing editor of *Research Guide*," he said, "I am doing a study on the physical attributes of the gainfully employed. Slack in the belly means slack in production."

We took a hitch in our belt.

"It's a funny thing how many foot doctors become sports trainers," said Mr. Linskey.

"I am not a foot doctor," said Mr. Percival coldly.

"I was just thinking," said Mr. Linskey.

A loudspeaker advised us to move to the front of the ballroom if we wanted to see and hear Mr. Richard Wargo, of the University of Connecticut, demonstrate his method of repairing shattered athletes. "All trainers are most welcome to participate in this fine demonstration," the loudspeaker went on. "Show the gang *your* way of taping that ankle, knee, or shoulder. Step right up. We will make room for you."

We stepped right up, and presently were being entertained by Mr. Wargo, a slight man in shirtsleeves, who peered at his audience thoughtfully through rimless glasses. On a table beside him stood a gangling youth, also in shirtsleeves, and wearing no pants, who chewed gum furiously. "I should like to pass among you some fine pictures of an ankle break," said Mr. Wargo. "I have some shots of a knee break, but they're not clear enough to pass among you."

After the ankle break had made its rounds, Mr. Wargo went to work on the youth with several yards of adhesive tape. "What I want is no denting," he said. "Work on the surface. I want my boys to have as much flexion as possible. Pressure, yes, but no denting." Mr. Wargo briskly strapped up the youth's leg. When the lad was beginning to look like a weak-legged claimer at Belmont, Mr. Wargo asked the audience if there was a roll of three-inch bandage in the house. A gentleman beside us shouted that he'd be happy to oblige, and picked the necessary out of a briefcase and hurled it at Mr. Wargo, who caught it smartly. "I use cotton only on hyperextension," said Mr. Wargo. He added the bandage to the youth's leg, and asked if there were any questions.

"How about braces?" asked a man a row or two away from us.

Somebody breathed heavily down our neck, and we turned to discover Mr. Linskey. "That's Weichec, who trains the Philadelphia Phillies and the Philadelphia Eagles," he informed us. "A great hyperextension man."

"I'm not against braces," said Mr. Wargo, "but I use them personally only for psychological reasons. I might add that as we go, step by step, down to the completed ankle, we will all show our personal idiosyncrasies. We all tape differently, and I myself tape like my master of twenty years ago. What all of us want is to put the boy on the field and limber him up."

"Let's see the back of that knee," someone requested.

Mr. Wargo revolved his subject. "You'll note," he said, "that I never interfere with a ligament."

"Are you working on hyperextension?" a spectator wanted to know.

"I'll do that right now," said Mr. Wargo, and ordered the model to crouch a bit. He spread on several more yards of adhesive tape. "On a hot day," he said, "this will naturally loosen up a bit, but in the long pull the kid might even be able to play awhile."

"The way we talk around here," said Mr. Linskey, "you might think there aren't any sound athletes at all. But what we are is prepared."

As we left Mr. Linskey and the other trainers, we felt fine—our muscles flaccid, our eyes rheumy, our nerves limp.

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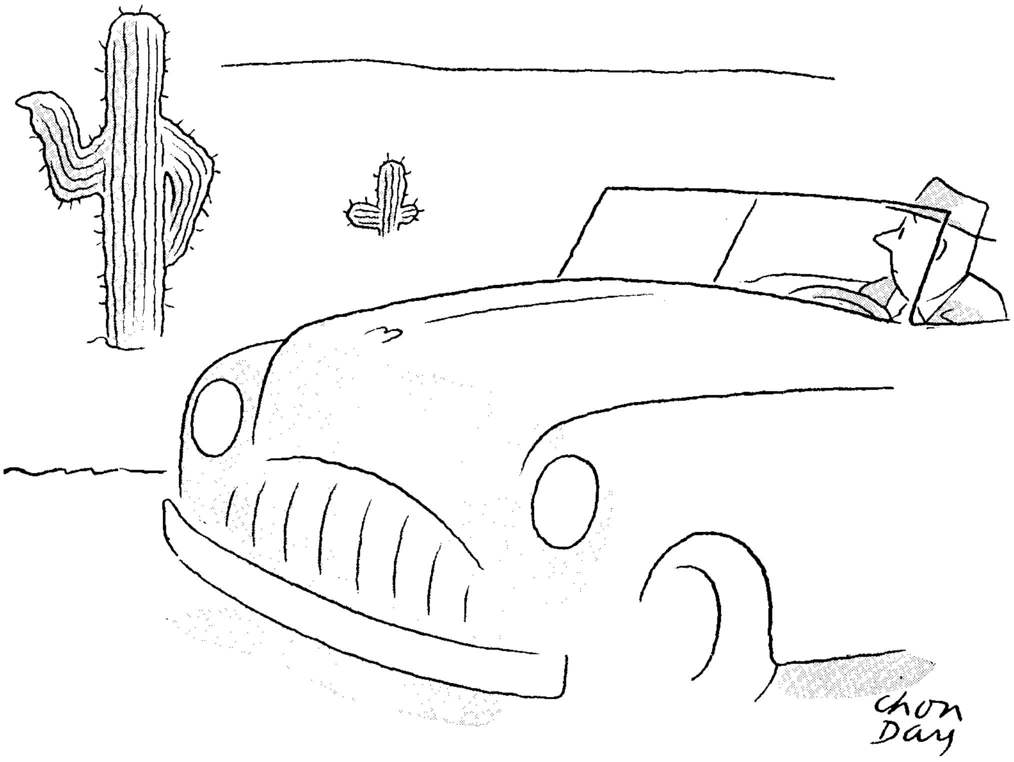
OVERHEARD at the Northeast Airlines ticket counter at LaGuardia Field: "But, Madam, you've *got* to go to Boston. Your bags have already gone there."

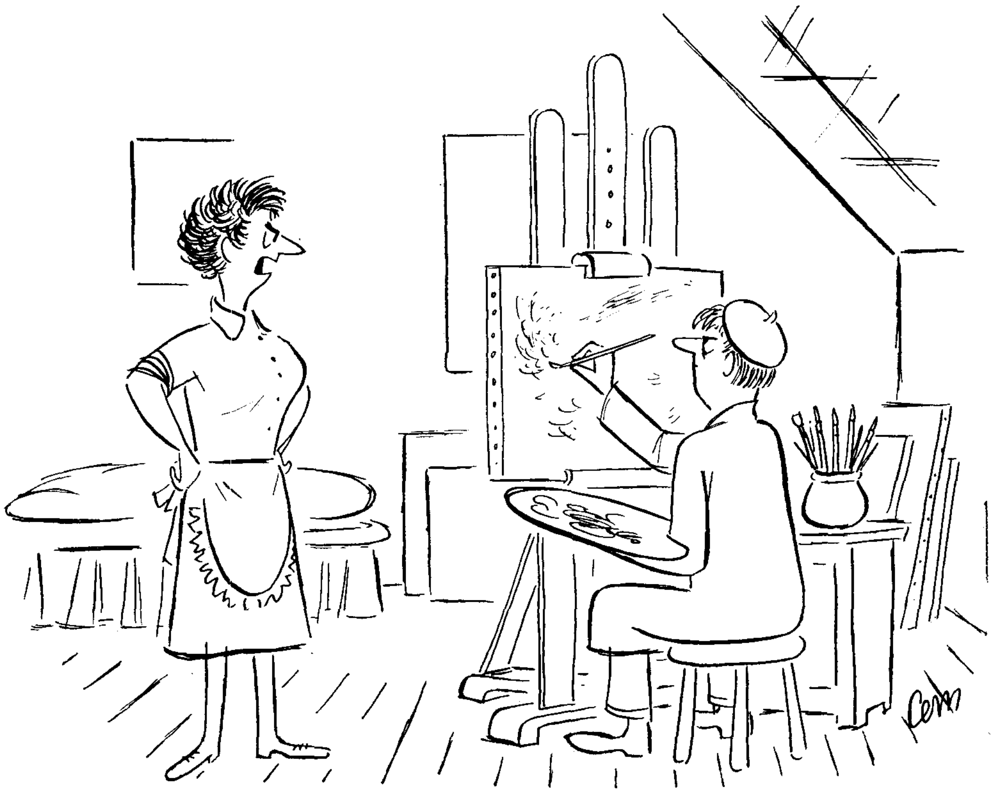


O MY AMERICA!

IT was September, 1915, and my mother and I, refugees from Belgium, were on our way to join my Belgian father in America. A ship that left Liverpool at the same time as ours was sunk by a German submarine, and we had to turn back to pick up survivors before continuing the voyage to New York. There, in America, we hoped to be able to settle down. It was a year since we had been driven out of the dear house in Wondelgem, near Ghent, by the advancing German armies—since we had fled with a trunk and a few suitcases over the border into Holland and then on to England, where my English mother, Mabel Elwes Sarton, had relatives. England was inundated with Belgian refugees; my father took a war job as a censor in London, while my mother and I depended on the hospitality of friends and relatives in the country. All during this trying period my father, George Sarton, still carried in his heart the dream of writing a history of science, and it was his determination to find some way to begin this work that drove him, finally, to the adventure of crossing the ocean to America. He had left us in June, with a hundred dollars in his pocket, a few letters of introduction, and a still imperfect knowledge of English. Now, in September, all that lay between him and his wife and daughter was the hazardous passage in the blacked-out ship. I was three and a half, and only dimly remember that there were Irish passengers who sang hymns all night; I remember, too, the terrifying darkness when we lay in bed, wearing life preservers, waiting for morning. But at last we woke to the strong American sunlight and a garden in Yonkers, falling steeply down to the immense, quiet river with the palisades opposite.

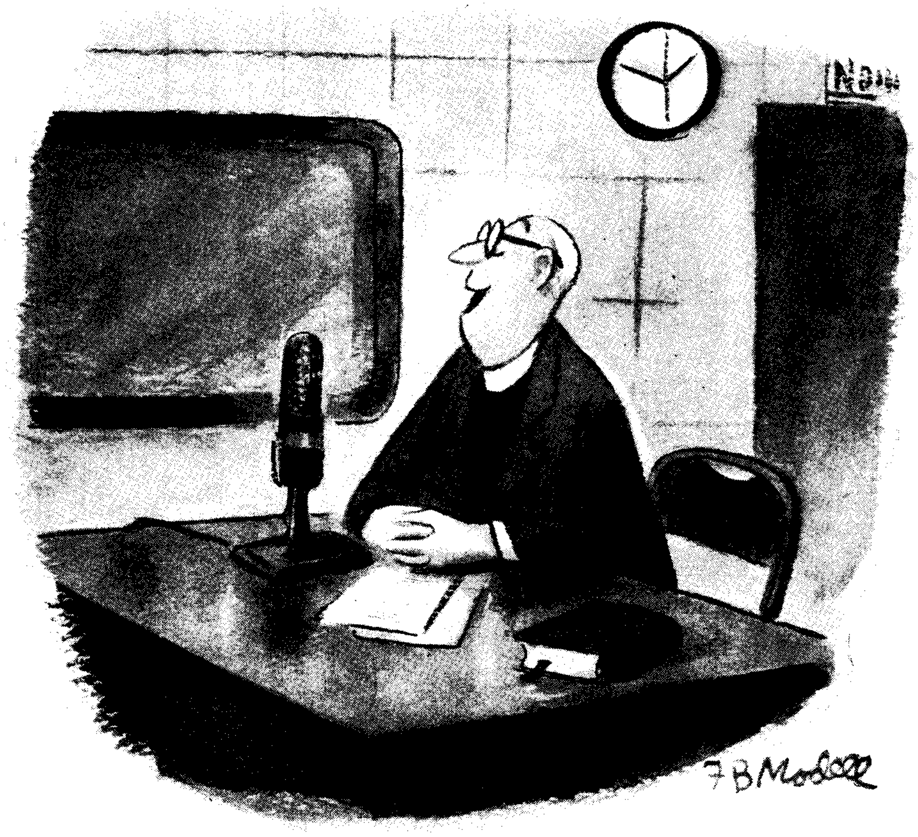
My America was, first, Teddy, a golden Saint Bernard, who licked my face with a warm, happy tongue. The top of his head, rich and soft, lay under my hand, and because I was about his height, I could look straight into his eyes. He had a companion, a red setter named Buster, all angles and leaps, but Buster was too sudden to be a friend. Teddy and I went exploring down the steep lawn, arbored at the sides in grapes, to a vegetable garden interrupted by rows of sweet peas, and their intoxicating scent mixed with that of the ripe tomatoes, warm from the sun, that I stole and shared with him. Beyond the garden was a dangerous country full of poison ivy—an impassable barrier between us and the river. I was severely warned about the poison ivy and its shining bright-green leaves, tropical and sinister. America was not all safe and warm; the poison ivy suggested wilderness and danger. But there were chipmunks, and large gray squirrels with immense, full tails; there were huge robins, three times the size of our European ones. This, for some time, was enough.

We three Sartons had been taken in temporarily by a Belgian inventor and his wife; their house, rustic stone and brown shingles, with its turrets and verandas, its stained-glass windows, its large porte-cochère in front, and all surrounded by expanses of clipped lawn, seemed to me very grand. It had, for instance, a polar-bear rug in the drawing room. What luxury to compare with that of sitting on a polar bear's head? It also had a square glass aquarium, in which lived a small, wicked alligator who devoured raw meat and looked at me with indifferent, beady eyes. The real glory was the master bathroom with its huge bathtub. A bathtub? Rather, a tiled swimming pool, six feet square and sunk two feet into the floor. Around it lay sponges from Florida and shells with rosy mouths that sang of a remote, faraway ocean. In this bathtub, one could be a seal or a mermaid with no trouble at all. But that was not all. The dining room had a huge plate-glass window looking out across the Hudson and reflecting the dinner table at night, and near the ceiling there hung a little balcony. Long after I was supposed to be asleep, I would creep out there from the second-floor landing and lie on my stomach and peer down over the edge, through the balusters, to watch the grownups at dinner—my mother in some soft blue-and-green Liberty silk dress, which surrounded her English beauty like a cloud. My heart thumped so loudly on the floor I was sure it would be heard. Sometimes the waitress caught my eye and winked in a friendly way, but the people at the table were looking down, not up, and I was safe. How beautiful grown-up people became at night!



"Sure Churchill paints, and Eisenhower paints, but that's not all *they do."*

MY first human friends were the maids; the kitchen, its windows at the level of the lawn, was my favorite place. Here I spent hours playing, and digging small, thin slices out of a round red Dutch cheese. There was also Dick, the chauffeur, who resembled Teddy in character but had the advantage of speech. Soon I was running up the gravel drive and turning off on the steep, hidden path to his white frame house to tell him about anything important, such as an invasion of huge, fat green caterpillars on a maple, or the discovery of a robin's nest—a fatal robin's nest, as it turned out. It was in the fork of a low branch of a small, thin tree, perhaps a birch, for it swayed when I climbed up. It was my first glimpse of a nest with eggs in it; there they lay, four bright, blue-green, perfect eggs. The mother was nowhere in sight, and I thought I would just borrow one for a little while to show to Dick. But for once he was not pleased. He explained that now the eggs had been touched, the mother bird would never come back. His gentleness was worse than a scolding. For the first time in my life, I knew what it was to do something irrevocably bad. For the rest of the day, there was no joy in anything—not in sitting on a polar bear's head, not even in Teddy's company, because his innocence assailed me like a rebuke and I really could not look into his eyes. I was fit company only for the wicked alligator, who ate raw meat and would probably have loved a robin's egg for breakfast.



"*A very inspiring thing happened on my way to the studio this morning . . .*"

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Except for the maids and Dick—my friends—there were only two other real people besides my mother. Our host I never did feel as a person; rather, he seemed to be some frightening masculine force—a god who must be placated, a piece of bad weather. I realize now that, with his fierce, shy eyes and black mustache, he looked something like Rudyard Kipling. On my way to Dick's house, I passed the garage, and above it, I knew, was the laboratory, a very secret place, where our host made queer things in trays, rather like today's ice trays, but the cubes were of a hard yellow translucent material, no good as toys, though he gave me some one day—no good for anything as far as I could see. The name of this invention was Bakelite, still in an embryonic state and not yet the fabulous djinni it would become as one of the first plastics.

Bakelite did not interest me or seem real, but our host's son George, dazzling in his Air Service uniform, melted my heart. He tickled me and reduced me to agonized, helpless tears of laughter. I followed him around as Teddy followed me, and his smile taught me all I then knew of passionate love. But his charms came and went, while those of his mother remained steadfast. She was known as Bonbon, a name so appropriate that it will surely be used by Saint Peter at the gate of Heaven, for kindness flowed from her in every size and kind of package, tangible and intangible. Her presence was a present. A small, round woman with bright, dark eyes under a mass of fuzzy gray hair, she wore for as long as I can remember the same round hat of beaver fur and long beaver scarf over a suit she had recopied exactly each year. She could not have worn the beaver hat in summer, yet I see her so clearly in this hat, and in no other, that she must be painted in it here. She came from an intellectual bourgeois family in Ghent, very much like my father's, and now that she had moved into a different world, she had not changed. Riches became her, as if she had always been intended to be a fairy godmother. She had the rare gift of transforming money into joy—her own joy and everyone else's—so there was no bitterness in it for those less fortunate. Some of this I came to know later, but from the beginning she had my unwavering devotion, because I sensed in her a dimension like saintliness, like poetry, which set her apart. Concrete evidence of this for me as a child was the fact that because of her feeling for animals she would eat no meat. I loved animals, too, and even made resolves to follow her example, but then, when everyone else at table except Bonbon accepted the breast of chicken, or roast spring lamb, I forgot my resolves. She did not blame us cruder beings or make us feel guilty—that was her triumph. When she and I sat shelling peas on the back veranda, Teddy at our feet and Buster's red plume of a tail waving in and out of the grape arbor after a squirrel, I felt I had come home. I could talk to her, I found, even better than I could talk to Dick. I loved her Belgian accent, the way she said "Meerses" instead of "Mrs."—an accent that gave character to anything she said. She was so American, but she was also still so Belgian that she was, as I see it now, the perfect bridge from my own Belgium to my America.

New York with Bonbon was Fifth Avenue, the Flatiron Building, Woolworth's. New York was Best's, where I suffered both shame and pride at being shown off as "a refugee," though pride triumphed when I was given a dark-blue sailor coat with a red lining and brass buttons with anchors on them, as well as my first American shoes—black patent leather with gray suède tops, which had to be buttoned with a buttonhook. And New York was the Plaza Hotel, where we had tea among the palms and ate little, many-colored cakes while, at Bonbon's request, the orchestra played a soulful rendition of the "Song of the Volga Boatmen."

LATER on, there were hard times—a bleak winter near Morningside Park, where I had my first experience of ingratitude. A squirrel to whom I offered a peanut bit my outstretched hand fiercely, and that is all I remember of one lost winter. Even in those days, when refugees were still single, dramatic instances and not anonymous floods, it was not an easy thing for a young man to keep on going ahead with a task that could not possibly bear fruit for ten years and at the same time find a way to support a family, especially when the young man had meanwhile to learn to use a new language. For a while, it looked as if we might settle in Washington, D.C., where, sitting on a washbasket, I proposed marriage on the second day of kindergarten to a little boy. But in spite of this attraction, Washington never did feel like home. At night, we could hear the wolves howling in the zoo nearby, and this sound haunted the days as well, like loneliness itself. My mother learned something new about America when she announced to our friends that she was about to go into business—interior decorating—with a charming light-brown lady she had met. In the icy silence that followed, she recognized an absolute taboo, so that project had to be dropped.

We could not feel really at home in Washington, but our year there brought us two unexpected gifts. The first was that my mother formed another business association there, which was to last for many years as the firm of Belgart. My mother was the designer and her friend the businesswoman of this firm, which created embroidered dresses and coats, using peasant designs. It was not in the long run a successful enterprise, but it helped put me through school, sent me to camp, and, in the process, gave much pleasure to its customers. I still run into people now and then who bring out carefully preserved garments on which brilliant embroidered birds and flowers are as much a signature as my mother's name would be.

The other unexpected gift had more lasting results. It was through my father's meeting with President Robert S. Woodward, of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, that his long-held dream of writing the first complete history of science came true. President Woodward was interested, interested enough to offer the Institution's support and believing enough to continue the support with no questions asked and no strings attached during the ten years of research before the first volume of the "Introduction to the History of Science" made its appearance. Under this arrangement, my father could live and work where he pleased. He soon discovered that his pleasure—his passion, in fact—centered on the Widener Library, at Harvard. Thus our roots in America were finally put down in the city by the Charles, and there we have lived ever since.

BUT during that golden summer in Yonkers, when my American river was still the Hudson, my father was searching for a teaching job and meanwhile lecturing at the summer school of the University of Illinois. Mine was a child's America, recognized first in the brown eyes of a Saint Bernard, in the kindness and natural wisdom of a chauffeur, in the imagination of a fairy godmother—an America whose breadth and dimension were suggested by the enormous robins and the fat tails of the squirrels. Later (not so very much later, in about ten years), I recognized it on another level when we, the graduating ninth grade at Shady Hill School, in Cambridge, got up gravely to recite, one by one, a stanza of Walt Whitman's "Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

I had learned the poem by heart from our own copy of "Leaves of Grass," a copy that had stayed in the house in Wondelgem all through the 1914-18 war, was eventually brought over with the remains of my father's library, and has finally found a permanent place on my shelves in Cambridge. Just now, I took this book down and opened it. Had I never noticed the flyleaf before? I was astonished to find it inscribed, in my mother's hand, "George from Mabel, August 31st, 1910." They were not yet married. George Sarton had just received his Doctor's degree in celestial mechanics; Mabel Elwes was an art student. She could have had no idea how brave and prescient a gift it would turn out to be, but I, holding it now in my hands forty-three years later, was moved to find there, on the flyleaf, one of those mysterious links in individual lives that can be seen only by going back into time.

I thought of Whitman's country—the physical country, to which we came so poor and hopeful, and which gave us so much—and of the great river that was my first image of America, and I thought also of the intangible Whitman country, the country of the dream. Would it be absurd to consider a small study in the Widener Library at Harvard a province of that country, the study where George Sarton has carried out his radical explorations into the past? Whitman's belief in a generous humanism that could encompass all mankind is really not so far from George Sarton's vision of the healing, unifying power of the history of science—not of one science but of all sciences, and not of one nation but of all nations from the beginning of time.

"George from Mabel, August 31st, 1910." She who wrote the inscription is dead now. But as she chose this present for the man she was to marry, she an English girl, he a Belgian young man—a book of poems celebrating the New World—she was being carried forward without knowing it into a pattern that is now clearly visible. They were to become Americans, these two, and the foreign poet a compatriot. They were to have one child, who would find the book and the inscription many years later and see in a flash the whole cycle of their lives, its apparent violent dislocation, its inner harmony—its beginning a garden in Wondelgem, Belgium, its end a garden in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where my mother's English genius still flowers, from the earliest snowdrop under the pine to the sequence of asters and chrysanthemums through November. And in the house my father's work goes on.—MAY SARTON

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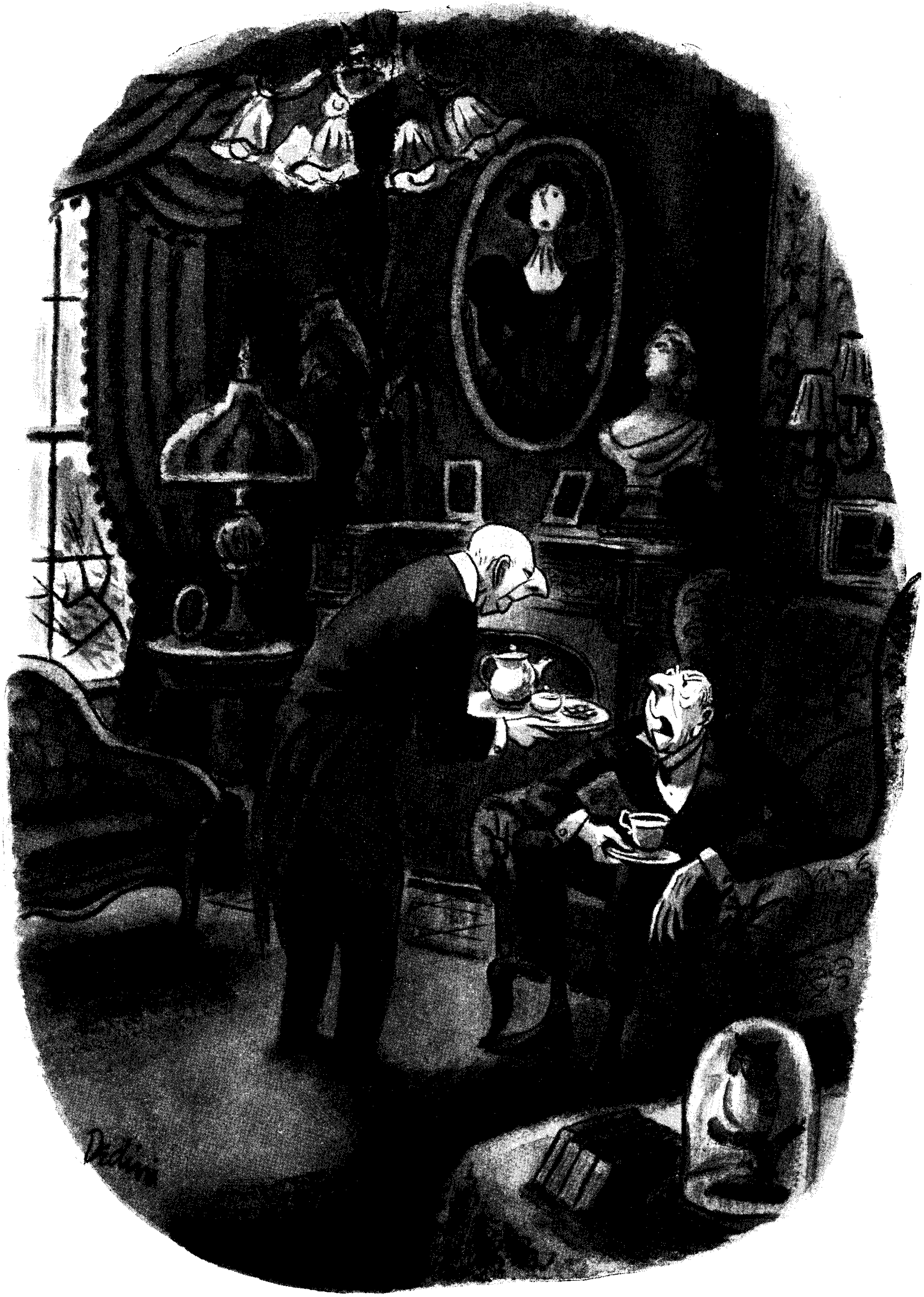
A GARLAND OF PRECEPTS

Though a seeker since my birth,
Here is all I've learned on earth,
This the gist of what I know:
Give advice and buy a foe.
Random truths are all I find
Stuck like burs about my mind.
Salve a blister. Burn a letter.
Do not wash a cashmere sweater.
Pygmies crow when giants crash.
Larkspur likes a bed of ash.
Tell a tale but seldom twice.
Give a stone before advice.

Pressed for rules and verities,
All I recollect are these:
Feed a cold to starve a fever.
Argue with no true believer.
Lawns and lives grow greener laid
Half in sun and half in shade.
Think-too-long is never-act.
Scratch a myth and find a fact.
Stitch in time saves twenty stitches.
Give the rich, to please them, riches.
Give to love your hearth and hall.
But do not give advice at all.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY



"You know damn well I take lemon!"

STAB ME

ROSALIE came off the subway into our English class approximately twenty-five minutes late, as the professor, who had begun the term with Thomas Hardy and worked his way back to "Beowulf," was reading, "That was good king." She walked across the front of the room, skimming plumply past his desk, and he blinked. He laid his book down and stared after her, like the rest of us, as she made her way to a seat in the back with little, wobbly high-heeled steps. An ermine band confined her wild black hair, and her face was heavily rouged and powdered. One of her eyes was mascaraed all around; the other was blotted out by an enormous black patch.

Oblivious of all of us—particularly, I thought, of me—she took off her coat and went through a series of fluttering adjustments, bending down to loosen an ankle strap, tugging her black velvet skirt over her broad knees, dabbing at the eye patch. Then she sat up in a posture of elaborate attentiveness, the backward movement of her shoulders thrusting her looming chest forward. She was wearing a pink sweater embroidered all over with silver sequins, and on every curve and every bulge the sequins caught the hushed winter sun and turned into dazzling pinpoints of light. Outside, a band of campus carollers began a chorus of "Jingle Bells." The next day was the beginning of the Christmas holiday. "That was good king," the professor said firmly, and we all turned around to him again.

I turned with the rest, but I didn't hear another word. The sight of that eye patch had stopped me cold. My fingers were shaking. After everything we had gone through, Rosalie and I, to keep her in school, how could she dream of pulling that old trick? She had used it before to get out of a test. They would never believe her twice. I decided I was finished being friends with Rosalie, but the next moment I knew I would always be her friend, and that, whatever drama she played, I would be watching her. Empathy, Rosalie called this. "That's what you want a girl friend to do," she said. "Empathize."

Well, I had been empathizing with Rosalie ever since my first sight of her. One day at the start of our freshman year, Rosalie came rushing out of the registrar's office clutching a wild sheaf of papers in one hand and a stubby pencil in the other, and bumped into me. "You look like a sensible girl!" she cried. "Perhaps *you* know why these harpies require me to rise at six in the Bronx so I can play volleyball in Flushing at eight."

I had no answer then, and though we were seniors now, I still had none, but after that whenever Rosalie came rushing out of trouble or went plunging into it, I always seemed to be there. My mind wandered to all the times I had empathized during this one term alone: to the eight consecutive occasions on which she had overslept her psychology class; to the papers she had not completed, the tests she had missed; to the time they had suspended her from Physical Training for wearing long rhinestone earrings with her gym suit; to the day, in Science Survey 1—she was taking it for the fourth time—when she had leaned down conscientiously to study her experiment and had singed one side of her hair in a Bunsen burner. And always it was I who worried about what the Dean would say, and I who had to console her mother, who was sure to call me in the evening. "No, Mrs. Golden, I won't tell Rosalie you called," I would say. "Don't worry, Mrs. Golden, she'll get through all right. No, I'm sure your heart won't break."

Thinking back, I tried to be fair. Rosalie worried, too, in her special way. With each crisis, the color of her lipstick grew more violent, her eyes murkier and murkier with mascara, while the sequins and beads blossomed desperately on her sweater. Once, at such a time, I had seen her corner a comparative stranger and convince him that Hindemith had invited her to study at Yale. "And why do I go through all this?" she would ask me darkly. "Because fate has decreed that I live in the Bronx. I was born to tragedy." Now she had brought out the eye patch again.

THE moment the class ended, I ran back to her. She was putting on her coat—a great woolly one that reached almost to her toes. "If anyone sings 'Jingle Bells' once more, I'll scream," she remarked quietly.

"Never mind about that," I said, trying to pull her aside. "Rosalie, how can you do this to us? Have you gone crazy? You can't get away with it twice."

She disengaged herself gently. "Lois, you are my friend," she said. "My best friend. I have told you so, but don't presume too much on the basis of our relationship."

"*Presume* too much?" I cried.

"Hysteria will get us nowhere," Rosalie said, patting my hand. "I *have* to get away with it, that's all. You know very well if I take that test, I'll fail it. And you know, if I fail it, what my life is worth." She regarded me soberly with her uncovered eye.

"True," I said. Rosalie's mother had already announced that if Rosalie failed one more course, she would take her out of school and send her to work. I took Rosalie's arm and propelled her outside the door of the building, where we stood at the top of the steps drearily breathing the cold winter air.

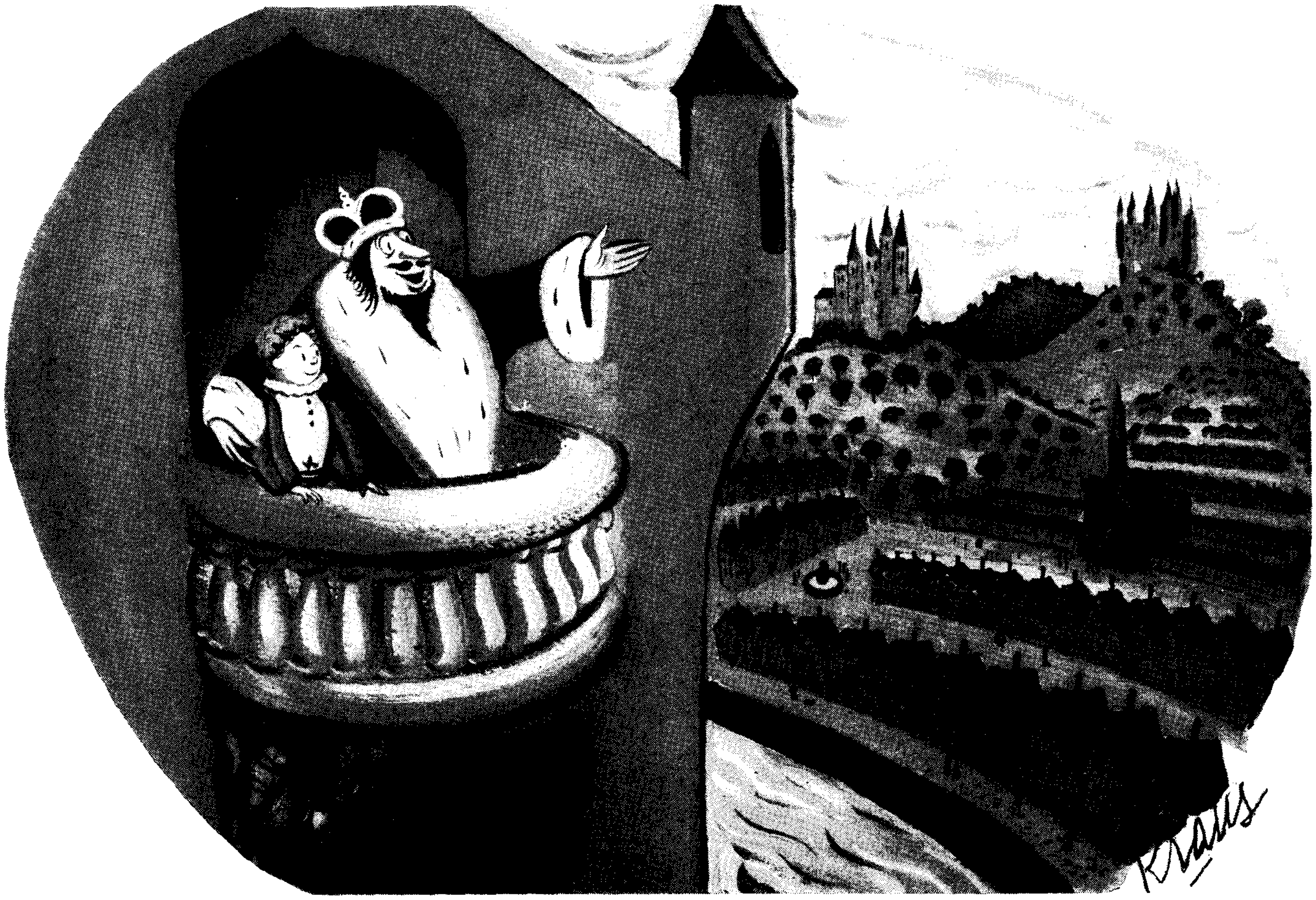
"She means business this time," Rosalie said. "She spends all day Sunday looking through the want ads. She smells blood, I tell you."

"But Rosalie, be reasonable," I said. "You've already pulled this trick."

"Last time, I only told them the eye was infected," she said triumphantly. "This time, I'm saying I've lost it completely."

"But, Rosie, what will you tell them afterward?"

"Afterward?" Rosalie smiled, started down the steps, and stumbled. She allowed me to help her



"Someday, son, this will all be yours—if we don't become a democracy."

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to her feet. "Afterward, I'll gouge it out if necessary," she said. "Anything is better than being a Bronx secretary."

I took her arm and we started across the campus to the cafeteria—slowly, because Rosalie, in her high heels, was unsteady on the gravel walks. In a way, I wished we were beginning the Easter vacation instead of the Christmas one. Rosalie grew sleepier and safer in the spring. But in the winter, and especially at Christmastime, everything, she said, called out to her—the carols in the auditorium, the silent, tangy dusk over the campus. As we walked, her head kept turning restlessly, and her body, even in that coat, seemed to strain upward. When we came to the cafeteria, she sighed heavily and pushed open the big glass doors.

Inside, there was a sudden great rush of noise. Chromium pillars glinted in semidarkness. Rosalie walked through the room in silence. People rushed up to ask her what had happened to her eye, but she only shook her head solemnly and proceeded to the food line. Everyone knew Rosalie, at least by sight, and some laughed whenever they saw her. I never talked to the ones who laughed; Rosalie did when she felt like it. We took our places in the slowly moving line, Rosalie standing before me, and when we came to the food counters she swooped and picked up a large piece of chocolate cake. Then, looking at me over her shoulder, she frowned and exchanged the cake for a cottage-cheese salad and a cup of tea. "Lead me to a secluded table," she said. "I don't wish to be seen today."

I finally found a table half hidden by the stairs that went up to the student lounge. "You didn't ask me why I was all dressed up," Rosalie said, dropping her books on the table and probing under her eye patch.

I didn't answer. Rosalie always wore sequins to school.

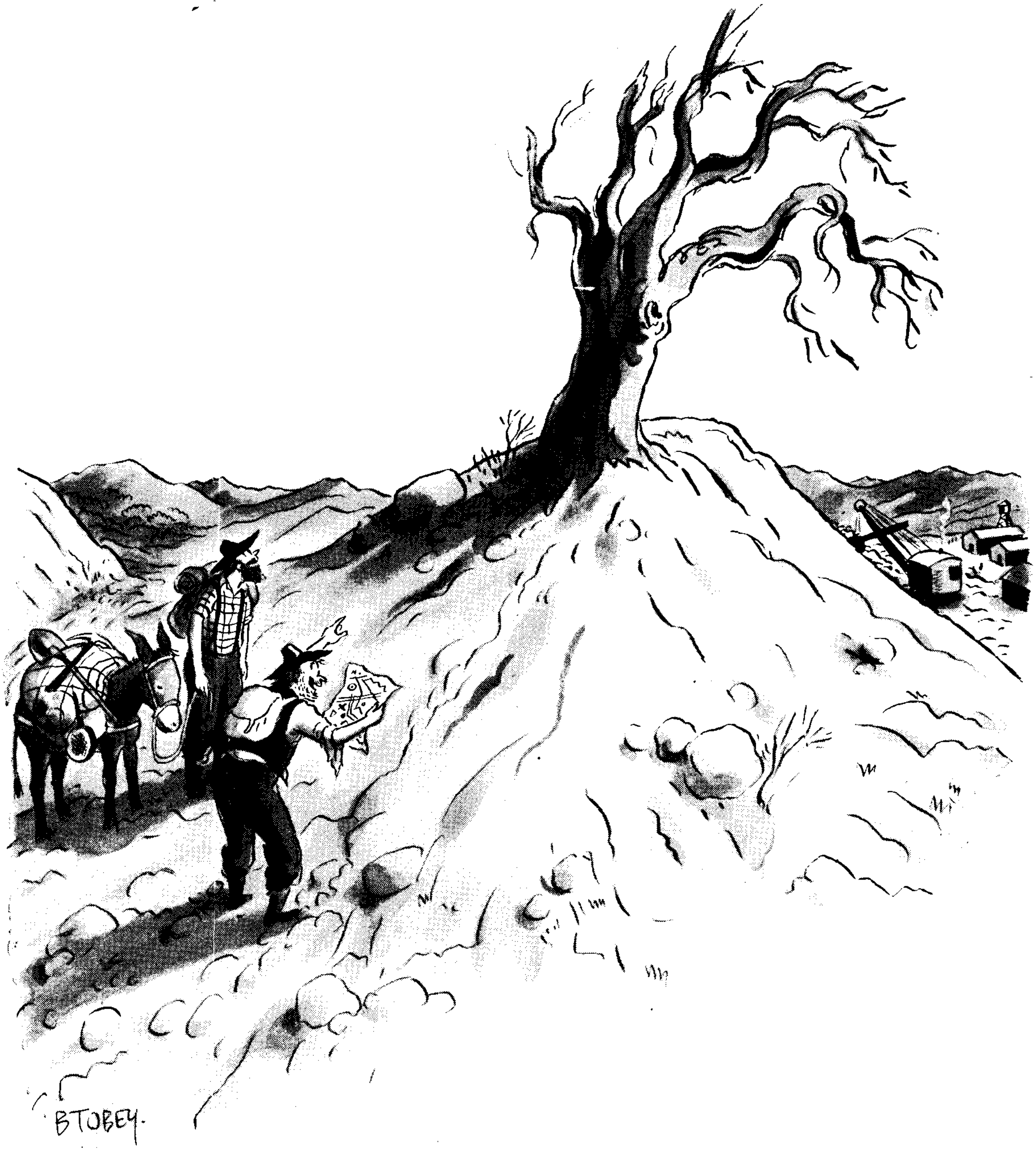
"I am going to a party later," she said, "*if* I get out of that test. It's possible some important show people will be there. I'm going alone."

I smiled to hide my discomfort. Rosalie was not popular in the usual sense—she laughed at girls who were—but I knew it hurt her feelings to have to go to parties alone. She would sit glittering nervously with beads and bangles and rhinestones, and if I was there, toward the end of the evening she would beckon me with a long cigarette holder and tell me all the guests were Philistines, especially the boys. The next day, she would be sad.

"Why shouldn't I go alone?" she said, now. "Why shouldn't I humiliate myself? It's better than going straight home to the Bronx." She lifted her fork to the cottage cheese and let it drop. "Sure," she said. "You think I'm obsessed by the Bronx. But if I didn't live there, my whole life would be different. Who ever heard of a night-club entertainer that lived in the Bronx? Some of them rise from obscure origins, I agree, but no chanteuse in history was living in the Bronx at the precise moment when fame overtook her."

"I guess not," I said.

"But you're not sure," Rosalie said. "You're trying to tell me you think it's theoretically possible to live in the Bronx and still do what you were born to do. And I agree. In fact, what you say might even hold true in my own case—



"Yes, sir, that's the lone oak, all right! That means the gold-bearing vein has got to be right on the other side of that hill!"

if I lived alone. But as long as my mother is with me, I'm doomed. You know that."

I nodded to be agreeable, although Rosalie's mother was not so bad, especially for a widow. After all, we all had mothers.

"You hesitate. You like her," Rosalie said. "You're charmed by that musky Russian voice with its rolling 'r's. You're impressed by the way she buys teacups on the Grand Concourse and mounts them to look like relics from a noble past. You think it's fine that she works hard in a factory all day and then comes home to cook and clean and still remains elegant. No, don't deny it. You're perfectly right. If she weren't my mother, I'd like her, too. She's a great lady. She's right out of Tolstoy. Everything she does is great theatre, but these scenes every day are killing me."

Rosalie looked about, sipping her tea and leaving a glowing imprint of her lipstick on the cup. "I don't know if I told you her latest," she went on. "If I manage to stay in school, she wants me to give piano lessons to the neighbors' kids at night. Imagine *me* teaching scales to Bronx urchins. I, whom Hindemith invited to study at Yale!" She looked at me anxiously and brushed at a clump of curls that had fallen free of the ermine band. "But the point is, I am involved in something bigger than the sum of its parts. It's a question of my integrity. Look here, don't *you* ever yearn for freedom, even faintly?"

"I already live in Manhattan," I said. "Downtown."

"Yes," Rosalie said. "That makes your problem a little more complex. But you do live with your family." She pondered my case for a moment, then lost interest. "But for myself, I wasn't meant to sit here eating cottage cheese with the youth of America, and failing Science Survey. I'm not modest. I'll tell you now, I have talent!" She had raised her voice, and people were watching her.

"Rosie," I said, but I could not get her attention. She threw up her arms, palms outflung, and all her bracelets clanged together.

"I was meant to stand in a spotlight!" she cried. "To sing, to play, to bring people joy!"

"Oh, Rosie," I said dismally, "maybe it would be better if you left school now."

She lowered her arms abruptly. "And have her slap me into an office job?" she said. "No. The only solution is for her to lend me some money. Then I can get an apartment of my own, right in midtown Manhattan."

"But what if she doesn't have any?"

"Then for the rest of my life I'll sink into despair," she said. "Trapped and doomed, trapped and doomed."

I could not bear to hear her talk that way. "Please," I said. "Please don't be so pessimistic. After all, you're going to have a whole week off. You can make up your work."

She smiled at me patiently, like a mother at a prattling child, and when she spoke, her quiet voice was ominous. "We still don't know if I'll get out of that test today," she said. The bell rang, and she engulfed herself in her nubbly coat. "You know, I told my mother last night that if things kept on like this, I'd kill myself."

"Oh, Rosie, what did she say?"

"She said she'd kill herself first and make a fool of me."

I crumpled up my paper napkin and threw it away. "Rosalie," I said, "I think you exaggerate. You and your mother, both. You act as if you were in a Greek tragedy or something."

Rosalie fumbled at her eye patch, set it straight, and squared her woolly shoulders. "Greek tragedy was *domestic* tragedy," Rosalie said. "Remember that."

I WENT home that afternoon glad that the holiday had started and hoping that Rosalie would be all right. In the evening, I tried to telephone her, but there was no answer. I supposed she was still at the party. I decided I would call her in the morning and cheer her up, but the next day, just as I was finishing breakfast, she appeared.

She was wearing her mother's sealskin coat and a ruby-red dress gathered up at the hip with a floppy velvet rose. When I saw the dress, I knew it was time to be sensible, even if it meant losing her friendship temporarily.

"They didn't believe you about the eye," I said. "You had to take the test."

"That's right."

"And you failed it."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"Rosalie . . ." I said. I began to pace up and down.

"But none of that matters any more," Rosalie said. "It's all receded into the past. You see"—she paused—"I met him last night."

"You what?"

She laughed exultantly. "I met *him*."

"Rosie!" I cried. I ran to her and we hugged each other so hard one of Rosalie's seams opened. Afterward, when we had finished crying, she told me the story.

She had met him at the party, of course, and the moment they'd seen each other they'd known. They had been pulled together by an irresistible force. Her heart had told her at once that he was extraordinary—this was even before she knew that his quarterly had been mentioned unfavorably in *Time*. Later, he had told her how he'd been born in the South and had come to New York to found an avant-garde literary review. He wore a suède jacket and kept a brush for it in his pocket. He had an apartment in Manhattan. "But facts don't really describe him," Rosalie concluded. "My heart simply told me at once, and his did, too, that this was the real thing. That's why I never felt even the slightest embarrassment at the hotel."

"The hotel?"

She inspected the velvet rose at her hip and flicked its petals dreamily. "He wanted it to be the Algonquin, for literary reasons," she said, "but we couldn't get in, so we went to another hotel. The point is, I didn't have a single guilt feeling when he asked the clerk for the room. I didn't even twist my graduation ring around, because it was all perfectly natural and frank, the way *real* relationships are. Excuse me—are you shocked?" She looked at me severely. "I hope not," she said, "because if you suddenly turned bourgeois on me now, it would come between us. I've decided to go and live with him, and if you're to remain my confidante, I must be able to depend on your discretion. I'm moving out tomorrow."

"I'm not shocked," I said.

Rosalie laughed and popped a cigarette into her holder. "Of course you are!" she said. "Naturally you are! This isn't the kind of decision you'll be called upon to make. Someday you'll marry an accountant, or something, and live happily ever after. And that's as it should be. But surely you see how wrong that kind of thing would be for me, and what this means for me in terms of self-expression and opportunity. And smack in the middle of Manhattan."

"I'm not marrying an accountant."

"You miss the point," Rosalie said, ruffling my hair. "But that's understandable. I tell you what. I'm meeting him for lunch, but come to dinner. My mother's going to a family-circle meeting afterward, and we'll have a chance to talk. Why not spend the night?"

I said I would.

THE lobby of the apartment house where Rosalie lived was large and exceedingly empty. A great mahogany table stood alone in the center of the floor, and, high up, a vacant balcony circled the wall. The place was lit with

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WINTER NIGHT

The circuit closes. House and heart
Must cut and save the heat they use.
A circuit closed by sleep shall start
The nightlong quarrel life must lose.

Ticking like deathwatches, my house
Stands up this night to ice once more,
Knowing at last it cannot rouse
That strength and sap it knew before.

The seasoned timbers of the stair
Creak to my weight; a dog outside
Howls windily. How should hearts prepare
To front a cold few beasts abide?

Padding the hall, I pause by doors
And listen to my children's breathing
While cold of night-fear and remorse
Puddles and curds for all the sheathing,

All the revetment I had tiered
To insulate from northern breath;
My house, for all the worst I feared
And bargained for, shall catch a death.

And lusts that spread today in sun,
Flattered in pride of life grown tall,
Shall clot, by gradual ice, to one
Standing with held breath in the hall.

—LOUIS COXE

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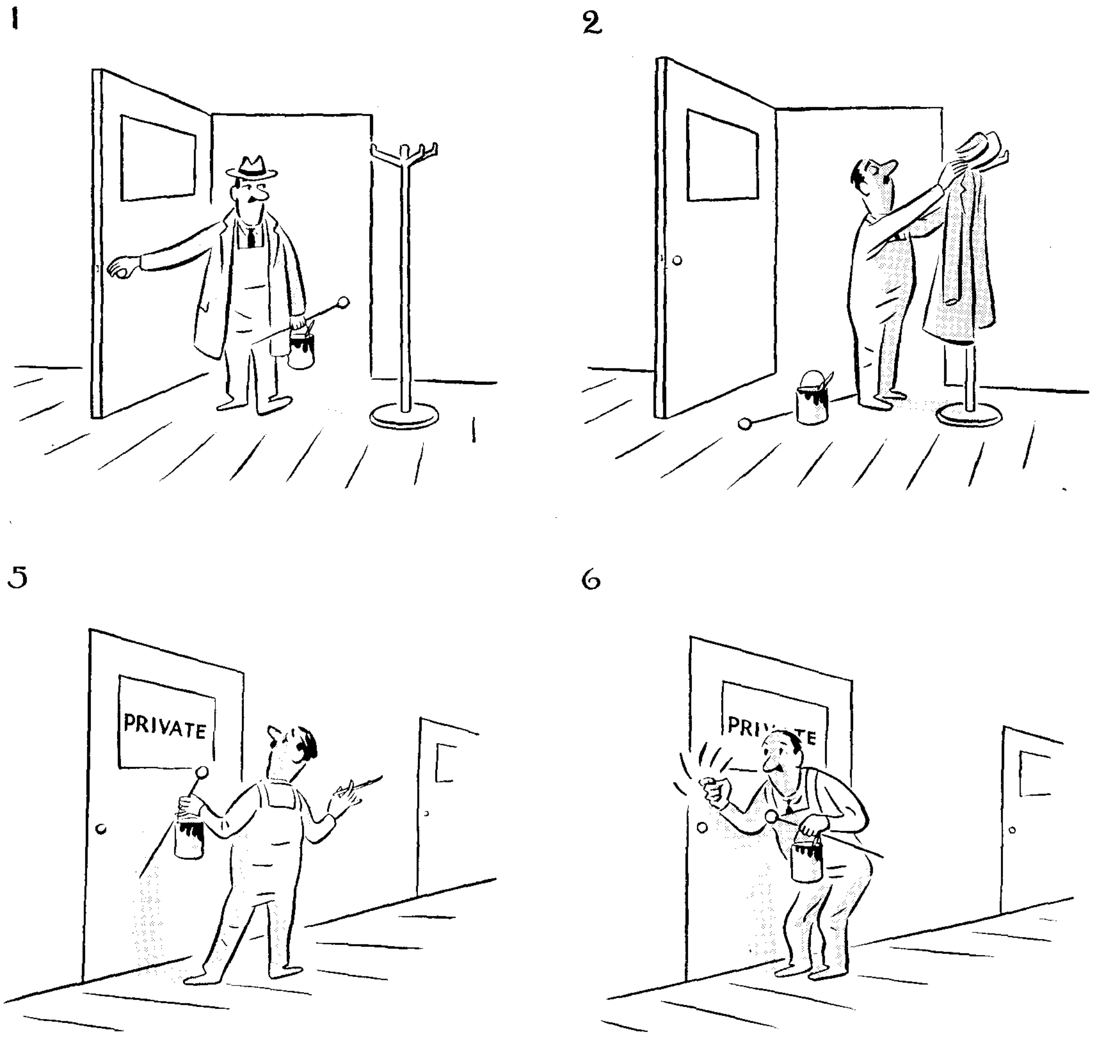

an eerie blue light. Rosalie always said it was a perfect setting for the last act of "Don Giovanni." I hurried through it, listening to my heels clattering, and took the long, shaky elevator ride upstairs.

Rosalie's mother opened the door and showed me into the living room. She was looking extremely Russian, and this worried me for Rosalie's sake. "Lois, my dear, I am so glad to see you," Mrs. Golden said, in her furry voice. She drew me toward the powdery fragrance of her skin and kissed me on the cheek. It was her habit to dress up for Rosalie's friends—she said it made them feel more welcome—and this night she was wearing a black dress that Rosalie often borrowed but could not completely button. It was made of shimmering satin with a collar that mounted regally behind Mrs. Golden's slender neck and caught at her dangling earrings. Her brown hair was braided thickly and wound on top of her head like a coronet, and her high cheekbones were touched with rouge, making her look especially Slavic. But her eyes were a little red-rimmed, and her mouth was too bright. I looked around for Rosalie.

"She's in her bedroom, tweezing her eyebrows," Mrs. Golden said.

I started to go there, but Mrs. Golden gently caught my wrist and held me beside her. "The room is lovely at this hour, don't you think?" she asked tremulously, indicating, with a flash of her rings, the pale-green sofa strewn with brocaded cushions, the grand piano, the curved mahogany chest inlaid with rosewood, the china closet bursting with Grand Concourse teacups. "Oh, I know we don't have the best location in the world, but can anyone say I haven't made the most of it? Human beings live in the Bronx as well as in Manhattan. But why should I explain that to you, when my own daughter won't listen? Never mind, when I'm dead it won't matter." She was staring bitterly across the room at the grand piano. The top was down, and on it there stood a large bouquet of autumn flowers and, next to that, Rosalie's high-school-graduation picture. "Why doesn't somebody kill me now?" she whispered. "Stab me, and get it over with?" Dropping my wrist, she let herself slip down onto the sofa. "Forgive me," she said. "I'm just a foolish old lady. Enjoy life while you can."

I wondered if she meant for me to leave her. She looked very young and pretty, lying there shimmering all over, with her legs slightly bent and the back of one hand flung against her forehead. I could see her lying like that as a girl in St. Petersburg. Then, just as I had decided to tiptoe out, she stirred. "If you only knew," she said, extending a groping hand toward me. "If I could only tell you how alone I am in this world. Without a husband. With a daughter who hates me—" Suddenly she sat up and smiled, dabbing at her eyes and at tear splashes on her satin dress. "I wonder," she said. "It's unfair to you, but I must ask it. I want you to be *my* friend as well as Rosalie's. I want *you* to give me advice. Don't look so surprised. You have no idea how wise and mature you are for your age. I only wish Rosalie could be a little more like you. But no. All she knows is how to get into trouble. Please tell me—what shall I do with her? She's up to something again. She won't admit it, but I can read the signs."

I looked about uneasily, feeling disloyal to be alone with her, without Rosalie.

"At least, I have one consolation," she went on. "Even if she won't confide in her own mother, she still has you. My dear, if you only knew how much Rosalie loves you! How she trusts you!" She caught my hand in both of hers. Her rings flashed gently in the light. "So talk to her, and tell me what she says."

"Now, wait a minute, Mrs. Golden," I said. "I can't—"

She reached up and put a finger over my lips. "No, no, don't spoil it!" she said. "In the end you will save the day. Mark my words."

She pinched my arm as if we had a secret, and slipped a loose hairpin back

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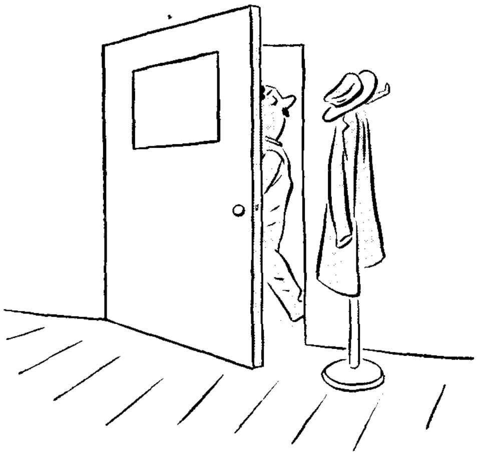

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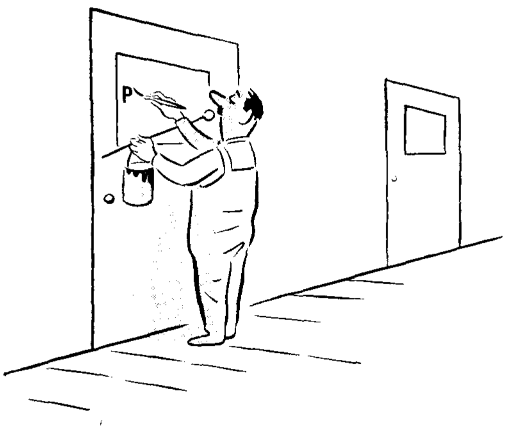

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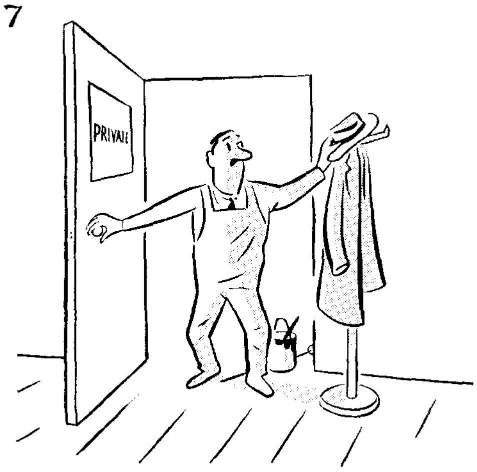

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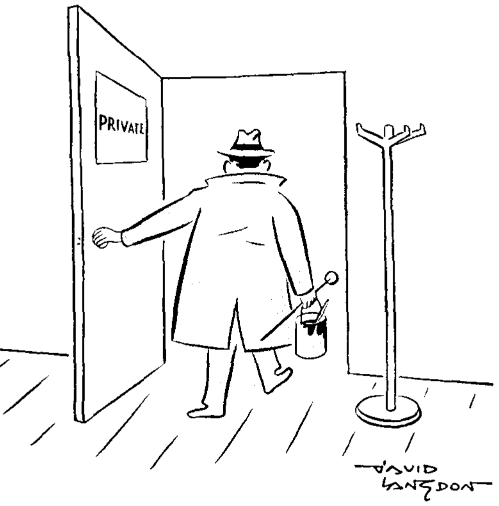


into her coronet braid. Then she went to the kitchen, and a few minutes later, she came back to say that dinner was ready. Only a faint redness at the tip of her nose told that she had been crying.

WHEN Rosalie and I finished talking that evening, it was very late, and there was a weary, solemn feeling in the air. We were in her bedroom. I opened the window to let out some of the cigarette smoke. There were two creased hollows in her studio couch. I took the cover off, shook it out, and folded it over a chair, smoothing its red chintz roses. Rosalie went away to the bathroom and came back in her nightgown.

"Rosalie," I said, "I've been thinking. I don't believe you ought to just leave your mother a note. I think you ought to postpone going away, and tell her first."

"Oh, God," Rosalie said. "Can't you see there are more important things to consider?"

"Such as what?"

"Well, look at me," she said. "Just take a look at me."

"So what?" I said. "No girl looks good when she's going to bed."

"Oh, God," Rosalie said. She walked to the mirror and surveyed herself mournfully, turning her profile to the glass and pushing in her stomach. Her nightgown was of pink jersey that had stretched. It clung boldly to her hips and sagged around her breasts. She beckoned to me. "Come here and tell me what you see."

"I see you," I said, feeling very tall and long-limbed as I stood beside her.

"Look there," she said, pointing to her face. "Is that me?"

"That's just a few pimples."

"And there? Is that me?"

"You just forgot to wash off all your mascara and it smeared," I said. "Come to bed, Rosie."

"And here?"

"You need a brassière."

"I need one desperately," she said. "And what about these big, fat hips? And this hair that looks like a bush? Why deceive ourselves? I'm fat and horrible. I look like a woman of forty. I'm a mess."

She moved squatly toward the bed and huddled on it. The hem of her nightgown was torn, and her painted toenails kicked at its edges. "I was looking at myself in the bathroom," she said, "and I thought, Suppose he sees me like this and thinks it's the real me. What will he say? I'm afraid. I feel sick."

"Let's go to sleep," I said.

"Maybe I could get up early in the morning and put on a girdle and my makeup before he's awake," Rosalie said. "And at night I could leave it all on. I was looking at some nightgowns today, and I saw a black satin one with some ribbons and a few sequins. Maybe . . ."

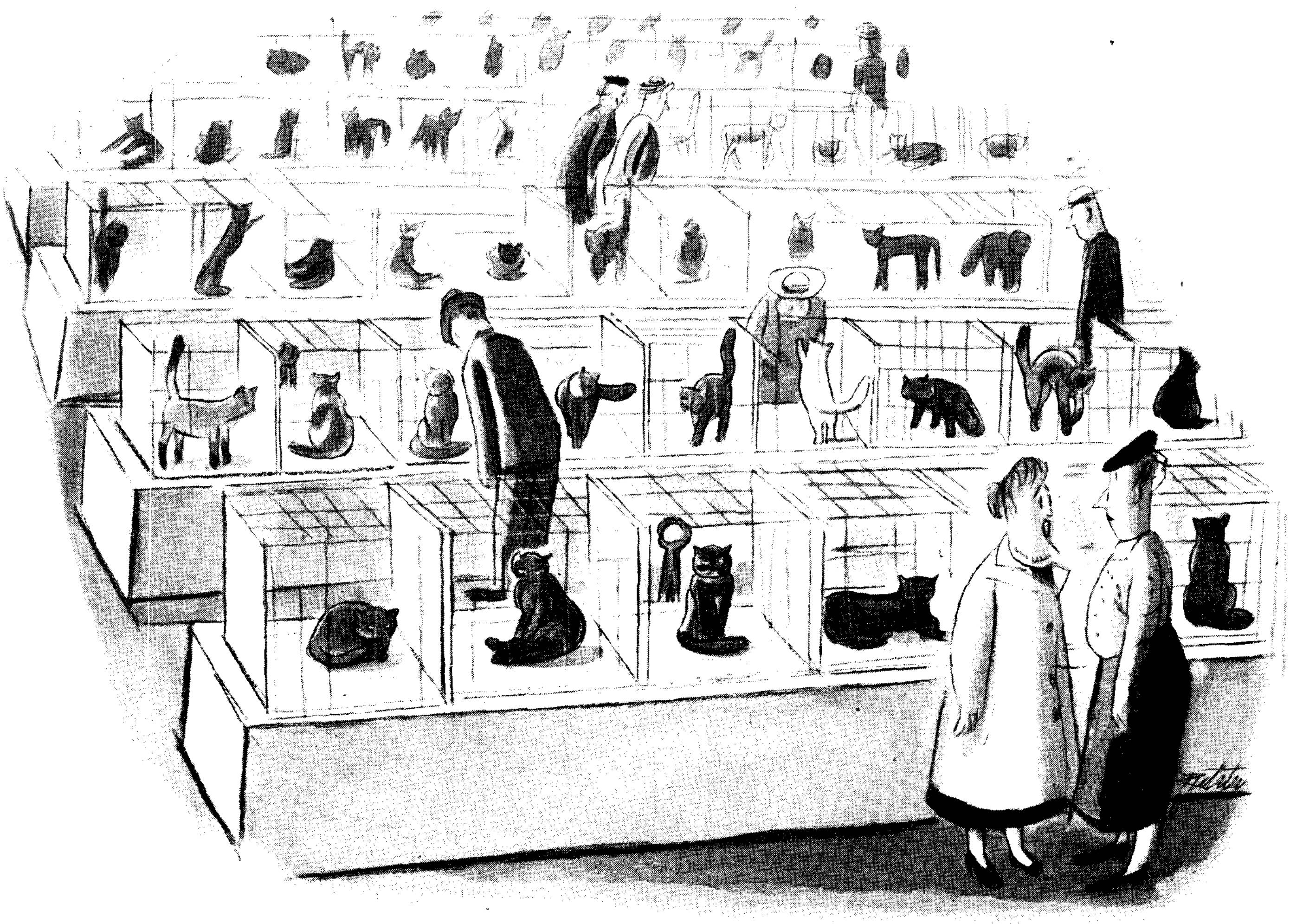
It was late and we were very tired. Rosalie, I thought—Rosalie darling, forget about the sequins, and come in with the rest of us. But Rosalie without her sequins would be Rosalie in that pink nightgown, and she was right—that wasn't Rosalie.

"It's late," I said. I kissed her on the forehead. She was sweating. We lay in the dark, thinking together.

WHEN I awoke in the morning, Rosalie was gone, and so, I found, was her mother. I put on Rosalie's pink satin mules and wandered through the apartment looking for a note, but I didn't find one. Then I got dressed quickly and went home, thinking that perhaps Rosalie would call me there, but she didn't. Her mother didn't call me, either. By the end of the next day, I was sure Rosalie had gone through with her plans.

At first, during the holiday, I took long walks that led past the street where Rosalie had said her friend lived. I never saw her. Then I caught a cold and had to stay in bed and drink grapefruit juice. I thought all I wanted was for the holiday to be over, but when I tried to imagine what school would be like without Rosalie, I couldn't.

The morning classes started again, I got to the campus a little early. There



"*I distinctly heard a bark.*"

• •

was a thin gray drizzle. I sneezed and felt lonely. The cafeteria would be warm, I decided; the steam would hiss nicely in the radiator pipes, and there would be people to talk to. I went there and pushed open the big glass doors, and at once I saw Rosalie.

She was at the secluded table beside the stairs. I went over and said hello quietly. She regarded me for a moment, then turned back to the pie she was eating, pursuing each crumb with the tines of her fork. She acted as if she hadn't even recognized me. I sat down beside her. "Rosie," I said. "What happened? Why are you here?"

"I don't know," she said.

"But *something* must have happened."

She got up and walked over to the food counter, returning with a large piece of chocolate layer cake, which she ate while I waited silently. When she had finished, she sat musing over the soiled plate. She had on a new sweater—a black one, this time, with pairs of lips, done in red sequins, all over it. Where her forehead met her hair, little trickles of perspiration were turning her powder orange. "I don't know," she said in a flat voice, like a person in a trance. "I wish I did. I've gone over it in my mind a hundred times, and I still don't understand it."

"Did you tell your mother?"

"Yes," she said. "I met him that morning, while you were still sleeping, and said I wanted to wait another day. That night, I told my mother."

"What did she say?" I asked.

"You know. The usual. It wasn't that. She began to cry and she said I was a disgrace, and if the Bronx was good enough for everybody else, why wasn't it good enough for me? And then she said it wouldn't be long before she was dead."

"What did you do?"

"I went into my room and I sat there and waited for her. I knew she'd come, and she did. She pushed open the door like a wild woman. Her braids were coming down over her forehead. She was holding something in her hand and pointing it at her heart and screaming, 'Go ahead, stab me! Stab me and get it over with!' So I got scared. Then I looked and saw all she was holding was this little tiny pencil. So I took it away from her, and I began to cry, and she began to cry, and the next thing I knew we were holding each other and I was still in the Bronx. But I don't understand it. I don't know why I'm here."

For a long time we were quiet. Then Rosalie shrugged. The red sequins twinkled on her sweater. "I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I think if it had been anything but a *pencil*."

—Ann Birstein

•

Mr. Williams was accompanied on his trip by his wife. He visited England, Frances, the Netherlands, Belgium and Italy.—*Pennsylvania Banker.*

His wife go *everywhere* with him?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A DEACON AT OAK RIDGE

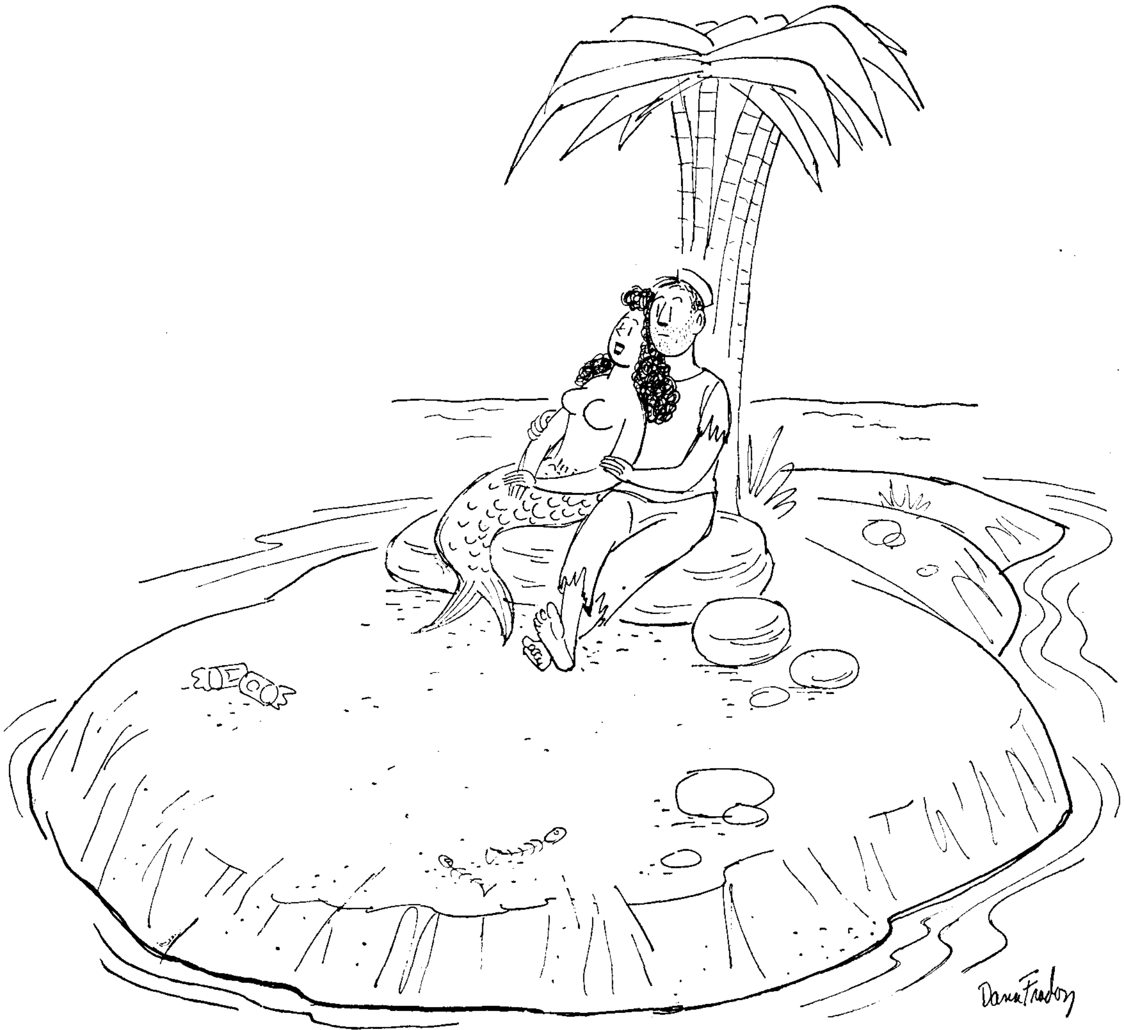
MOST scientists, like most other people, are too preoccupied with their daily work to ponder its moral implications, but those who do sometimes reach fairly sweeping conclusions. Certain physicists, for example, won't have anything to do with military projects; others, equally conscientious in their self-searching, feel that at the present time they would not be justified in trying to do anything but make atomic weapons more lethal. Extreme as both positions may sound, the one that has recently been taken by Dr. William G. Pollard, the executive director of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, in Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is, for a man of science, even more radical. After twenty years as a physicist, during which his philosophic point of view has been just as objective and just as skeptical as that of any of his colleagues, Pollard has been ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church. A year ago, at the age of forty-one, with his four sons serving as acolytes, he was invested with holy orders in ceremonies held at St. Stephen's Church, in Oak Ridge—a building he had helped put up with his own hands. His ordination came at the end of two and a half years' intensive study of theology, culminating in an examination that he found more rigorous than any he had taken as a graduate student at Rice Institute, in Houston, Texas, while preparing a doctoral thesis entitled "On the Theory of Beta-Ray Type of Radioactive Disintegration." "I think my theological examiners wanted to be certain I wasn't just pulling an intellectual stunt," Pollard says.

Working simultaneously as a physicist and as a religionist, Pollard has found, leaves him practically no free time. Most of his weekdays are spent supervising the affairs of the Institute, a scientific alliance of thirty-two Southern universities that operates on an annual budget of about two million dollars, which is put up by the federal government, but on Sundays, wearing his vestments, he is busy at St. Stephen's, where he assists at Holy Communion. In addition to carrying on his work with the Institute, he has for several years been engaged in secret military research; nowadays, upon returning home from a conference at a certain Oak Ridge war plant where he has presented his latest findings in connection with this project, he may don his clerical dress and pay a pastoral call on some ailing and frightened elderly parishioner. Some time ago, having read a paper on "The Separation of Isotopes by Gaseous Diffusion" at a scientific meeting at Ohio State University, he stayed over a day to address three hundred members of the university's business school on "Revelation and Response."

Pollard says that he has no interest in trying to reconcile faith and skepticism. He considers them mutually antagonistic, and has chosen faith, in which, as he puts it, "explanations are useful but not necessary." "I no longer believe that the approach of size-up-and-solve will produce a formula explaining all natural phenomena," he says. "If this sounds like heresy to any of my scientific colleagues, I can only say that the more I have learned of science, the more I have become convinced that the origin of the universe will forever remain a mystery to us. And I say this with sympathy for those who disagree with me, for, like them, I have been an agnostic who was sustained for many years, and happily so, by the hope of that master formula. Ten years ago, I would have been incapable of taking the step I have taken. Wars, social upheavals, nationalism—I once reacted intellectually to such things, but now I see them as perhaps containing elements of God's judgment. I'm less worried now about these problems than I used to be—though not because I have any greater confidence in man's being able to cope with them."

NOT long ago, I visited Pollard in Oak Ridge, and far into the late hours of a mild Southern night listened to his account of how he had arrived at his religious decision. We sat talking on a narrow wooden porch outside his house, which overhangs a gully filled with pines and dogwoods, while from time to time his wife, Marcella, a spirited woman with an oval face and hazel eyes, made us comfortable with highballs of Tennessee sour-mash whiskey. "After Bill's ordination," Mrs. Pollard said, with a smile, as she brought in a round of drinks, "a Hard-Shell Baptist wrote him that he shouldn't have picked a denomination that lets its ministers drink." She sat with us most of the evening, rarely speaking and periodically looking in on her four sons, who were reading and listening to the radio in the living room. Occasionally, one or another of the boys, who range in age from twelve to nineteen, joined us for a brief period. At first, I ascribed these appearances to curiosity about an unfamiliar guest, but, watching them as they listened intently to their father, I gradually came to suspect that they were still curious about his having adopted a second career; Pollard, I discovered, has never been able to give a specific explanation for it. "I'm fuzzy when it comes to reasons," he told me, "and I've heard them all, including the one that I may have deliberately overstated a position that many scientists have informally come around to. But I'm serene about the decision itself, and that's what really counts."

Pollard is a rather good-looking man, with a high forehead, brown hair, a thin nose, and inquisitive gray eyes, and he is, of course, well educated. (He has five degrees, two of them honorary.) There is nothing sanctimonious about him; he talked to me with candor, and there were times, indeed, when he discussed his new status with open amusement. Pollard told me that he was born in Batavia, New York, and that when he was twelve his family moved to Knoxville, Tennessee, where his father, who had been a mining engineer, became the regional representative of an electrical-equipment firm. Pollard was brought up in the Episcopal faith, but he lost interest in it as a high-school student and turned to the Unitarian Church. After three years he also gave that up. By the time he married, which was in 1932, shortly after graduating from the University of Tennessee, he had come to look upon religion as, in his phrase, "a fairy tale." "To me, it seemed to be a matter of Bible fundamentalists insisting that Adam was the first man and that the world was created in 4004 B.C.," he told me. "I was by then immersed in my graduate work at Rice



"You realize, dear, that if we ever marry and settle down in the States, you'll have to build me a swimming pool."

• •

and I didn't see how anyone could fail to realize that the only rational way for us to make the best of the universe was to comprehend its material nature."

His bride, Pollard went on, held an opposite view. Her parents, who were Presbyterians in Nashville, had brought her up as a regular churchgoer (she became an Episcopalian while a student at the University of Tennessee), and she was determined not only to remain a regular churchgoer but to bring up any children she might have in the same fashion. "In the early days of our marriage, we had many crises over that," Pollard said. "Three months after our wedding, I remember, Marcella very much wanted me to go to church with her one Sunday, but I told her that the studying I was planning to do at home was more important. The church was a mile away, and she told me later that as she walked toward it alone, she kept looking back, hoping that I would be trying to catch up with her. I was doing no such thing, but neither could I get any work done as I sat at home thinking of her. And since I couldn't, I figured that one of us might as well have our way, so after that I went to church with her. But I wouldn't say the Creed. I considered it too ridiculous."

In 1936, with a Ph.D. in physics from Rice, Pollard returned to the University of Tennessee as an assistant physics professor. Five years later, he was an associate professor and two years after that a full professor. He was also the father of four little Episcopalians—baptized in that church at his wife's insistence—but he was far less interested in their religious upbringing, he told me, than in his research. In 1944, he was asked to join Columbia University's Special Alloys and Metals Laboratory, which was a cover name for one of the wartime Manhattan District's most important scientific units. He did research there on the gaseous-diffusion method of extracting U-235—the explosive in atomic bombs—from common uranium. Moving to New York meant two months' separation from his family, who had to remain in Knoxville until he could make arrangements to bring them here, and during that period he lived in the King's Crown Hotel, on Morningside Heights, not far from the Pupin Physics Laboratories, at Columbia University, where his unit was then situated. Even without his wife to act as a spur, Pollard said, Sunday as often as not found him in church; he wasn't sure whether he went there just as a matter of habit or in order to provide cheering items for his letters to his wife, who was concerned about the logistics of moving their children and furniture to New York. When his family at last arrived here, he told me, he was relieved, because that meant he could once again assure himself that he was attending church simply in the interests of domestic accord. "I saw myself as just a father taking his wife and four small boys somewhere on Sunday morning," he said.

"We moved into a fairly nice house in Mount Vernon," Mrs. Pollard recalled. "Bill became a commuter. By that time, the Laboratory had been moved to the old Nash automobile building, on Broadway at 133rd Street. It was quite a far cry from the campus at Tennessee."

Although in the course of his work, Pollard had occasion to visit the then secret city of Oak Ridge, where there was an enormous gaseous-diffusion plant, he and his associates at Columbia were told no more than was necessary about what was going on and knew nothing of the successful atomic-weapons test that took place in New Mexico on July 16, 1945. They did, however, know that something was brewing and they were therefore not quite as surprised as most people when, three weeks later, President Truman announced that an atomic bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima. "I was exhilarated," Pollard said. "I was in the Nash building at the time, and my colleagues and I kept the radio going all that afternoon and took turns rushing out for the latest editions of the

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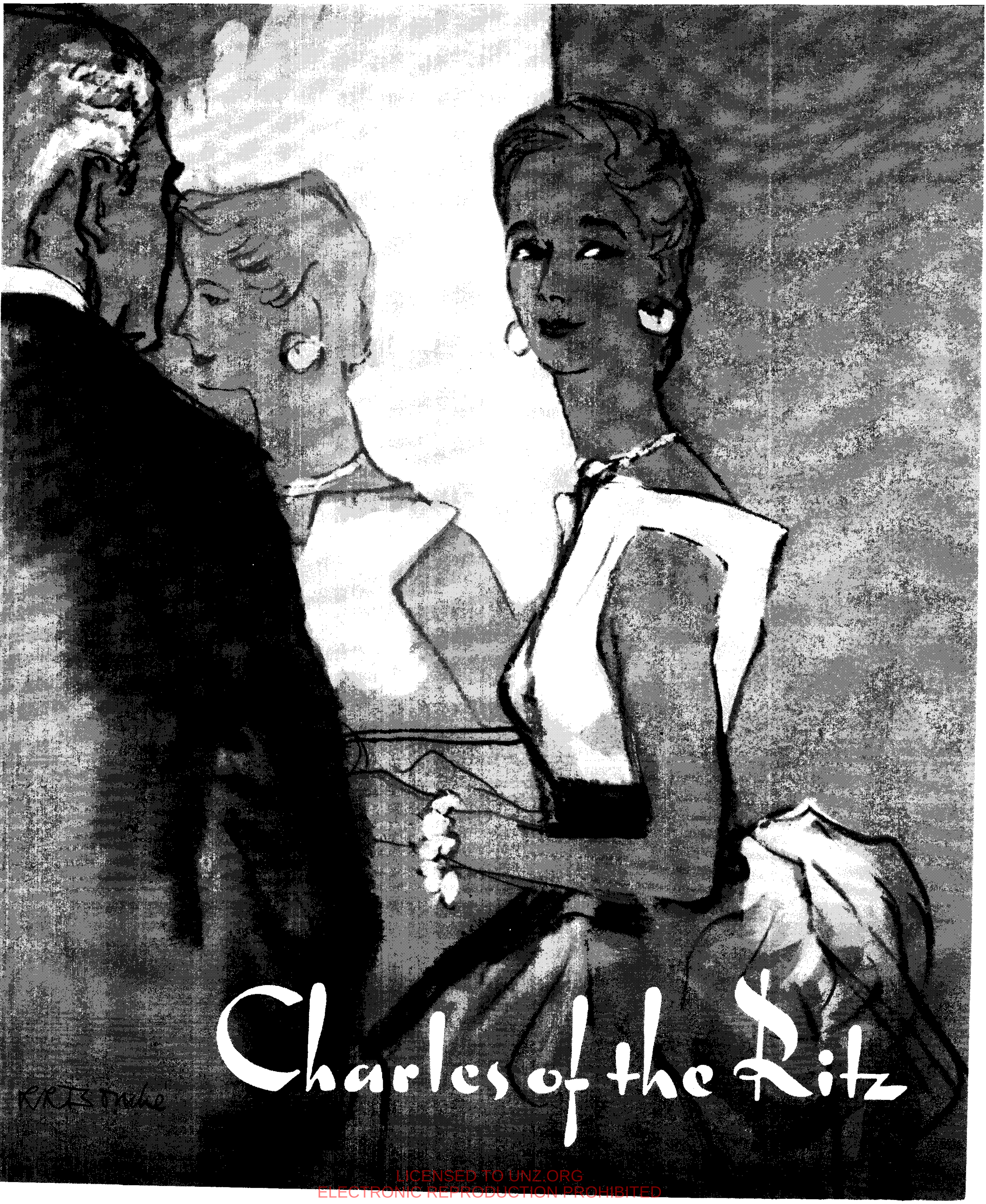

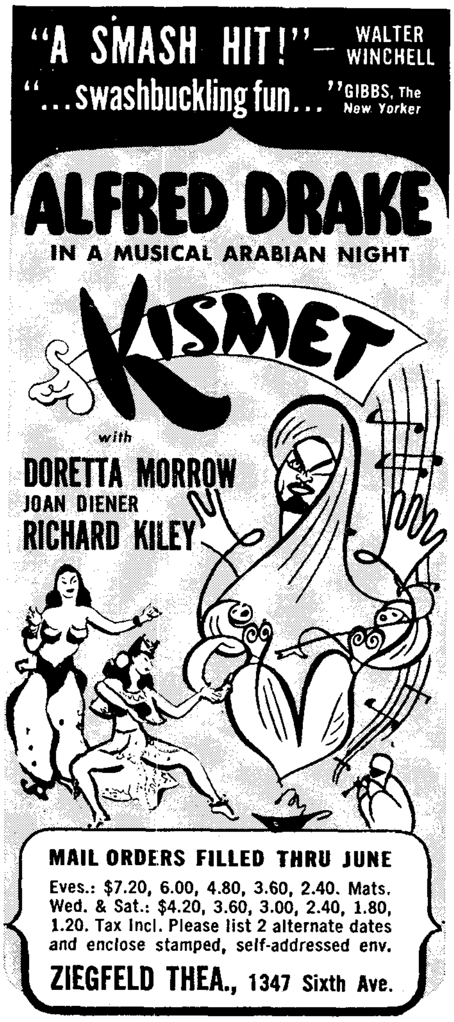
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newspapers. We finally knew for certain that our work had been effective." Three days later, he continued, when the Nagasaki bomb was dropped, his mood changed. Mrs. Pollard shifted restlessly in her chair at this point, and her husband, after glancing over at her, went on to explain, "Marcella doesn't want me to say what I'm about to say."

"You know how people are," Mrs. Pollard said. "They'd think Bill turned to the church because of a sense of guilt."

"They'd be mistaken, I believe," Pollard said. "But whether they'd be right or wrong, I don't see why that should keep me from talking about a meaningful experience." He hesitated briefly, and then resumed where he had left off. "After the Nagasaki bomb, my exuberance was replaced by something approaching terror," he said. "I thought the bombs would be sprinkled all over Japan. When I got back to Mount Vernon that evening—it was a Thursday—I picked up a newspaper and saw on the religious page that I had just enough time to get to a service in New Rochelle. I walked out of the house alone and took a trolley to Trinity Episcopal Church there. This time, there were no little boys along. As the service progressed, I became conscious of a feeling that it wasn't just an empty rigmarole, and when I got back home, I was no longer disturbed. I slept calmly that night."

SHORTLY after V-J Day, Pollard said, he returned to the University of Tennessee. He had not been there long when he heard a physicist, Dr. Katherine Way, at a party in Knoxville, outline an idea that stirred his enthusiasm, as well as that of several others present. Now that the war was over, she suggested, it would be a fine thing if university researchers in the Oak Ridge region could use some of the elaborate facilities there, which were far beyond the means of any school. Her suggestion led to a conference of Southern scientists in December, 1945, at which Pollard was chosen chairman of a committee whose purpose was to sound out federal and academic officials on the idea. After months of scurrying about between Washington and various campuses, the committee succeeded in winning both government backing for the project and the sponsorship of fourteen leading Southern schools, and the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies was well on its way. In October, 1947, the sponsors appointed Pollard executive director for a five-year term, and he thereupon resigned from the Tennessee faculty. Two months later, the Pollards set up housekeeping in Oak Ridge.

If he and his family had moved to a more settled community, Pollard told me, he might never have taken holy orders. "At best, I might have wound up a good, solid Episcopalian," he continued, smiling. "But Oak Ridge was only five years old and its churches had little or no resources. It was hard not to lend a hand, but if you did, you let yourself in for more than you'd bargained for." However, Pollard's first concern at Oak Ridge was to organize the Institute, and to judge by its growth, he would appear to have accomplished this effectively; the number of its academic sponsors has more than doubled in the past six years, and its staff, which at first consisted only of Pollard, an administrative assistant, and a secretary, now totals a hundred and seventy-five. The Institute trains scientists from American and foreign universities, medical schools, and industrial firms in the use of radioisotopes, or "tracer atoms;" it provides the facilities for scores of university teachers to do research; it awards Atomic Energy Commission fellowships to young physicists to study the latest methods of guarding against radiation hazards; and it operates a thirty-bed hospital and a laboratory for the study of the effects of radioactive materials on cancer.

It was plain to Pollard that the local Episcopalian affairs were just about as badly in need of spadework as the infant Institute. He and his fellow-parishioners had no church building; like the members of several other sects represented in Oak Ridge, they worshipped in a high-school gymnasium. One Sunday, as he and his family were leaving the gymnasium after the morning services, he casually inquired of the rector, the Reverend Stephen Davenport, if he thought the parish would ever have a church of its own. Davenport replied that only a few days previously he had received word that the Atomic Energy Commission was about to allocate land to the various denominations that wanted their own churches. Then the Rector startled Pollard by inviting him to head a drive for a building fund. "I could have pleaded pressure of work, I suppose, but since I was the one who'd brought up the matter, I didn't see how I could back down," Pollard told me. "Anyway, I took the job on, and we raised eight thousand dollars."

In August, 1948, the church's Sunday-school superintendent and lay reader, an engineer named John Bull, left Oak Ridge to study for the ministry. A

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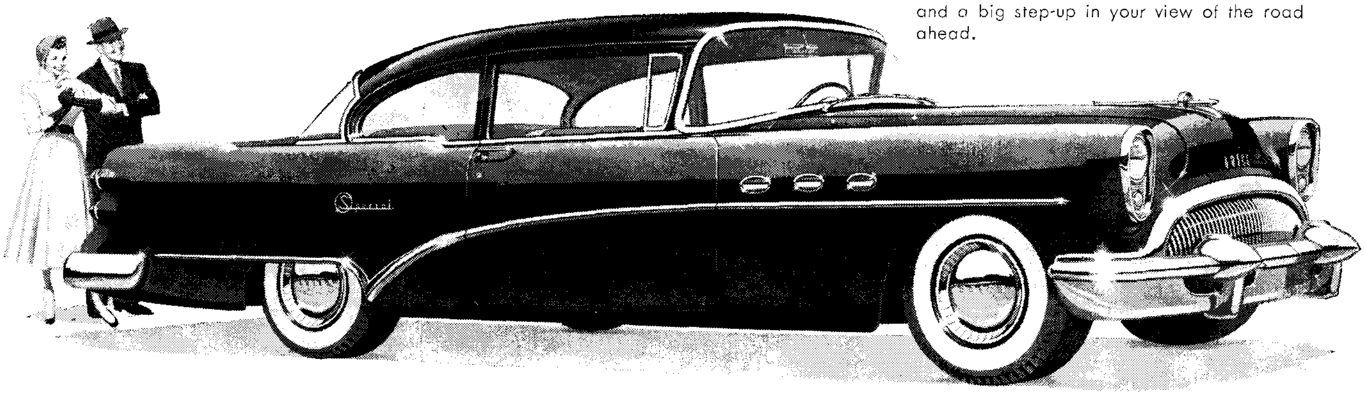

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month later, the Rector, perhaps recalling Pollard's diligence as a fund-raiser, asked him to fill Bull's Sunday-school post. "I wanted to turn him down," Pollard said, "but I had four children going to Sunday school—more than most of the parishioners—so I was stuck. Now that I look back, practically all the steps that led to my ordination seemed just temporary and inconsequential at the time." As Sunday-school superintendent, Pollard led a fifteen-minute service for the whole student body, which numbered about a hundred, and afterward, like ten other volunteers, taught a small class. He found that the questions his pupils asked in class made teaching unexpectedly interesting. "The children wanted to know things like how various feast days came into being and why we have Lent and where this or that canticle came from," he said. "Since I didn't know, I had to read up on the subjects at the library. I was amazed at how absorbing the material was."

That fall, the persuasive Davenport gave up his post in Oak Ridge to become rector of a church in Massachusetts, and he was presently replaced by the Reverend Robert F. McGregor. McGregor also proved to be persuasive. Inquiring around for likely nominees to fill Bull's position as lay reader, he was told by several of his parishioners that their children were enthusiastic about Pollard's Sunday-school services. Impressed, McGregor asked Pollard how he would feel about becoming a lay reader. "He made it sound so easy that I wondered why he needed anyone," Pollard told me. Lay reading, the Rector explained, merely meant reading the appropriate prayers from the Book of Common Prayer at morning or evening services; if Pollard agreed, McGregor would arrange with the Bishop of Tennessee to have him licensed as a lay reader. "I agreed," Pollard said, adding, with a shrug, "It was another of those steps."

As a lay reader, Pollard told me, he enjoyed leading prayers but found the contents of the prayers themselves even more rewarding. As he grew increasingly familiar with their wording, he began to wonder about their origins. Accordingly, just as he had done in response to the questions of his Sunday-school pupils, he embarked on a reading program, but this one was on a formidable scale. He bought books—dozens of them—and spent all his free hours studying them. From time to time, glancing at his bookshelves, he would find himself smiling at the incongruous juxtaposition of his worn scientific volumes with such titles as "Early Traditions of Israel,"

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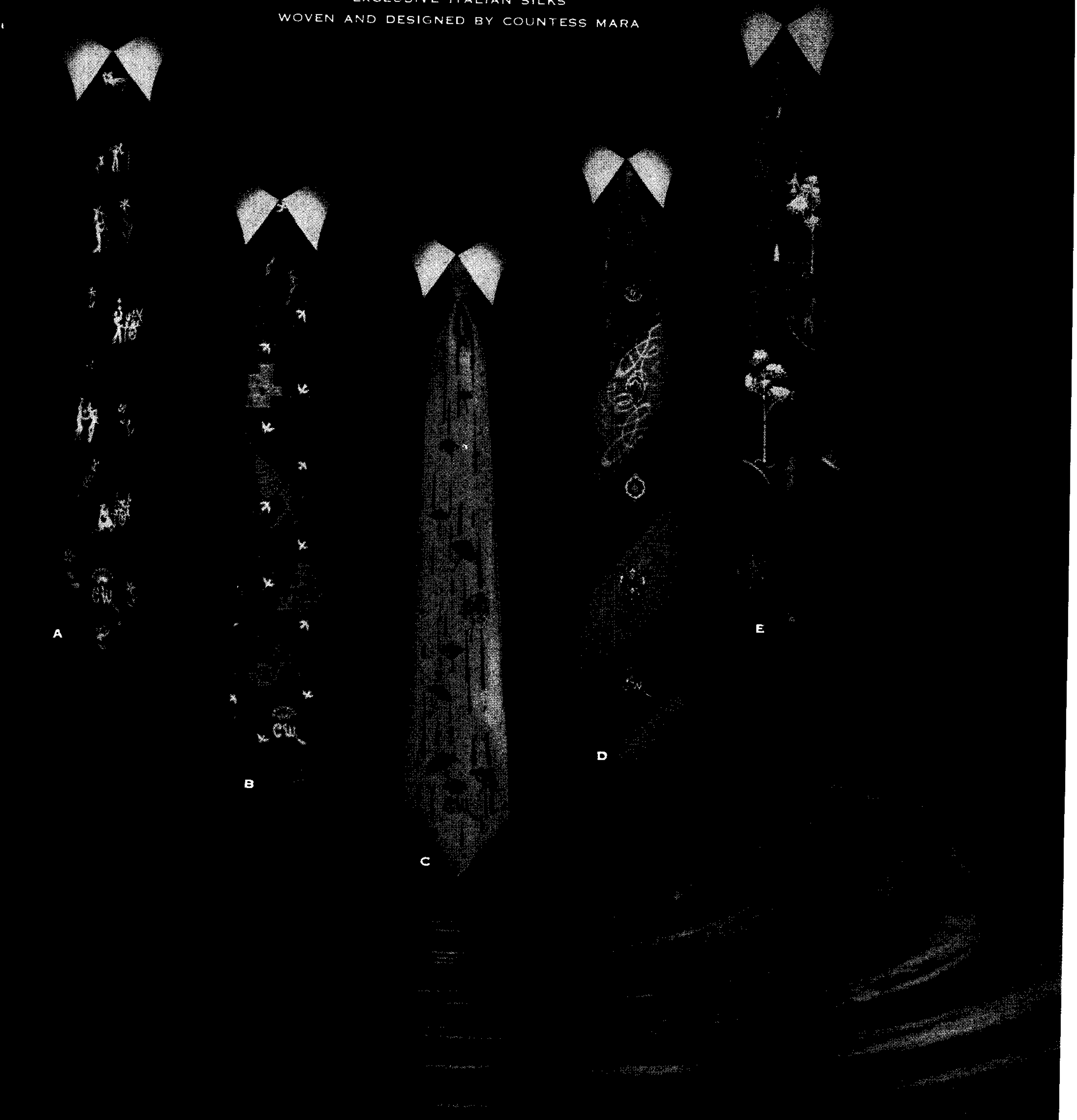

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"Source Book of Church History for the First Six Centuries," and "Doctrine of the Trinity." His reading program gave him an entirely fresh view of the Bible. "I'd previously taken it at its face value," he said, "but now I discovered that it was a highly complex blending of independent literary sources that were fascinating to disentangle. Here was a field of bona-fide scholarship that commanded my intellectual respect, without which, I imagine, I couldn't have embraced religion. It was exciting to find that the Bible didn't have to be accepted solely on the basis of its philosophical and metaphysical values. It could be accepted as a piece of history describing the unique fortunes and experiences of a people, which culminated in the revelation of God among them. Through the Bible, I now saw, the Judaeo-Christian civilization could be studied in the same disciplined way as, say, the Greco-Roman civilization. In fact, one Hebrew writer—theologians differ over his identity, but I believe it was Ahimaaz, the son of a priest of David—impressed me as being much more truly the father of history than Herodotus. If I'm ever at a university again, I may learn Hebrew, so that I can read the work in the original."

POLLARD was happily persevering at his private research when, in June, 1950, Davenport and Bull returned to Oak Ridge for a sentimental but formal occasion; Bull had completed his training for the ministry and had asked Davenport to preach the sermon at his ordination. In his sermon, Davenport pointed out that, like Bull, many lay readers had gone on to prepare themselves for the diaconate—an order of the ministry, just below the priesthood, that carries with it the privilege of assisting at Holy Communion and, if the deacon is licensed to do so by the bishop, of preparing and delivering sermons. "Listening to him, I gathered that the duties of a deacon were only slightly greater than those of a lay reader," Pollard said. "The training, I knew, took three years at a seminary under ordinary circumstances, but I'd already read so extensively in church history and liturgics that I felt I must have already completed some of it. The idea of having my religious studies organized, as my scientific studies had been, appealed to me. Anyway, I thought, there'd be nothing final about deciding to study for the ministry. I'd have to be admitted first as a postulant and after that as a candidate for holy orders, and I could always quit at any time along the way. I'd say that my approach then was more curious than dedicated."

For a few weeks after the visit of Davenport and Bull, Pollard said, he talked over the idea of studying for the ministry with a close friend—a biochemist in cancer research at the Institute, who also had leanings in that direction. "It was an odd time to be discussing such matters—just when the Institute was coming along so wonderfully," Pollard observed to me. Then, one evening, McGregor came by the Pollards' house on church business of an unrelated nature, and when it had been disposed of, Pollard brought up the subject of preparing for ordination. McGregor remarked simply that he had suspected his lay reader might be contemplating such a step. "He was letting me know that the decision had to be my own," Pollard told me. Shortly thereafter, Pollard and the biochemist began meeting at regular intervals with McGregor, who mapped out a program of study for them, and late in 1950 they were admitted as postulants. The biochemist dropped out in April, 1952, because he could not afford the time, but Pollard, although he, too, was busy, stayed on. "I became deeply interested in the curriculum," he said. "Marcella and I cut our social life to the bone. If I had to go out of town for the Institute, I studied on the train or plane, and in my hotel room."

"Bill's only recreation was doing carpentry and rolling asphalt walks for the church we were building," Mrs. Pollard said. "And even that stopped in the middle of 1951, when St. Stephen's was finished."

A year after Pollard started his formal studies, he was admitted to candidacy for holy orders. That was in October, 1951. Three months afterward, he took the first part of the examination required for ordination as a deacon at the Episcopal rectory in Maryville, a few miles south of Oak Ridge, before a Board of Examining Chaplains that consisted of two of the most learned theologians in the diocese. For an entire day, they questioned him exhaustively on the subjects of the Old and New Testaments, liturgics, and such branches of practical theology as homiletics, pastoral care, and pastoral administration. Two days later, he received a letter informing him that he had acquitted himself well and could go on preparing himself for the second—and final—part of his examination.

POLLARD said that the deeper he got into religion, the more frequently he found himself uneasily comparing its

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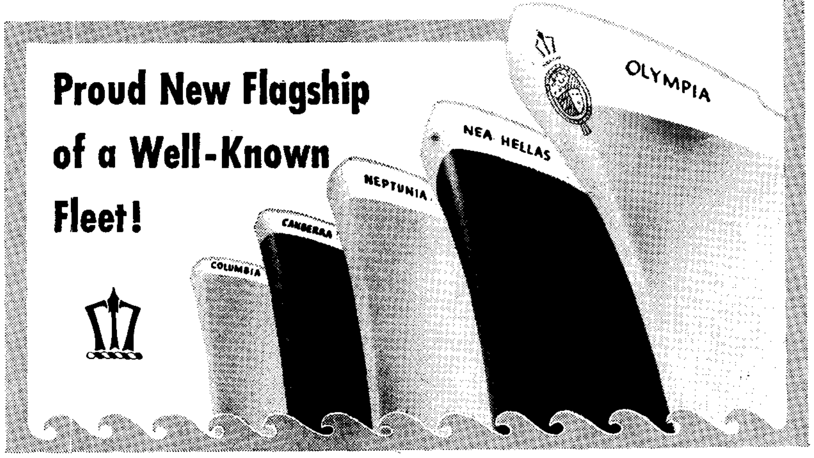

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point of view with that of science. He discovered that it wasn't easy to relinquish the secular beliefs that he had relied on for so long. "Each time I was about to tackle a new aspect of religion, I'd be sure there was going to be something in it that I wouldn't be able to swallow," he told me. "Dogmatic theology, I remember, had me especially worried." Eventually, after a trying period of several months, he succeeded in reaching certain conclusions that, while many scientists would undoubtedly consider them false, enabled him to cross the line between mere curiosity and dedication. "I decided that a person could, without violating his intellectual integrity, both think within the framework of a Judaeo-Christian view and believe all scientific knowledge of the structure of the world," he said slowly. "I decided that science was a way of investigating the wonders of God's creativeness, such as the marvellous unity of a living cell and the intricate combinations of particles that make up matter. That being so, it seemed to me irreligious to oppose the work of science."

But while this reasoning made it possible for a religious man to be a scientist, Pollard pointed out, it scarcely bridged the philosophical chasm between the two fields—between the religious view that man is a creature of God, dependent on Divine Providence, and the view, implicit in much of science, that everything in the world as we know it is dependent upon prior sets of conditions, which we need only to understand and place in their proper sequence in order to control the future. Thus, Pollard said, a leading educator has declared that a complete science of psychology would make it possible for us to become "masters of our souls as we are now masters of heat and light." Pollard smiled as he let me ponder the implications of that thought, and then he dismissed it by saying, "That's about as likely as a carbon atom explaining the solar system." During this period of introspection, he went on, it occurred to him that physics itself, like other sciences, has its share of paradoxes, a fact that would seem to disprove the theory that all phenomena can be arranged in a neat pattern based on cause and effect. As an example, he cited the famous argument that scientists got into a quarter of a century ago over whether light is composed of electromagnetic waves or particles; each side, accepting the premise that there could be only one true concept of the atom, assembled convincing data with which to discredit the other. In the end,

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Except for a few intimate friends, Pollard said, he had planned to tell no one what he was up to until he had passed his examination. Two weeks before the second part of his examination, however, he changed his mind. A quarterly meeting of the Institute's board of directors was coming up, and he felt that the members—a group of nine distinguished educators and scientists—were entitled to advance warning about the possibly controversial step he was hoping to take. At the meeting, which was held in a walnut-panelled room in one of the Institute buildings at Oak Ridge, the board disposed of several items on the agenda and then the chairman asked Pollard to leave the room. "That was when I had to speak up," Pollard told me. "I knew they were about to take up my reappointment. So I said to them, 'There's something you ought to know,' and then I told them what I'd been doing and what I was planning to do. I said that while I didn't think it would affect my direction of the Institute, I was aware that the denominational universities among the sponsors might object. If I was ordained, I said, I would make it a point to wear clericals at the Institute only when my pastoral duties made it necessary, which would be infrequently, because that might annoy some of the other scientists. I said that I didn't want to leave the Institute but that I'd understand if they asked me to. And I suggested that if they wanted me at all, they might reappoint me for just a year, rather than for the maximum five years, and see how things worked out. When I had finished, no one said a word, and I could sense an embarrassment among the members that I was afraid would prevent a free-and-easy discussion. I hoped someone would say something, and finally, to my relief, one of the directors asked me if I thought my position would be any different from that of other laymen who devote some of their time to church work. I replied that I didn't think so. Then I was again asked to leave the room, and in five minutes they called me back. They'd voted me a five-year term and a raise."

IN November, 1952, two and a half years after his Sunday-school pupils had asked him their first questions, Pollard appeared again before the two examining theologians at Maryville. They interrogated him—this time for two days—about church history, moral theology, dogmatic theology, and the history of religion. A few days later, he was informed that he had successfully completed his studies. His ordination was set for Ember Wednesday, December 17th, in St. Stephen's. At the end of November, happening to be in New York on Institute business, he dropped in at the J. M. Hall vestments shop on West Fortieth Street and had himself fitted for a clerical vest and collar. "I looked in the mirror and felt pretty good," Pollard said.

St. Stephen's Church was crowded for Pollard's ordination. Three bishops were on hand, including the Bishop of South Carolina, who had been rector of the church in Houston that Mrs. Pollard had so much wanted her husband to attend twenty years earlier and who now delivered the sermon. The presence of the four Pollard boys as acolytes gave the traditional ceremonies an unusual family touch, which was somewhat blurred by the fact that the idea of a nuclear physicist's taking holy orders attracted several reporters, as well as photographers who punctuated the proceedings with the click of cameras. Numerous Oak Ridge scientists were in the church, and Pollard suspected that it was the first time some of them had been in any church. Dozens of employees at the Institute left their desks to watch their chief being ordained, although it meant that they would be docked half a day's pay. After the ceremonies, Pollard was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the women of the parish, and more pictures were taken. "If I'd anticipated all that fuss, I might have been scared off from the whole thing," Pollard told me.

The resulting newspaper stories and pictures brought Pollard scores of letters and telegrams from all parts of the country. Some of them were not wholly friendly. Several complained about his choice of a denomination. Others warned him against attempting to insinuate scientific cant into religion. A Midwestern well-wisher called his act proof that science was at last waking up to the true meaning of cosmic rays. One correspondent thought it a shame that a man of Pollard's education should surrender himself to the rigid rituals of the church. "Scientists who don't surrender themselves to research techniques that are just as rigid run the risk of sloppy data," Pollard remarked to me mildly. The day after the ceremonies, he discovered that, as an inverted Faust, he was in a position to make money out of his ordination when a garrulous executive of a television network in New York called him up and urged him to fly north to take part in a program. "I agreed, then wondered why, and turned him down," Pollard said. "That wasn't exactly the sort of redemption I'd been seeking." Soon lecture-circuit managers were imploring him to take to the road under their banners, and magazine editors were making him impressive offers for a first-person story describing in detail how he had met God while walking in a garden. "They all had the same hell-fire-and-damnation yarn in mind," he said. "I was to be a disillusioned scientist who felt guilt-ridden about the bomb but was finally saved by a sudden revelation of God."

In Oak Ridge itself, Pollard continued, nearly all the people who talked to him about what he had done commended him for it, but he could not always be sure whether they meant it or were just being polite. Some of the felicitations, he said, were less welcome than others—especially those of certain churchgoers who, in his opinion, looked upon religion as fashionable and therefore an asset to their social life. "I must say I hadn't thought of the ministry in that way," he said. He was also not impressed by a brother-clergyman who, at a diocesan meeting, treated him rather airily for having been "so tardy in seeing the light." "Such fatuousness isn't likely to help religion," Pollard said. Some of his scientific colleagues said nothing about the matter; he presumes that while several of them indubitably regard him as a renegade, the others simply feel it's his business, and not theirs. Pollard told me that one scientist did try to badger him one evening while they were listening to a concert of records at the home of a friend, by rather pointlessly ridiculing the Trappists. "I suppose you might call it just a coincidence, but Bach's 'St. Matthew Passion' was being played at the time," he added.

Encounters of this sort faded into in-

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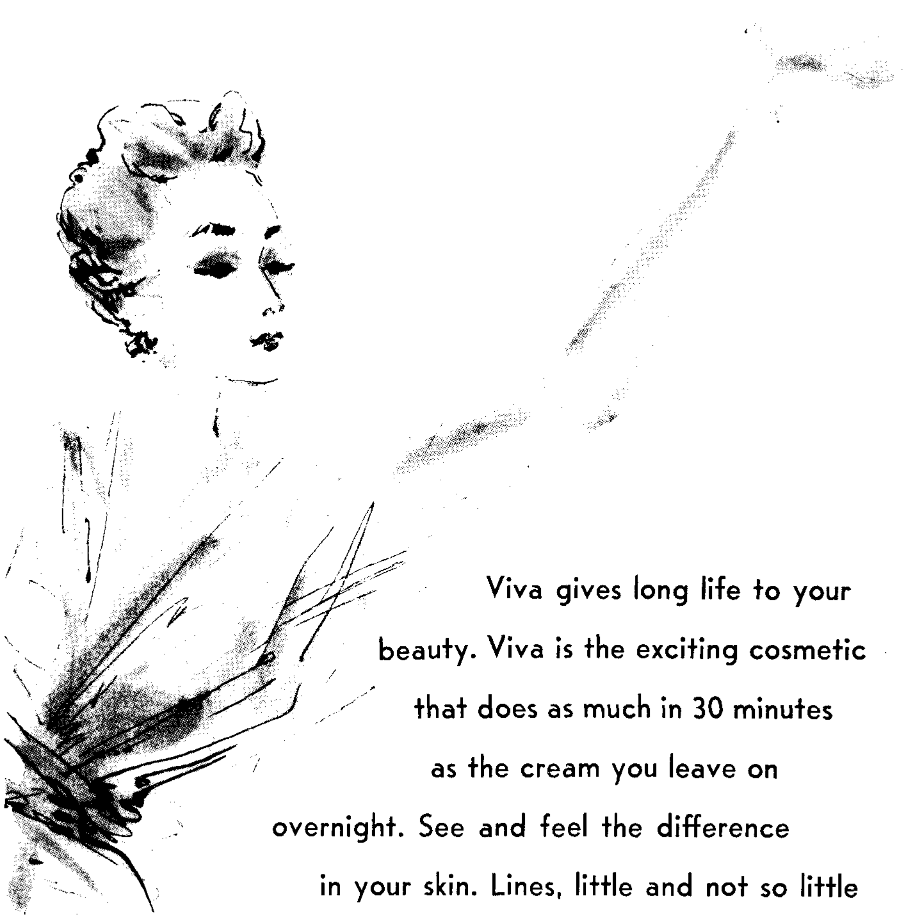

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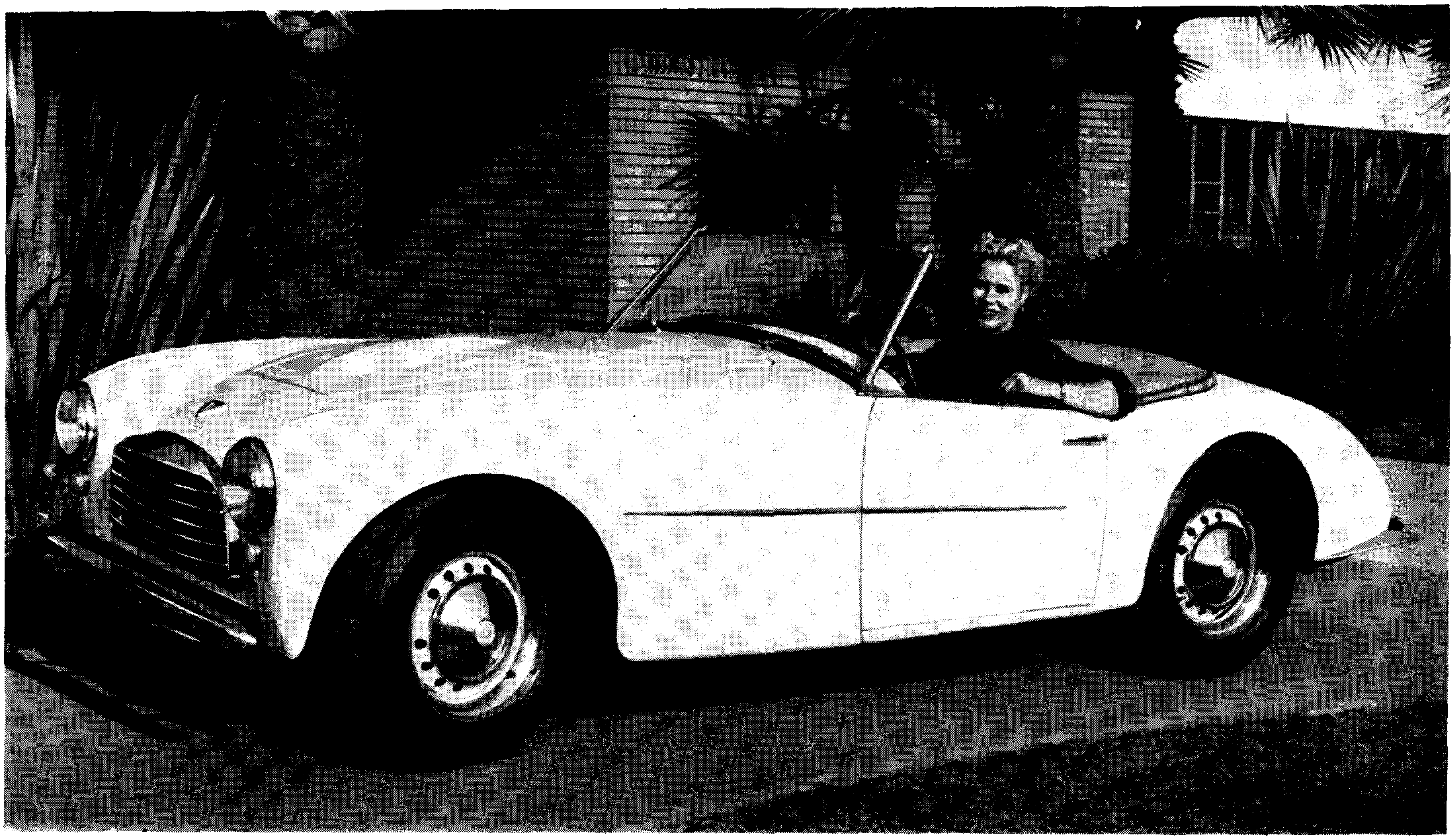

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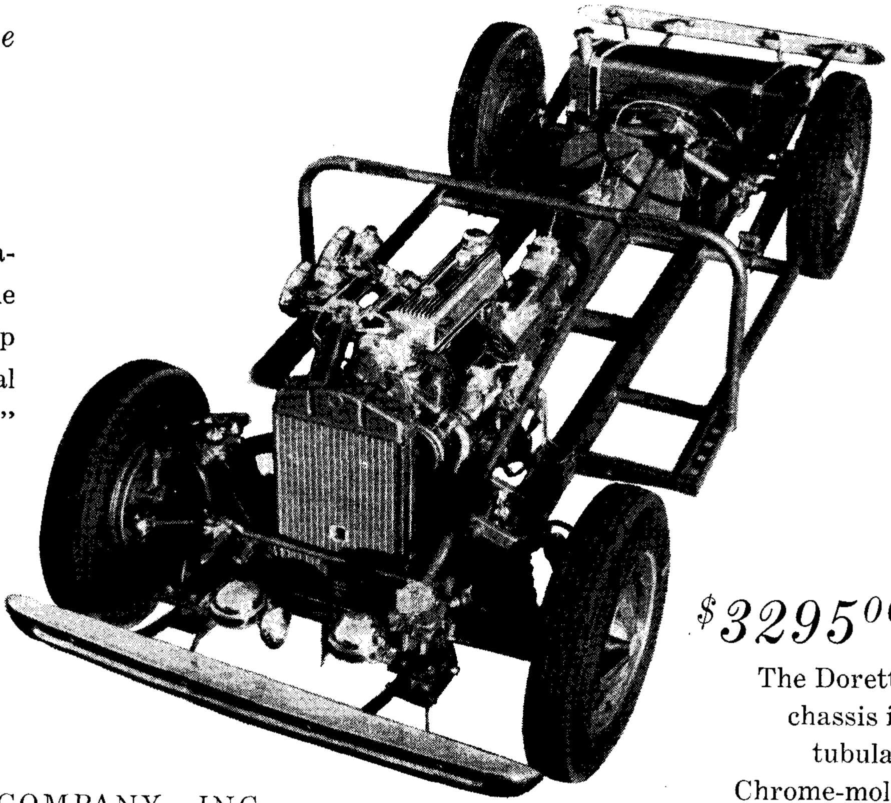

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significance when Pollard heard a rumor that one of the ranking medical officials at the Institute was considering resigning in protest against his ordination. According to Pollard, this man, a gifted researcher, is so outspoken about his antipathy toward religion that someone once referred to him as the founder of the First Evangelical Atheists' Church of Oak Ridge. "He was not only important to the Institute but someone I admired as a friend—and also, frankly, for his bluntness," Pollard said. "I dropped everything and went to see him. We talked for two hours." It turned out that the man was upset because he was afraid that his professional colleagues throughout the country would infer that the Institute was dominated by religious influences, and therefore might begin to suspect the value of its medical work. "He was apparently afraid of being found guilty by association," Pollard observed wryly. "After he got it all off his chest, I reminded him that I was the same fellow who had collaborated with him on a paper that was just about to appear in a technical journal. I assured him several times that I had no intention of misusing my directorship, but that I had to insist on my right to live my own personal life as I saw fit. If he doubted my word, I said, it was his duty to bring the matter up before the board of directors. He told me he didn't want to do that, because he respected me as a scientist and it might mean that I'd be fired. I realized then that since neither of us wanted the other out of the Institute, we were going to be able to patch things up." And eventually the medical man agreed to stay on, but not before he had diagnosed Pollard's mental attitude as that of a man suffering from a type of aberration that not infrequently afflicts those who have reached the age of forty. "He told me I could read it all in William James," Pollard said, with a chuckle. "And I replied that since my new point of view showed me that *he* was clearly living in an illusory world, the best thing for us to do was regard each other as mentally ill and continue to collaborate on research."

AS a deacon, Pollard has undertaken a variety of new tasks. He gives occasional sermons at small missions in Tennessee hill towns that cannot afford their own preacher. He assists McGregor at Sunday services, and also at Wednesday-evening Holy Communion, to which, at the end of his workday, he goes directly from the Institute. If McGregor is out of town—on church affairs or on vacation—Pollard acts as the pastor of St. Stephen's, leading the congregation in worship and conducting burial services if the need arises; occasionally at such times his two careers cross paths. Once he was hurriedly summoned from a meeting of the board of directors at the Institute to baptize a dying newborn child. There are also pastoral calls to be made at the Institute's cancer hospital, a place Pollard used to be interested in primarily from the administrative point of view. "It felt strange, the first time, to be wandering around that familiar ward in my clericals," he told me. Even when McGregor is on hand, Pollard is called upon every now and then to pay a pastoral visit. Not long ago, for instance, a neighbor of his, an elderly woman who was going to have an operation, sent word by her niece that she wanted to see him. For two weeks, Pollard stopped in daily to pray with her. He also prayed with her twice in the Oak Ridge general hospital, just before and just after the operation was performed.

Unlike the majority of scientists, Pollard said, his parishioners are not in a perpetual state of intellectual ferment, although among them are a number of people of high intelligence, including a few scientists. The core of their attitude, it seems to him, is an acceptance of what he calls "the drama of existence"—a feeling of being swept along by a force over which they have no control. "They think in terms of responsibilities, hopes, decisions, and an eventual necessity to account for everything they do," he said. "To men who spend most of their time on formulas and equations, such matters do not seem of paramount importance. Naturally, scientists are not untouched by them, but they tend to dismiss them whenever possible as unruly and trifling, if sometimes puzzling, impositions upon their orderly scheme of things. After all, how can you subject a hope to external verification? As one theological writer has said, the scientist's approach to life differs from that of the religious man as much as a sociologist's approach to women differs when he is preparing a treatise on women and when he is marrying one. After I ceased to be wholly dependent on the scientific approach, I lost the feeling that all phenomena must be explained. Now when I see a thunderstorm brewing, for example, I am able to regard it with a sense of wonder, if you will, and let the next fellow worry about air currents, temperature changes, and

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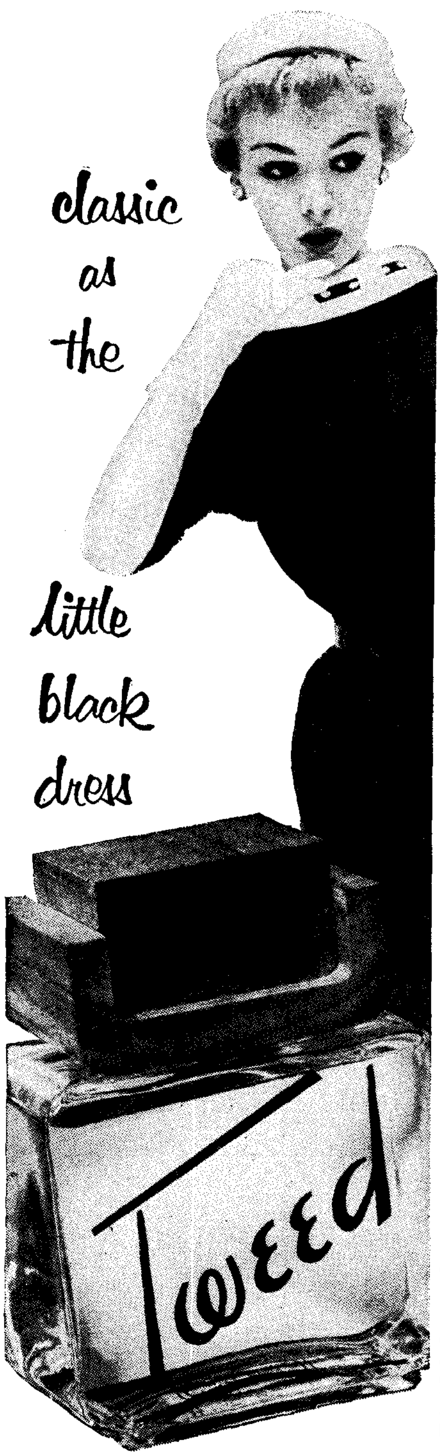

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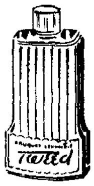

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the rest of the physics going on up there."

While Pollard feels that nowadays he can take external verification or leave it alone, he still has a wholesome respect for the workings of the intellect. "After all, I'd be out of work if I didn't," he said. He believes, indeed, that he himself is far better suited to theological scholarship than to the more temporal aspects of church work, and it is to scholarship—which, as he reminded me, attracted him to the church in the first place—that he is devoting most of his attention. Not long after he was ordained, he spent all his spare time for three months preparing a series of twelve lectures on the Old Testament, which he delivered at weekly intervals at St. Stephen's, before audiences that included many people who were not Episcopalians. (According to McGregor, whom I met briefly before leaving Oak Ridge, few professors of theology could have done better.) At present, Pollard is assembling and editing the writings of the Hebrew historian Ahimaaz, which he expects to bring out as a book, with a long, analytical preface. Last June, the *Christian Scholar*, a quarterly published by the Commission on Christian Higher Education of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the United States of America, ran an article by him on the place of science in religion; he is now a member of the journal's editorial board. He gave up eleven days of his vacation last summer to conduct a seminar on "The Teaching of the Natural Sciences in Relation to Religious Concepts" at Pennsylvania State College; the course was attended by twenty-six college and secondary-school teachers of natural sciences from all over the country. Half the members of the group were biologists and the rest physicists and chemists in about equal numbers.

MORE than a year having passed since Pollard's ordination, he is now eligible for the priesthood. He does not know whether he will go on to it. "I have a great attachment for the Institute, but it's established now, and no longer the challenge it once was," he told me. "And I often regret the amount of time it prevents me from giving to theology. I guess the relationship between man and the universe has come to interest me more than the one between nucleons and mesons." Pollard thinks more and more scientists will sooner or later come around to the same point of view. He would like to help them do so, but he suspects that he

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is not quite ready yet to be a proselytizer, because "too many new slants on religion are still hitting me." He believes that science is now at the pinnacle of its influence, and in the years ahead will give way to a religious renaissance comparable in its impact on the world to that of quantum mechanics in the past few decades. The perilous state of man's affairs, he feels, will be only partly responsible for this. "It just happens that there are several theologians of great stature alive today—men with far more gifted minds than their predecessors of the past century," he said. "As their ideas filter down, many scientists may come to realize that the world they think they are investigating simply does not exist."

As for himself, Pollard is uncertain what he will do. Perhaps he will remain at the Institute, perhaps he will teach physics at a denominational school, perhaps he will get out of science entirely. "Of course, I do have a family to support," he said, bowing amiably in the direction of his wife and then nodding toward the door of the living room, which was now empty. The boys had long since turned off the radio and gone to bed. The treetops below us in the gully were black and still. "We'll see, we'll see," Pollard said, rising. His wife shook her head incredulously as she and her husband showed me out. "And all I ever hoped was that maybe Bill would go to church Sundays," she said.

—DANIEL LANG

◆

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From a story by Laurence C. Eklund in the Milwaukee Journal, November 10, 1946*]

In talking with McCarthy one gets the impression that he will make a record as a liberal Republican, and that he will be closer to Republicans of the type of former Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota and Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon and Joseph Ball of Minnesota than he will be to Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, the apparent conservative choice for president in 1948. Evidently he will not be satisfied with a Republican program that calls simply for "free enterprise."

◆

You have probably heard the exciting news that TODAY'S WOMAN will discontinue fiction starting in July, 1954. Because the press generally covered this most important decision in such a sketchy way, and because a month or more might go by before I have a chance to tell you the whole story, I feel that I should fill you in on the thinking behind such a bold move.—*Letter from Today's Woman.*

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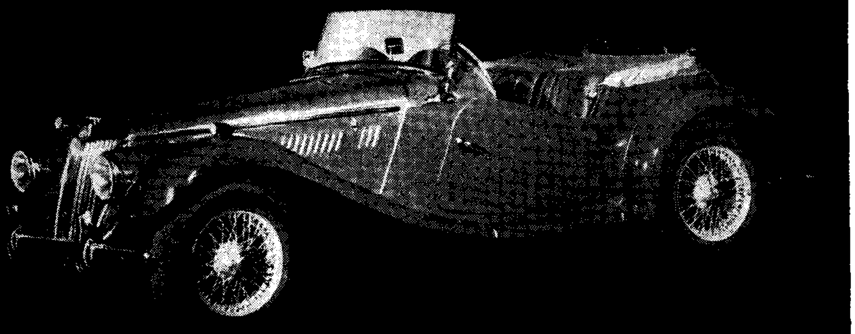

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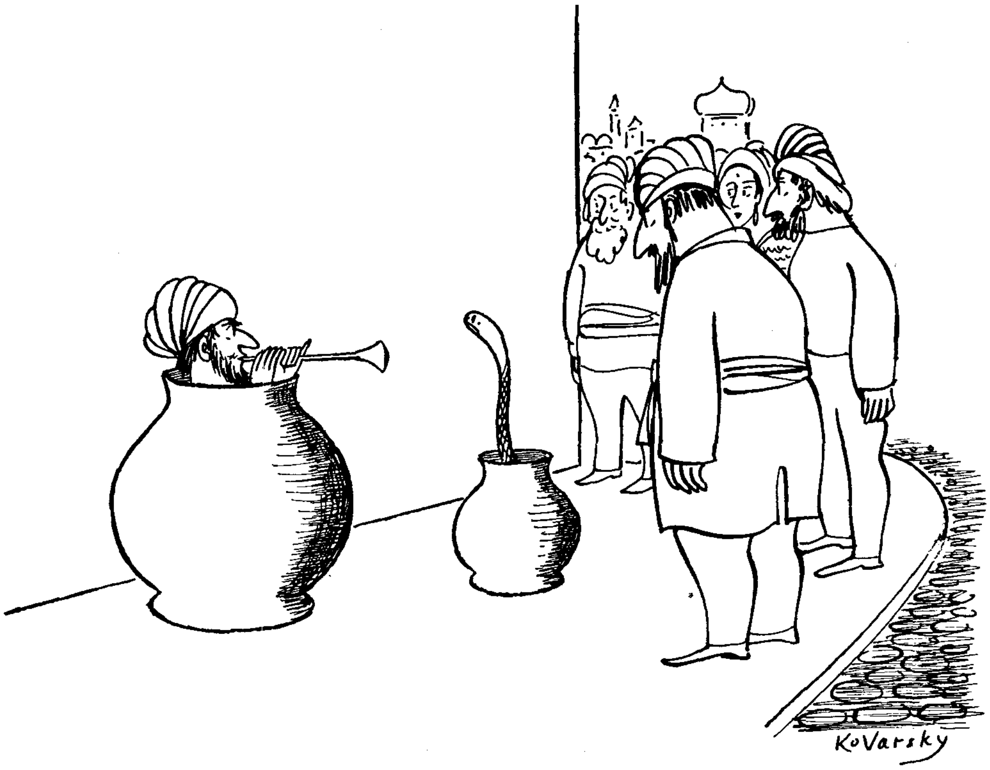
SOMETIMES in the regulation drama, an actor, usually quite extraneous to the plot, will appear and deliver a monologue that identifies him or her as a typical bore, club lady, American businessman, politician, or drunkard, or any one of a number of other standard and familiar types. These insertions seldom consume more than five minutes; the lines are a more or less ingenious arrangement of accepted clichés; the performer, who has almost always taken precisely this same part a good many times before, performs it in a rigidly stylized manner, as set in its essentials as a caricature of a Communist in the *Herald Tribune* or a capitalist in the *Daily Worker*. Invariably this contribution is enthusiastically applauded by the audience and subsequently noted by the critics as an example of both the author's startling grasp of character and the player's astonishing ability to assume a personality obviously foreign to his true nature. Some of these efforts, as a matter of fact, are very successful, but they remain established and long-practiced theatrical tricks. An actor who can portray Babbitt is actually not wholly unlike a dog that has been taught to sit up for a bone. They are both clever and they are both assured of admiring notices, but the chances are that they have few other accomplishments.

This brings us to Ruth Draper, who has come to the Vanderbilt for what I sincerely hope has been too precipitately announced as her farewell appearance. According to *Who's Who*, which also volunteers the information that she is a granddaughter of Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, Miss Draper was born in 1884 and has been a professional monologist since 1911. This is a long time (there can scarcely be a member of my own generation who doesn't somehow associate her, along with Burton Holmes, with Saturday-afternoon culture and the smell of wet rubbers), and she has employed all of it to magnificent effect. For one thing, she is an unusually versatile and talented actress. Unlike the one-note specialists mentioned above, she has some three dozen separate characters in her repertory, and, by some miracle of technical virtuosity that I certainly won't attempt to define, she makes them all sharp, totally different, and uncannily real. For another, she is a writer for the theatre whom most dramatists would do well to regard with wonder, envy, and despair. Her ear is exact. It is easy enough to create a bore by writing down a succession of dull, vacant, and pompous sentences. Miss Draper understands the peculiar aborting of syntax, the carefree imprecision in the use of words, the endless repetition, and the haunting inconsequence of thought that mark the speech of well-to-do ladies at lunch. Her humor is a matter of extreme subtlety and ingenuity. By a kind of terrible and invincible logic, great thoughts about heroes get tangled up with small ones about household pets and end with a tribute to a pet that eats bananas; tragedy and comedy exist simultaneously in time and space, as in the case of Uncle Zeb, an imposing and brainy man, who feels obliged to strangle his wife because she puts whale oil on her hair; precise detail builds up into a vast canvas of lunacy, as it does with a lady whose analyst advises her that she needs more lavender in her life and who winds up swimming around in a vat of purple dye. Miss Draper's unrelieved pathos, which I find less interesting, is still handled with great skill (the item about a Dalmatian peasant woman who is trying to find her husband in a New York hospital is a striking example of intelligent construction), and her command of languages and vernacular is, of course, impressive. I have said before that solo performances of any nature are rather hard on my aging spirit, and on the whole it is a belief that I am not inclined to abandon. Miss Draper, however, must stand as an exception. I think she is an extraordinary and nearly irreplaceable artist.

Her offering is composed of some eighteen separate items, of which five or six make up each program. This means that at the moment she is carrying in her remarkably capacious head the complete text of at least three full-length plays. To a man who has never successfully retained any arrangement of words longer than the Gettysburg Address, this seems like very formidable magic indeed.—WOLCOTT GIBBS



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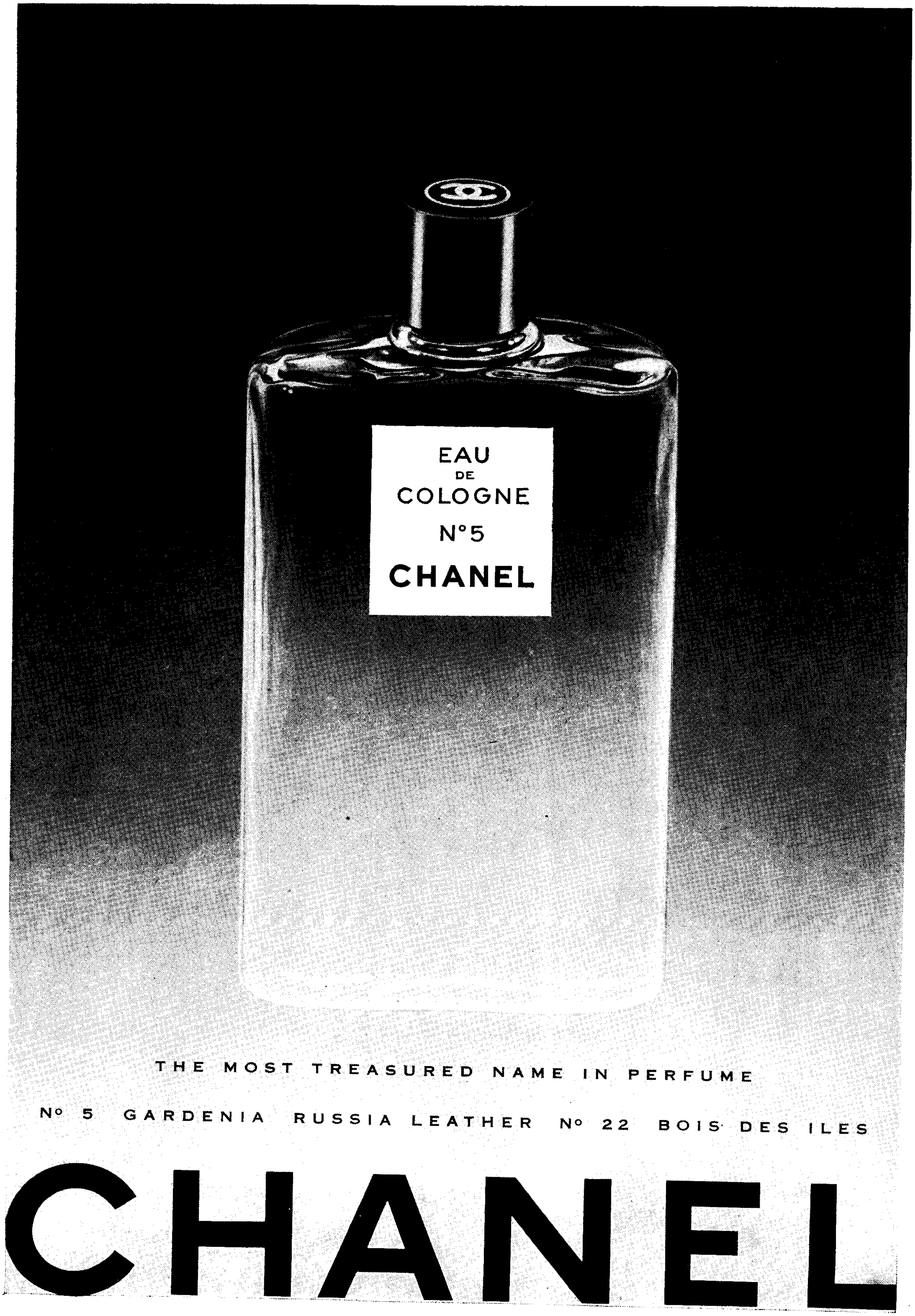
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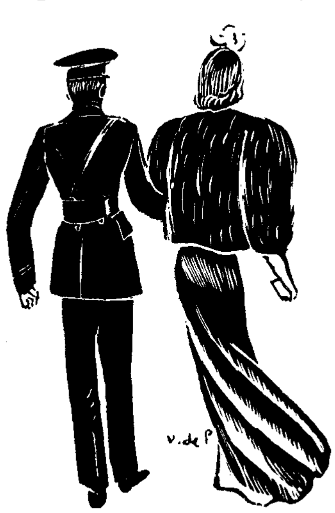
THE ESPONTÁNEO

READING of that incident in the Cotton Bowl game on New Year's Day when a bench-warming Alabama fullback ran out onto the field and tackled a Rice runner, I was reminded of a somewhat similar incident at a bullfight I saw in Palma de Mallorca last September. There were three scheduled matadors that afternoon, and the best known was a gypsy named Cagancho. In Barnaby Conrad's book "La Fiesta Brava," there is a photograph of him in the ring. Conrad says, "The erratic young gypsy, Cagancho, took the alternative [when an apprentice bullfighter, or *novillero*, is considered ready to compete with the full matadors, his manager arranges a ceremonial fight, at which a *matador de toros* presents his cape and bull to the *novillero;* this is called "taking the alternative"] from the erratic old gypsy, El Gallo, in 1927, and became known as a bullfighter's bullfighter. Sunday after Sunday he would drive the crowds to fury with his cowardice, but then when he had conquered his superstitions and fear he would put up a performance of such unbelievable gypsy grace that he would have all the other matadors green with envy." When I saw Cagancho, he was way beyond the age of quick reflexes—perhaps in his late forties—and the fact that he was appearing in Palma de Mallorca was evidence enough that his career in the bull ring was all but finished. Being the oldest of the three matadors, he took the first bull of the afternoon. I had seen only three bullfights before, all of them unspectacular, but I knew enough to see that Cagancho was scrambling out of the bull's path in a thoroughly unprofessional panic.



He finally killed his bull, a brave animal, and shrugged away the shouts of "*Cobarde!*" raining down on him, along with pop bottles and seat cushions. The audience whistled and catcalled him out of the arena, and cheered wildly for the bull. They screamed with such determination that the *presidente*, who directed the proceedings from a high balcony, flicked his white handkerchief to signal a promenade for the bull. Two horses dragged the dead animal in a circle around the arena while the audience showered the corpse with carnations and roses.

"*Oreja! Oreja!* [An ear! An ear!]," shouted a man behind me. "Give Cagancho's ear to the bull!"

About forty minutes later, when Cagancho came on for his second bull, he had to face a cynical audience. I felt sorry for him. I accepted the fact that he was afraid—everybody around me was repeating it—but he didn't look afraid. His swarthy, big-nosed face wore an expression of irritation, as if he were furious at himself.

I felt sorry for him also because his costume, though magnificent, was causing him trouble. In fact, the costumes that day threw the whole *corrida* out of kilter. The picadors, banderilleros, and matadors were dressed in what the bullfight posters described as Goya costumes—an innovation aimed at attracting tourists. The local spectators, strait-laced and fussy about bullfight etiquette, resented this departure from what they were accustomed to, and the participants themselves were no happier about it. I noticed picadors and banderilleros hitching up their trousers or tugging at their boleros with annoyance. The Goya costumes, which had apparently been rented from some theatrical-costume house, must have been portioned out catch-as-catch-can. None of them seemed to fit snugly, and they were embellished with little tassels and ribbons, stiff, useless shoulder capes, and bloomerish trousers. Cagancho had drawn the most unfortunate costume of all. His "suit of lights," as the costume of banderilleros and matadors is called, was more or less orthodox, though a bit baggy, but he had been obliged to cover his head with a sort of fish-net snood, which hung down the back of his neck where his false pigtail should have been, and it made him uneasy. He was constantly fingering it or tossing his head to get it off the nape of his neck.

Cagancho's second bull came charging out of the pen. The picadors and banderilleros did their work, and then the gypsy matador went out, with his snood, his cape, and his sword, to kill the wounded animal. He executed some halfhearted passes, which aroused little

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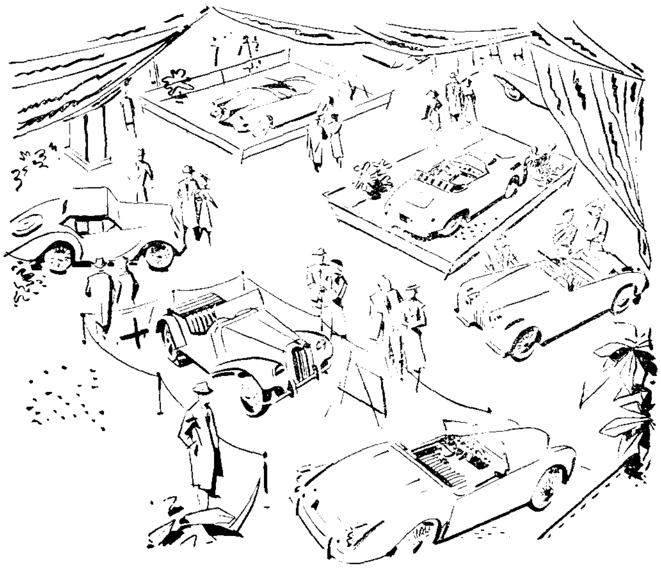

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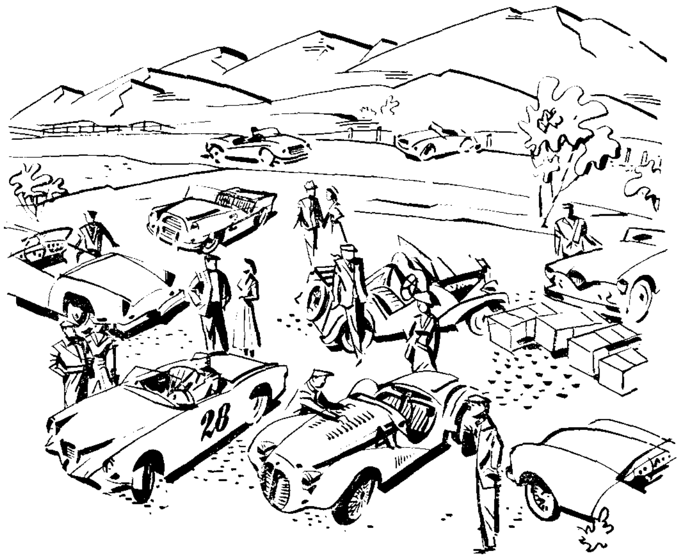

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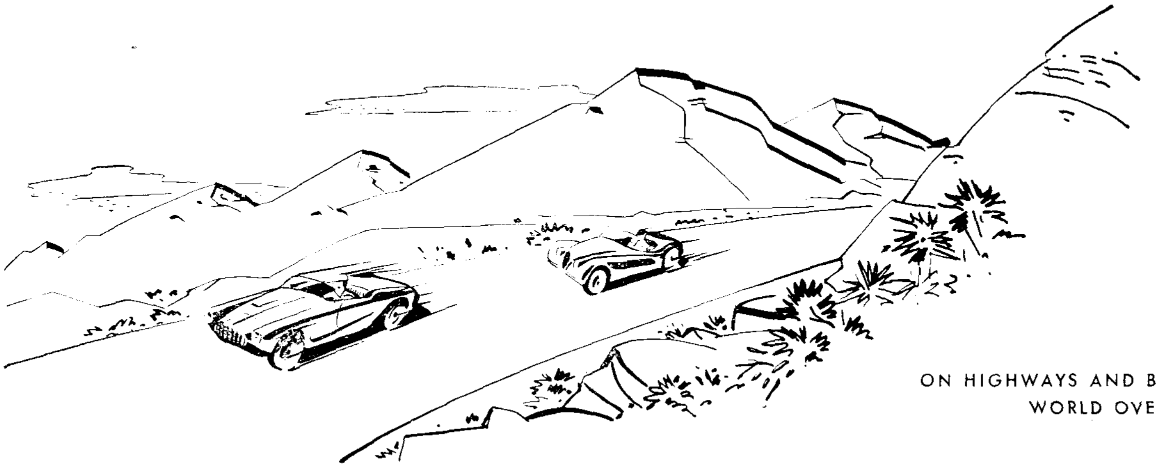

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HOW TO BUILD A BETTER MOUSE TRAP

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
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As a business man, my hat's off to the fellow who built that "better mouse trap."

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The above will be paid to anyone who can prove that a barrel of neutral spirits (commonly known as alcohol) for beverage purposes has ever been rolled out of these doors.

Granted, we tie our calf to a pretty short rope. But we figure the grass is green enough where we are, and we're able to keep our eye on that finer finish.

At least, our one-product distillery is the envy of business friends with expanding catalogs. And while we don't, and won't ever make enough to serve "the world," we do find on our path a choice group of business hosts who have discovered the excellence of our specialty, OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

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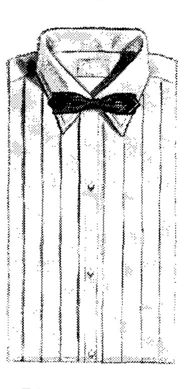
enthusiasm in the audience, and then, without further pretensions to artistry, maneuvered the bull into position, with its front feet together, which separates the shoulder blades so that the sword can penetrate to the vital regions. Standing on tiptoe before the animal and aiming the sword at the vulnerable spot between the bull's shoulders, he lunged. The sword bounced away and clattered to the sand; Cagancho had struck bone. He tried again, and again he missed. He tried a third time. Now his banderilleros came out to whirl their capes in front of the bull to make it dizzy. Such moments as this, when the bull must be killed and the matador can't do it, probably occur only in second-rate bullfights; at least, I've never read about them in books on bullfighting. A woman near me was screaming, "*Pobre torito, pobre torito bonito!* [Poor little bull, poor pretty little bull!]" Cagancho tried again and again. Sometimes the sword went in a little way and had to be dislodged; sometimes it sprang out instantly. And the animal, bleeding and bellowing, wouldn't die. The crowd was cursing Cagancho, begging him, goading him to get it over with. They screamed for the *presidente* to stop the fight and send the butcher in. Cagancho kept trying, his brown face full of dull hate. Even the bull seemed to beg for its death; he docilely got into position, with front hoofs together. But Cagancho couldn't do it.

Finally he lost all control of himself and began whacking the bull with the flat of the sword, in a blind rage. One of these strokes pierced the animal's face. A roar of disgust rose from the audience.

At this moment, there was a stir at one side of the grandstand, and a spectator leaped over the fences and landed in the sand of the arena. He was a young man with long, floppy hair, and he had on a gray flannel suit. In his hand he clutched a lady's cape of gray wool—his girl's or his wife's. It was too large for good handling, and not stiff enough. He ran toward the bull and shoved Cagancho out of the way. The audience was delighted; this was what they had all been trembling to do.

PEOPLE afterward insisted that the *espontáneo* had executed the only perfect passes of the afternoon. It seemed to me that his movements were jerky and graceless, but there was no doubt about his foolhardiness. He made passes on his knees; he caressed the bull's horns. Sometimes the tired bull, with a surprising show of energy, thundered



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past him not five inches from his body. The crowd went wild, and its enthusiasm made him smile and show off more. With a darting movement of his head, he kissed the bull's nose, and then, turning his back to the animal, bowed to the audience.

"*Estoque! Dale el estoque!* [The sword! Give him the sword!]," the crowd shouted, pelting the young man with flowers, wineskins, and packages of cigarettes. The bull pawed the ground and swung its head from side to side, waiting.

Cagancho took this opportunity to run over and shake the young man's hand. The two of them walked, arm in arm, over to one of the exit gates. I thought they were going to get a sword for the *espontáneo*—and perhaps that was Cagancho's intention, for he seemed taken aback when two policemen grabbed the young man and hurried him roughly away. He had, of course, broken the law.

Cagancho looked after them with a hurt expression. Then he tore off his snood, trampled on it, and, with hunched shoulders, went back to the awful labor of trying to kill the bull.

—ANNE SINCLAIR MEHDEVI

•

WHAT THEN, LADIES?

Ladies are a funny class;
Each one is a likely lass,
Yet very few of them aspire
To sit at home and mend the fire.

Ladies are contemptuous
Of their own familial fuss;
Plainly they would rather cope
With a spat of greater scope.

Younger ladies will compose
Thoughtful lines of anxious prose,
Or, if filled with early pity,
Rhymed appeals to Aphrodite.

Older ones, by means of motors,
Go to Leagues of Women Voters,
Or, if they have left the city,
Settle on a town committee.

But when the fires of evil scatter,
When there's little more the matter,
When there's nothing left to *do*—
Ladies, what becomes of you?

—KATINKA LOESER

•

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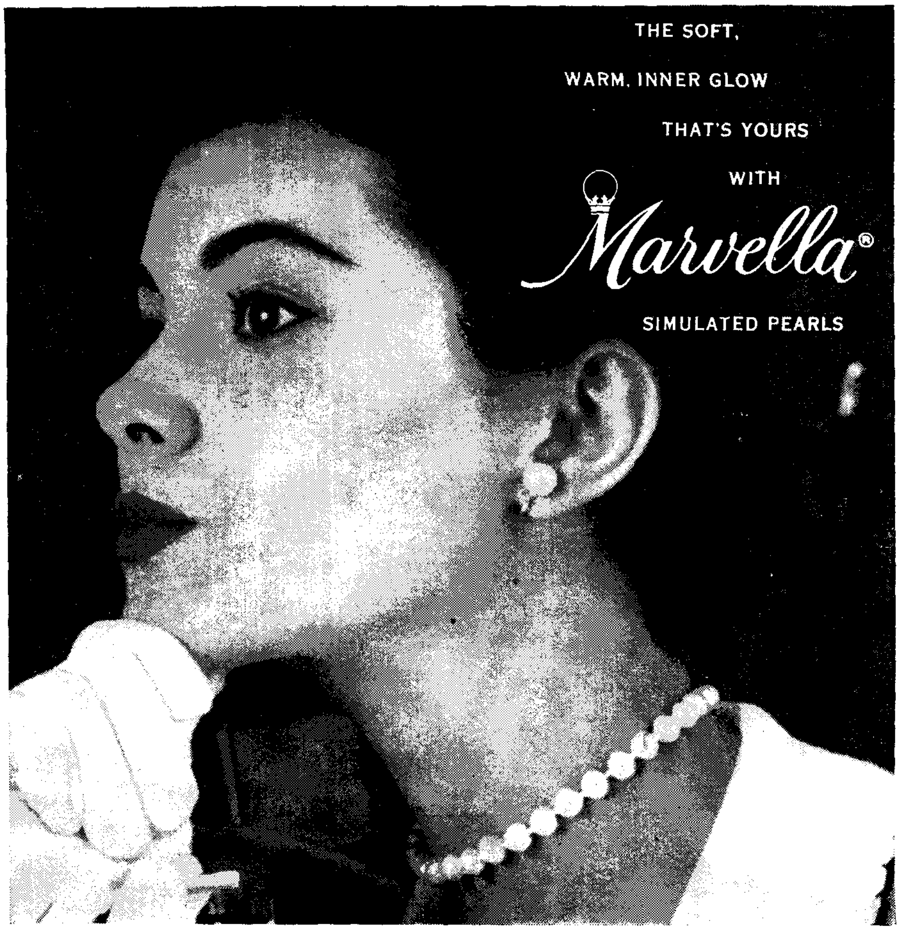

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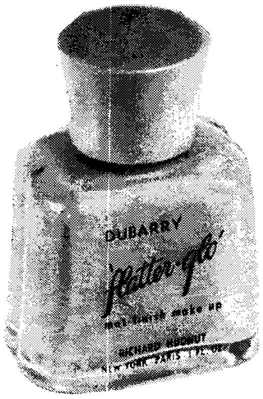
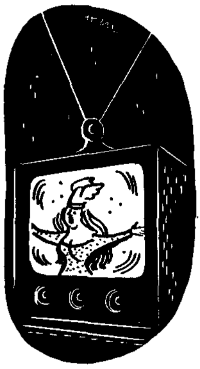


by **RICHARD HUDNUT** *of Fifth Avenue*

TELEVISION

Party

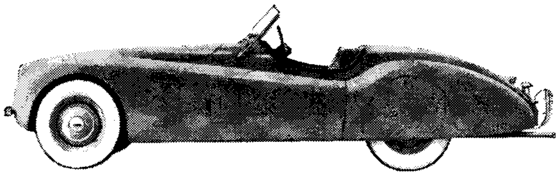


I HADN'T been to a houseparty since my sophomore year at college, so you can imagine the delight and anticipation with which I attended "Art Linkletter's House Party," over C.B.S., one afternoon last week. Art has a half-hour houseparty every afternoon, Monday through Friday, direct from Hollywood, city of the stars. His houseparty is unlike any other I have ever seen or heard about. There's no scurrying around ahead of time for a black tie and a dress shirt, no lining up of dates, no catching of milk trains for obscure junctions, and no drinking. Far from it. To go to Art's party, all you have to do is turn on your set at the proper time—two-thirty—and there you are, and there is Art, your genial host. Art's guests, aside from the untold millions in front of their tiny screens, are several hundred members of a studio audience (females predominating), who sit on small chairs and are made to feel right at home by Art as he circulates through the studio with a portable microphone.

The other day, Art got his party under way by inviting some of his guests to play a game with him. This game was for keeps, since there were prizes involved, mostly hard goods. All a person had to do to win a prize was to spell out a word chosen by Art. The first participant, a Mrs. Angstrom, was asked to spell "Czechoslovakia." Art told her that if she crashed through she would be the proud winner of a sensational new gas range, absolutely free. Mrs. Angstrom's eyes bugged, and I thought she was going to faint or flee or perhaps spell "goodie." The lady started out uncertainly with "C-h-e-z" and became even more tangled in the subsequent syllables, and the gas range went unclaimed. Art seemed genuinely sorry that he hadn't moved the range, but, not one to face defeat easily, he asked another lady to spell "blabbermouth." The prize: ten dollars in cash. "B-l-a-b-b-e-r-m-o-u-t-h," said the lady with finality. "You did it!" cried Art. "You did it!" The guests at the party were beside themselves with joy and applauded wildly. Another lady was asked to spell "bureaucrat" in return for a vacuum cleaner. She hit it right on the nose. At this point, the happiness of the guests was boundless.

Art next had a few nice things to say about Surf, one of his sponsors. Most of the guests nodded their approval of his encomium. Then Art had a surprise for the guests, which turned out to be a "guest of honor"—Miss Sheilah Graham, a sleek-looking Hollywood columnist who had agreed to come to the party and answer questions from the floor about the stars. There was an audible collective intake of breath when Miss Graham was introduced, followed by tumultuous applause. Someone asked her if Shelley Winters was going to marry Farley Granger. The question was posed with almost morbid intensity. One could see that the interrogator was in dead earnest. She cared. She *had* to know. Miss Graham never blinked. The answer was at the tip of her tongue. "It's not a real romance," she said, and the questioner seemed quite shaken by the news. Someone else wanted to know if two other stars, whose names I didn't catch, were serious about one another. "Oh, yes," said the seeress, without a moment's hesitation. "They are madly in love. I saw them at a party last night." Once again, the collective intake of breath was clearly audible. The audience was fully aware that it was in the presence of someone who knew what she was talking about. A young woman rose and asked why Shirley Temple had stopped making pictures. Art jumped in and answered this one. He had seen Shirley the night before at a party, and she was "expecting." In March, he thought. An eager lady wondered about Marilyn Monroe. Would she continue her career? The sibyl was ready for her. Miss Monroe, she said, was in duty bound to report to her studio by six that evening, but if she failed to turn up, nothing would be done about it, since the studio needed Marilyn more than Marilyn needed the studio. She had seen Marilyn, incidentally, just before Marilyn took off for San Francisco to marry Joe, and Marilyn had confided that she expected to combine her career with home life. Art interrupted to say that he had managed to do just that. "Of course," he said, "I have never been a mother." The guests rocked with laughter.

When Miss Graham had departed, Art told the guests that he had still another surprise for them. He said that he was going to give a prize for the old-



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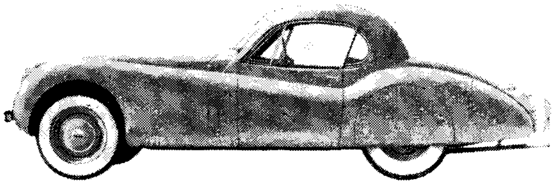

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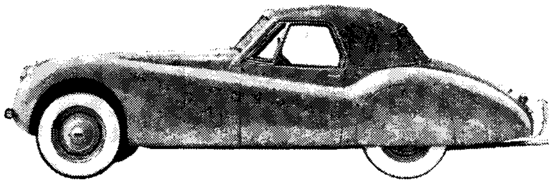

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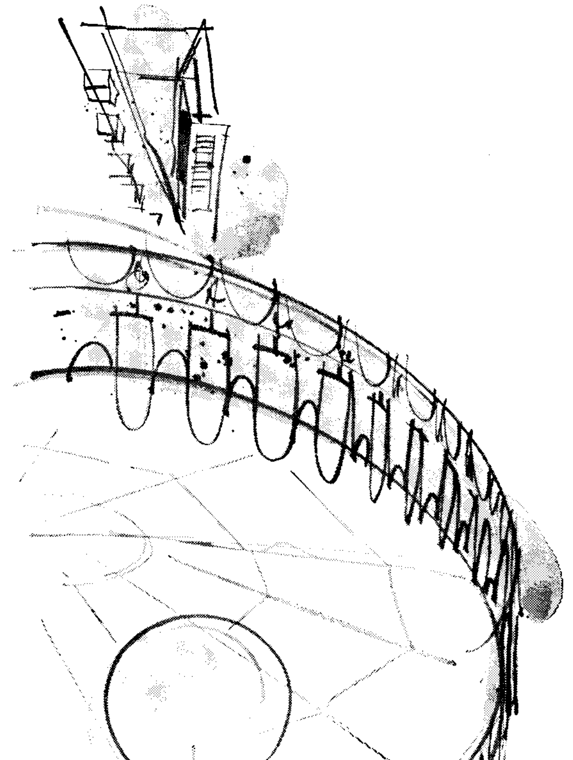

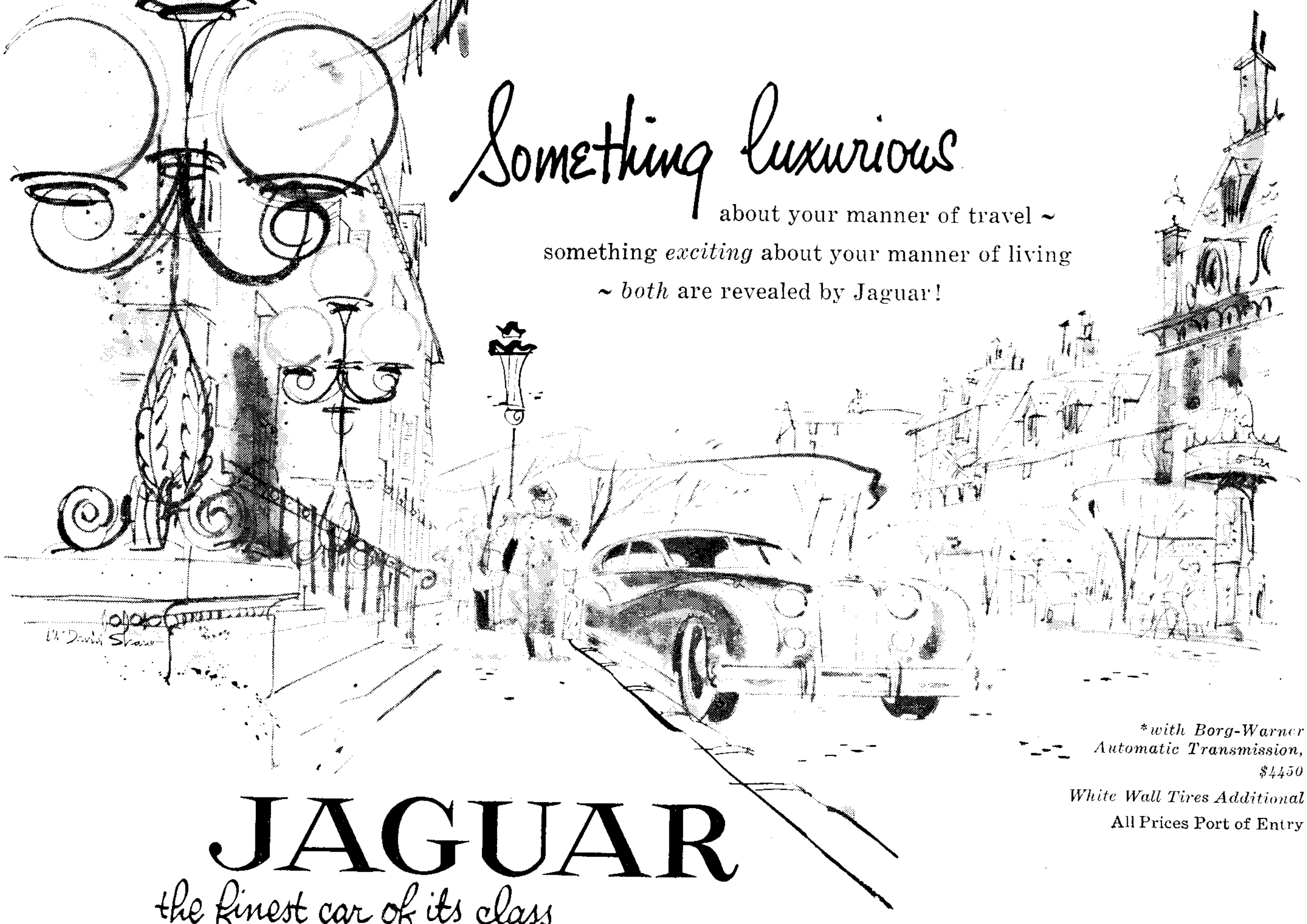

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est mother who had a child under one year of age, and the prize was to be an electric laundry unlike, I gathered, any other laundry on earth—a washer, a dryer, a sudser, a de-sudser, a cream-foamer, a crew-growler, a bant-burter, and heaven knows what. A thirty-nine-year-old mother with a five-month-old baby was introduced. She was followed by a forty-five-year-old mother with a six-month-old baby. This lady had six children, the oldest being nineteen. She claimed that she had won a similar prize on an Art Linkletter radio houseparty eight years ago. Art said, somewhat sadly, that he just didn't remember her. He next talked with some boys and girls in the studio. He wanted to know what they hoped to be when they grew up. Since I didn't much care, I left the party. The wise guest, my grandmother always used to say, knows when to come to a party and when to leave. "Don't overstay your welcome," she told me, and I have never forgotten her advice.

—Philip Hamburger

•

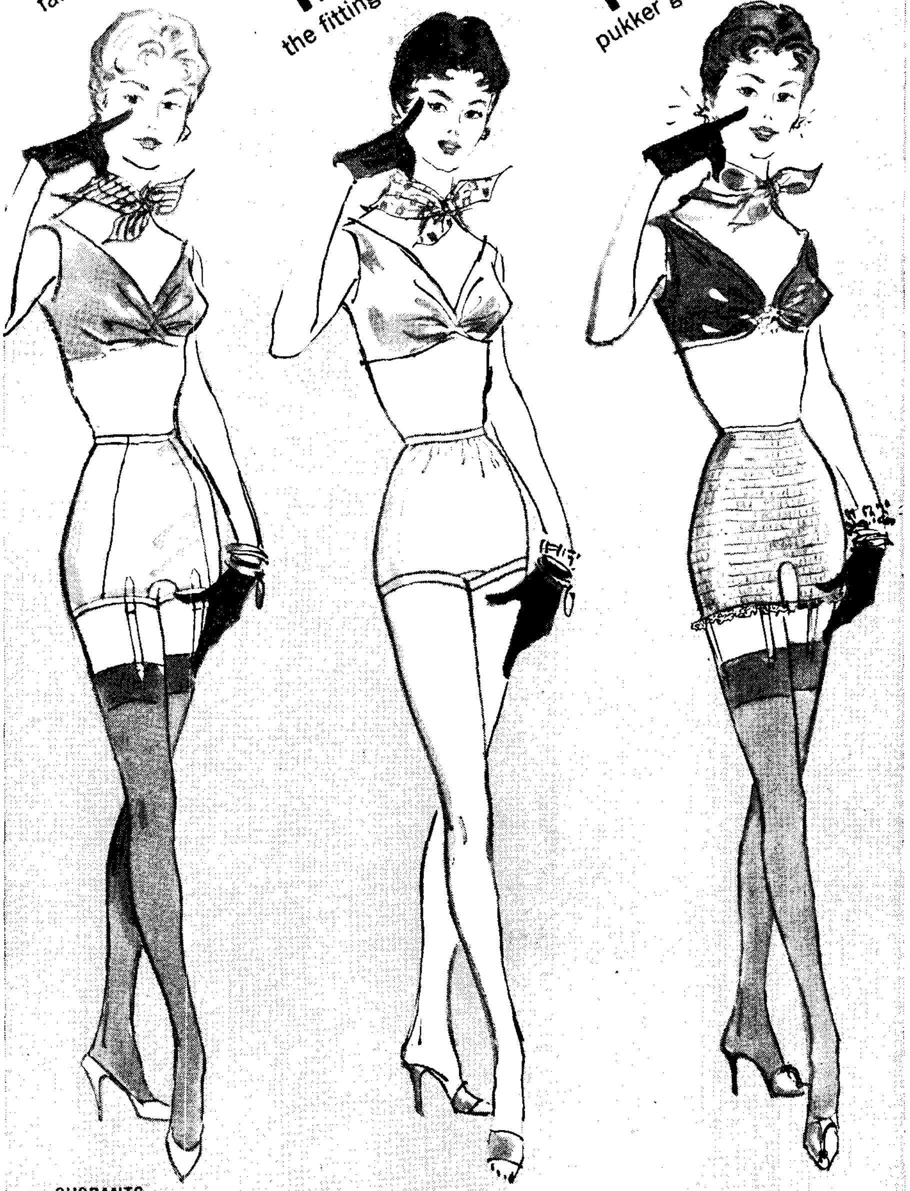
I hope this session may be such that each of you will carry away the conviction that we are all in this program together and to the hilt, that whenever we need it, we can get competent help and assistance. No one should feel he is returning to hold a lonely outpost with little or no ammunition. We're an all-American team fighting a common enemy—preventable accidents. Let us not be discouraged that we do not achieve safety perfection now or ever. The quest will make us strong. We are rather like the Great Dane wolf dog in the old story. You remember he was a very strong and ambitious dog who loved to chase the North wind. Every day he went out to the chase; every day he ran faster and harder; but, of course, he never caught that cold and elusive North wind. But in the chase he developed powerful muscles, became fleet of foot and strong of wind. He was a finer, better dog for his efforts. So shall we be better safety men.—*From an address by Harrison C. Hobart, Assistant Secretary of Labor, before the National Safety Congress.*

If that's the dog we're thinking of, he met with a terrible accident.

•

By the way the word "veep," as applied to the current vice president, is barred in Daily News copy—a ruling which strikes us as intelligent because that is a term that should be reserved in perpetuity for former Vice President Alben Barkley. His grandchildren coined it. We use it this one and last time by special dispension.—*Leslie E. Claypool in the Los Angeles Daily News.*

There's another word you might bar while you're at it.



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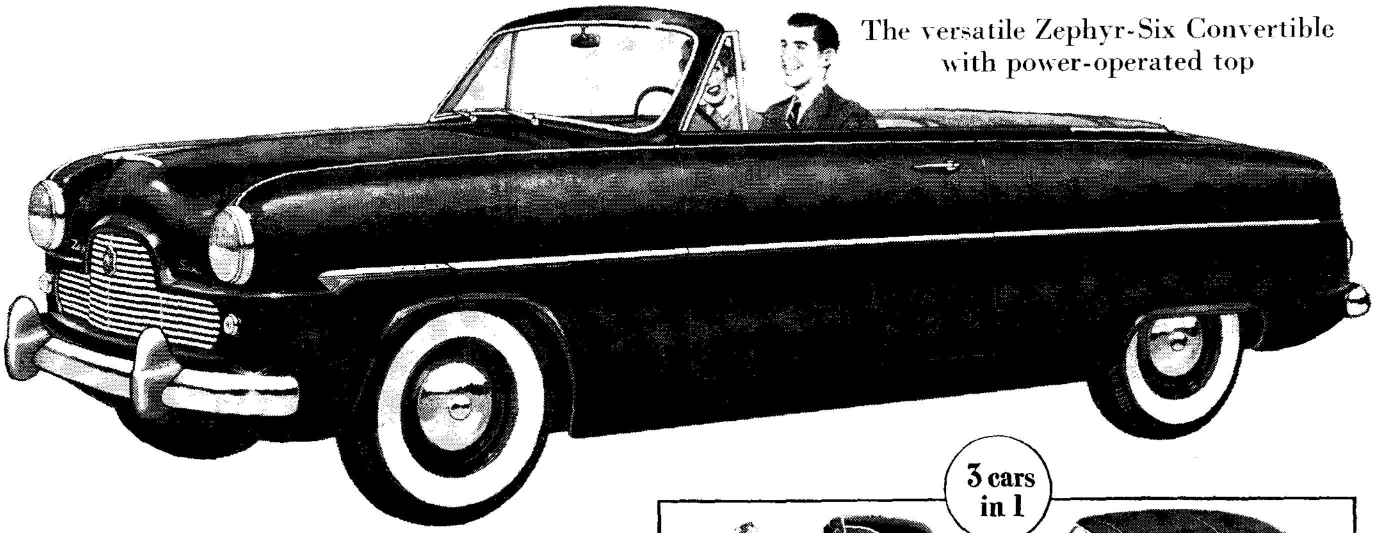

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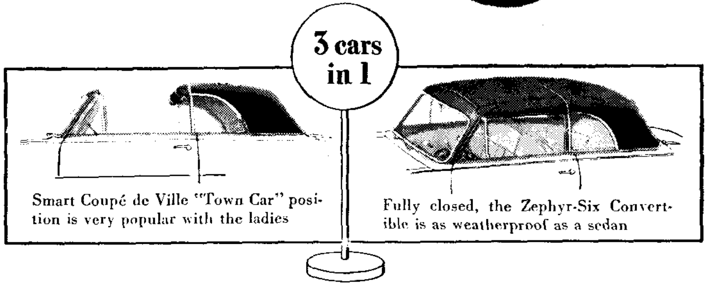

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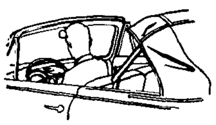

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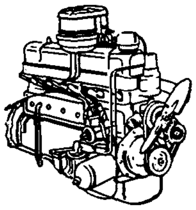

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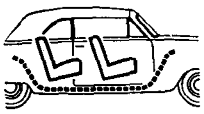

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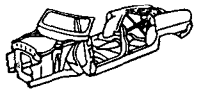

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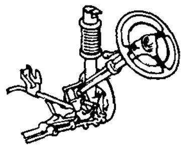

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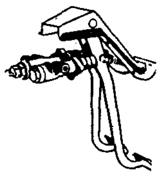

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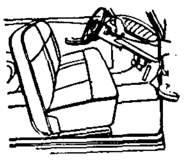

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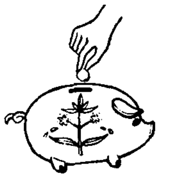

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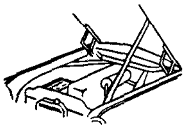

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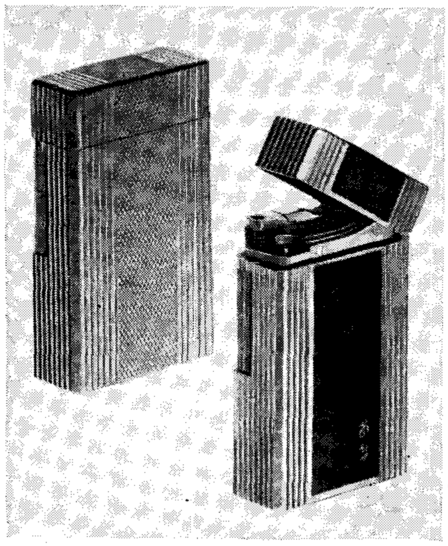

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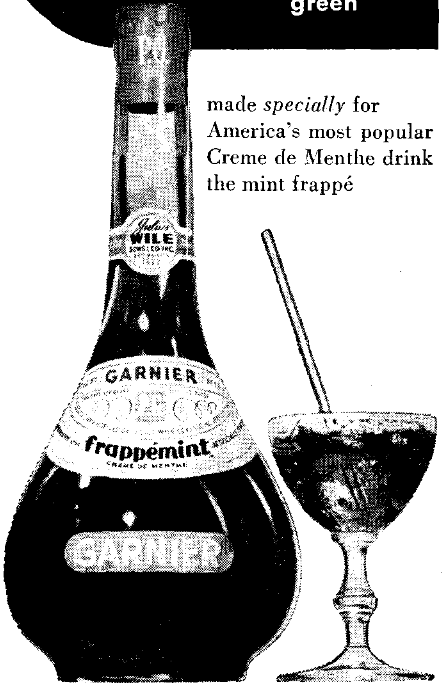

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Incas

Arts and Crafts

IT was just like old times at the Museum of Modern Art when I was up there the other day. The occasion was a preview of its "Ancient Arts of the Andes," a Rene d'Harnoncourt production, and the affair, less dramatically arranged than some of his other concoctions—such as the memorable one on the American Indian, with its dark chambers and campfire lighting—was nevertheless in the boil of bustle, hustle, and confusion that seems always to mark the final stages of assembling his enterprises. The catalogues, as usual, had not arrived, and there was only the sketchiest of check lists. Workmen wheeled large paint tables around or climbed ladders to put final touches on walls and display cabinets; a half-dozen girls were hurrying about, making last-minute changes in the arrangement of the exhibits and occasionally pausing to nibble at a trayful of sandwiches on a corner of one of the tables. Mr. d'Harnoncourt, an impressively tall, big-framed, genial fellow, who is not only the Museum's director but its chief ethnological expert, was crouched, unruffled by all the excitement, in a welter of ancient gold ornaments, stashing them away in a vaultlike cubicle lined with sheets of gold from an Inca treasure chamber. A few feet away from him, a man on a stepladder was wholeheartedly hammering a hole in the ceiling.

Despite the hullabaloo, it was easy to see that the exhibition is definitely a major one. Most of us, I suppose, know a little about the Mayan and Aztec civilizations of Mexico and Central America. But the Andean cultures, which arose earlier, flourished farther southward, and culminated around the middle of the fifteenth century in the great Inca Empire, are less well understood, and one of the most important features of the show is the thoroughness with which it covers the whole subject. These cultures began in Peru, in the high Andes (Cuzco, once the capital of the Empire, is eleven thousand feet up, and there are ruins in the mountains roundabout that are even higher), and the first few items in the show—a plaster cast of a large stone slab, the Stela Raimundi, incised with a stylized representation of a cat-faced god in ceremonial dress; a cast of an even more massive carved stone pillar, called El Lanzon, the oldest known native American sculpture; and a number of smaller stone and pottery jars, jugs, and other utensils—are from the earliest period. Here the affair permits itself its one dip into the flamboyant; life at that time (from around 1200 to 400 B.C.) was apparently spent largely underground, in windowless buildings or caves, and in a possibly overenthusiastic effort to dramatize this the exhibits, sepulchrally lighted, are placed along a series of narrow, black-walled corridors.

It's not only the lighting of these earliest items that is vague, incidentally, for even experts on the subject are puzzled about their origins, uses, and meaning. The Incas never developed a system of written communication, and the entire culture is without a history. Each piece, so to speak, exists by itself, and the interplay of influences underlying the progression from one stage of development to another is almost wholly undiscoverable. Thus, throughout the show there are mysteries, and not the least of them, of course, in the earlier sections. Here one finds, among the household utensils, a carved stone mortar in the shape of a puma, for grinding grain, that in its chunky form and angular ornament suggests forcefully the Chinese work of four or five centuries earlier, and so brings one again face to face with the tantalizing question of the relation between Eastern and prehistoric American art, and its bearing on the further mystery of the Great Migration. And when one emerges from the dark corridors into the relative sunlight of the Paracas and Mochica cultures (from around 400 B.C. to 1000 A.D.), one comes upon other pieces—notably a handsome jar of baked clay, decorated with a tightly linear and lively little battle scene—which again seem definitely Eastern in influence, as do the marvellously embroidered mummy cloths that were one of the triumphs of the Paracas period.

This work is much surer in execution and more sophisticated in concept than that of the earlier eras, and some only slightly later items are truly astonishing for the accuracy of delineation and confident realism they embody. I am thinking especially of the small "Portrait Jar," "Jar in Shape of a Large Draped Head," and "Frog on a Pedestal"—all in the Mochica section—and once more one must pause to wonder just what cultural aberration produced such brilliantly naturalistic work in the midst of so much stylization. These were done not long before the Incas. Because their reign, and their influence, though short-lived (from around 1450 to the coming of Pizarro, in 1532), were remarkably extensive—and because they seem to have imposed their art forms on all their subject peoples, from Colombia and Ecuador down through the Amazon Valley to the Chilean Andes—the exhibition from this point on becomes a little diffuse, though it is still well worth one's while to try to follow the various regional manifestations. Gold, tawny or glittering, heavy-hammered or intricately filigreed, appears all through the exhibition, but nowhere more handsomely than in the pieces from the Amazonian cultures. From roughly the same period, there are a most carefully fashioned black clay "Vessel Surmounted by Two Men Leading a Llama," a silver "Cup with Puma and Cubs," and a most unusual "Front of a Litter," in carved and painted wood (works in wood, being perishable, are now much rarer than gold ones), that are also notable.

For that matter, quite a few pieces in the show are of exceptional rarity, and many have never been shown publicly before. One of the high points is the treasure chamber we left Mr. d'Harnoncourt assembling a while ago. Walled with gold, and crowded with plates, jugs, earrings, breastplates, headdresses, and other ornaments of the metal, it gives one a vivid impression of the splendor the Empire was capable of—the mere sight of which impelled the Spaniards to bring about the Empire's ruin. As pure spectacle, I guess, it's the *clou* of the exhibition. But for my part, I was more impressed by the photographs of the Inca temple ruins in the mountains around Cuzco. Built in what was the end of our own Dark Ages, at tremendous altitudes, these are among the most massive masonry projects known to man, their matched blocks of granite faced and fitted so carefully that no mortar is needed to bind them, and in some cases measuring twenty by ten feet by three. Granite, I discover, has an average weight of a hundred and sixty-eight pounds a cubic foot, and some of these stones figure out at fifty tons apiece. No one knows how those ancient peoples got these blocks in place, but they did, and in a way this, and not their gold, was their greatest triumph. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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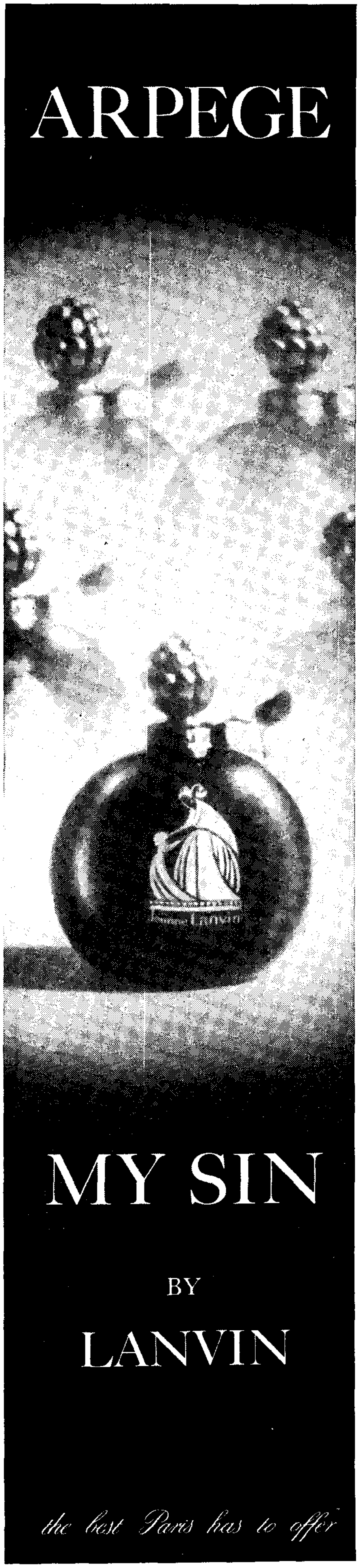

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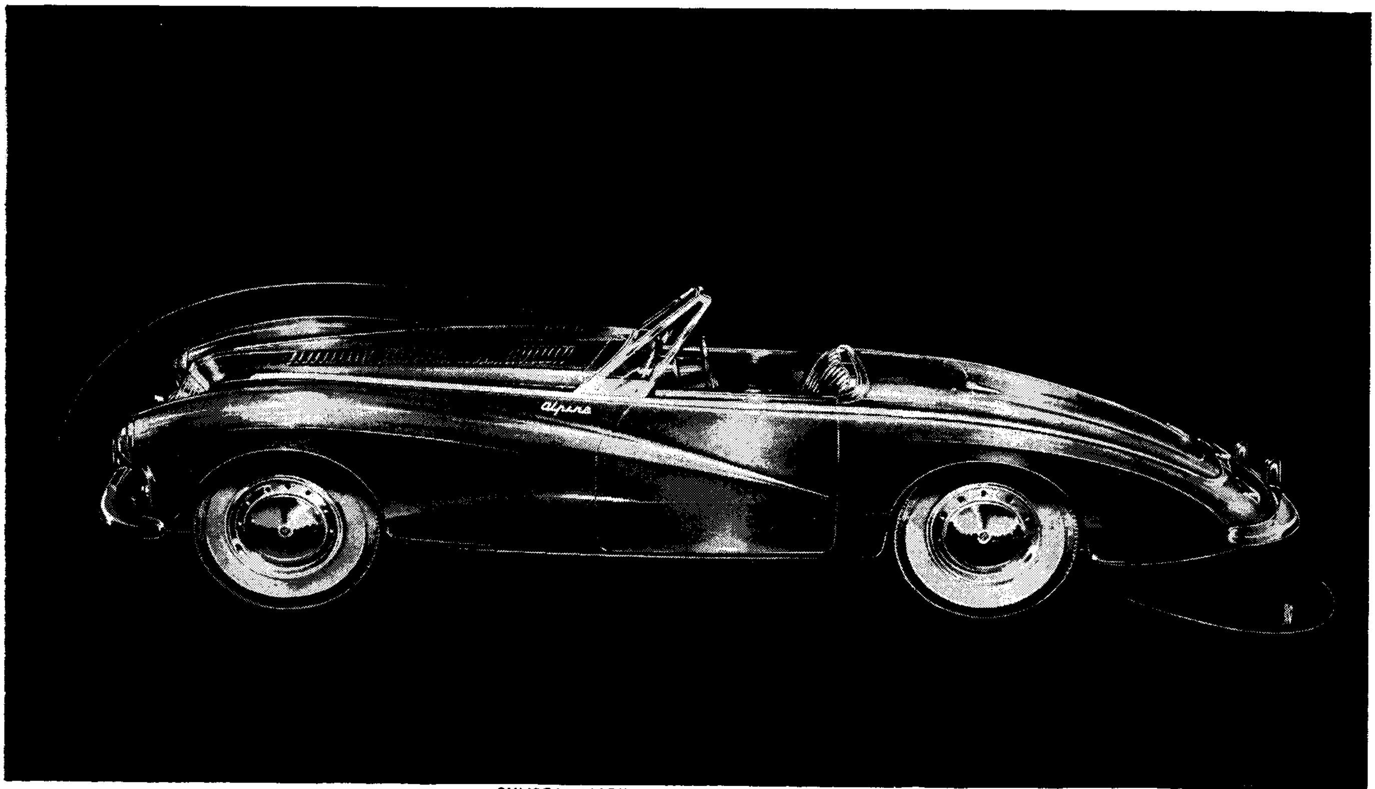
BREAK IN A JOURNEY

THE Arlberg-Orient Express starts out from Paris as one of Europe's fastest and most elegant trains, and makes a swift and comfortable run through Switzerland and most of Austria, but when it leaves Vienna en route to its eastern terminus of Bucharest, it loses much of its speed and elegance. In recent years, I have often taken the train as far as Vienna and have enjoyed a pleasant, if unspectacular, journey as a fellow-passenger of tourists and businessmen, autocratic middle-aged ladies conveying heaps of luggage to the spa of Bad Gastein, music lovers bound for Salzburg, and American soldiers returning to their stations in Austria from leave in Paris. The dining car has white linen on its tables and serves good food, and there is hot and cold running water in the sleeping cars. After Vienna, though, the express's complexion is completely changed. Both the diner and most of the passengers are gone, and as the train enters Iron Curtain territory, hardly more than half a dozen people are on it. The French, Swiss, and Austrian customs officials go about their jobs in an almost perfunctory manner these days, but on the Hungarian and Rumanian borders, the customs men, flanked by several armed soldiers, lift up one's mattress, probe the washbasin drain, roll up the carpets, unscrew the light bulbs, pry off mirrors, go through the porter's linen closet, and finish up by crawling under the cars and tramping over their roofs.

Returning from Bucharest to Vienna on the express a while ago, I found that I was one of seven passengers aboard when it stopped at the Hungarian border station of Lökösháza. The others were two Western diplomats, a young woman employed in one of the Western legations in Bucharest, a British journalist, and two uncommunicative British couriers, who rarely left their compartment. Seventeen Hungarian customs officials, policemen, guards, and soldiers had been assigned to examine the train at Lökösháza. The stop promised to be a long one, so I went to the door of my car with the idea of stretching my legs on the station platform, but a young, nervous-looking Hungarian soldier standing at the foot of the steps changed my mind by pointing a tommy gun at me. Several times during the next couple of hours, I tried to leave the car, with the same result, and then the soldier disappeared and I got off without so much as a question from anybody. It was an example of the disorganization, or overorganization, that accounts for so many breakdowns in the Communists' system of enforcing rules and regulations; there seems to be no coöperation between the many police organizations behind the Iron Curtain. In fact, I got the impression that they all hate one another; certainly the Hungarian and Rumanian border police I saw didn't appear to be on speaking terms, and the Russian officials ignored both outfits.

While I was standing on the station platform, I was joined by the Rumanian train conductor, who had been in charge of the express from Bucharest to the border and was waiting for a train to take him back to the Rumanian capital. En route, he had hardly looked at me, even when, at my request, he brought me a bottle of hot water from the engine so that I could make myself a cup of Nescafé, and he had given me no more than a grunt of thanks when he accepted some American cigarettes I offered him. Now, after a cautious look around, he started talking volubly. He spoke both German and French well, and he talked wistfully of what he called "the good years," when French had been the common language on the express. The conductor told me that he wouldn't have dared talk to me on Rumanian territory, but that it was different now we were in Hungary. Besides, he said, I was going west and probably would never see him again. "What a train it was!" he said. "Showers in some of the sleepers. Crystal and bone china in the diner. And the passengers! Finest people in the world—I should have kept an autograph book! I used to ride the train all the way from Bucharest to Paris. Now they let me go only as far as this border. A Hungarian conductor takes over here, and he has to get off at the Austrian border. They don't trust us enough to let us go west. They're afraid we might not come back."

After four hours in Lökösháza, the



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express got under way again. It was due in Budapest early that evening. Because I had been told that there would be a stopover of "at least two hours" in Budapest, I had made arrangements to be met at the station by a friend who works in one of the Western legations there. I hadn't seen him since my last visit to Budapest, in 1948. That visit had been an agreeable one, for foreigners were still allowed to come and go pretty much as they wished. Since then, of course, things had changed dismayingly for the worse.

The train stopped briefly in the suburbs of Budapest, and several policemen got on, and so did a pretty girl. The girl came into my compartment, greeted me by name, introduced herself as a member of the national Communist Youth Organization, and said, in good English, that she had been instructed to welcome me to Budapest. I thanked her and asked how her superiors had found out about my arrival. "Oh, we know about everybody who comes through," she said. "There aren't so many of you, you know. I hope you'll have a nice time during the stop in Budapest. There will be supper for you, and a girl friend of mine will keep you company."

I replied that that would be very pleasant but it so happened that I had a friend of my own, who would be waiting for me at the Budapest station, and I was hoping that he would be able to show me a bit of the city I'd once known so well.

"Oh," said the girl, giving me a thoughtful and slightly amused glance. "Well, have a good time." And with that she left.

A FEW minutes later, the train stopped in Budapest's gloomy and forbidding main station. Two soldiers with the ever present tommy guns took up posts at each end of my car. A moment later, another girl entered the car and came straight toward me. She was the sort of girl that most American moviegoers, conditioned by the Gabors, believe all Hungarian girls are—blond, vivacious, and charming. She shook hands with me, smiled radiantly, and said, in excellent English, that she had been delegated by the Youth Organization to help me while away the time until the train left. Thoroughly at ease, she sat down in my compartment and gave me another dazzling smile. It was refreshing to see that Hungarian girls had apparently lost none of their surefire touch under the Communist regime, and in a way I was sorry not to be able to further our acquaintance. I told her

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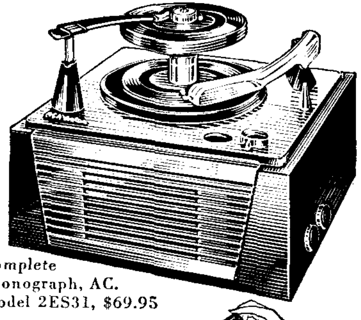

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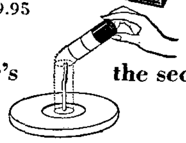

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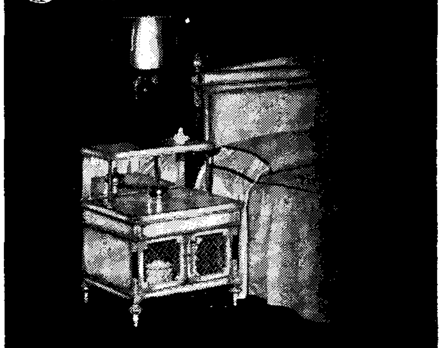

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that someone was meeting me, and at that moment I saw my friend walking along the station platform.

"Where are you going?" the girl asked, as I started to leave.

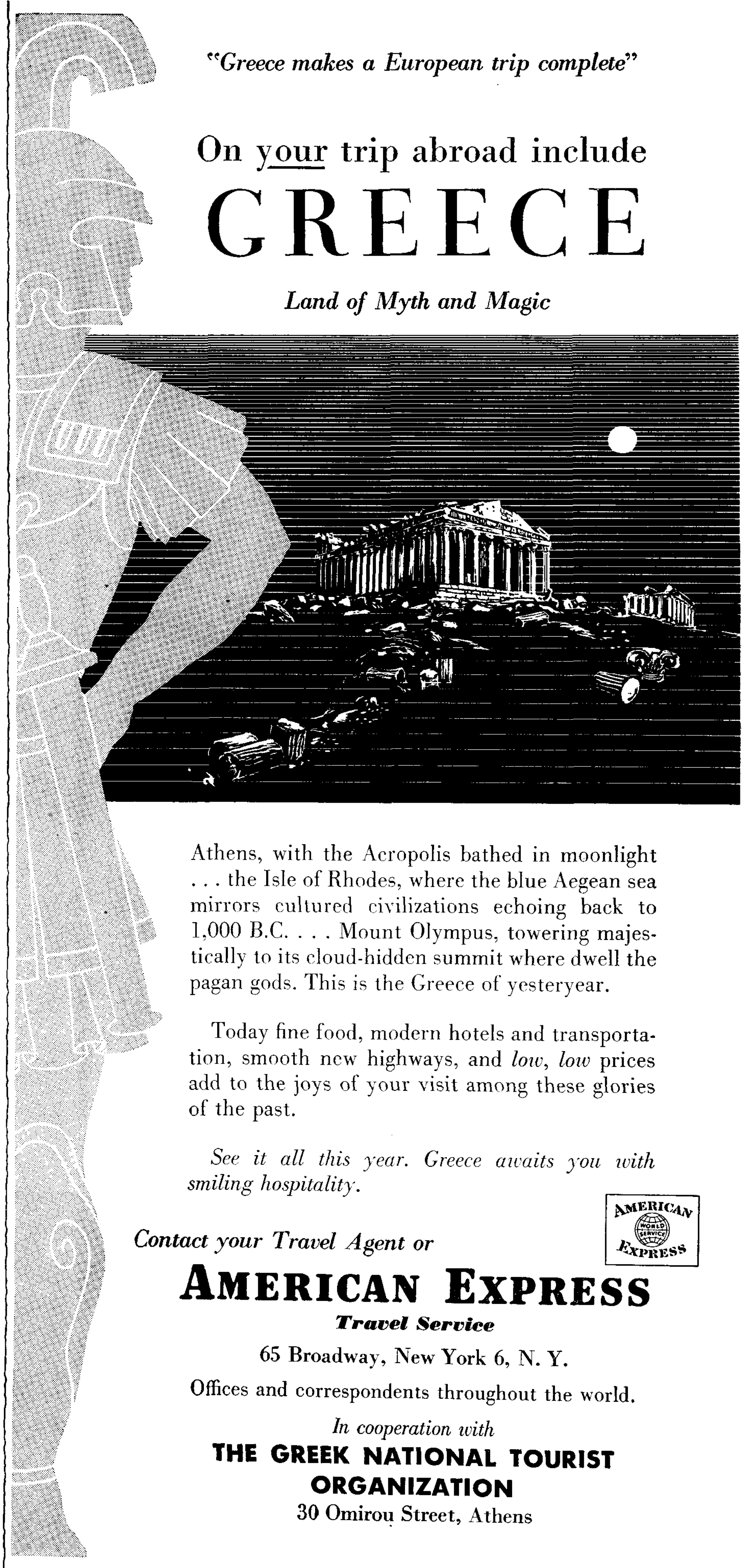
"Just for a stroll around the city," I replied.

"How nice!" she said, and then turned to wave genially at a man without a tie who was standing on the platform. By the time I reached the vestibule of the car, the tieless man and both of the soldiers were at the foot of the steps, waiting for me. They let me get off, but the tieless man told me, in German, that it was *verboten* to leave the station. When I asked why, since I had a valid transit visa, he looked at me angrily and said he had his orders.

My legation friend came up just then and asked what the argument was about. After I had told him, he turned to the tieless man and said, "Surely you won't object to our taking a little walk through the city? What's happened to Hungarian hospitality? Besides, we expect to be followed."

This bland approach seemed to throw the tieless man off balance. He shrugged, and mumbled that the train might leave early. My friend laughed. "You know as well as I do that it never even leaves on time," he said. Then he resolutely took my arm, and we walked off, ignoring an angry chorus of Hungarian that rose behind us. "You've got to be rude to them once in a while," he said to me. "Of course, having a diplomatic passport helps." He turned left, then right, and led me through a dark corridor to a small door, which, he said, opened onto the street. As we were about to go through it, however, another tieless civilian, accompanied by a soldier, stopped us. This time there was no nonsense. The civilian informed my friend, in fortissimo Hungarian, that I must not leave the station. "He says he's got orders from the Ministry of the Interior," my friend told me. "We might call the Foreign Office, of course. If we do, you'll get permission to leave the station, but they'll see to it that the permission comes through just as the train is about to pull out. Let's forget it. We can sit and talk in the restaurant here."

THE last time I visited the station restaurant, on my previous trip, it had been crowded and lively. I'd had a bottle of Egri Bikavér, or Bull's Blood—an aromatic, Bordeaux-type wine—that I still remember with great pleasure. Now the place was different. Though it gave every evidence of still



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being a restaurant, there wasn't a single smell of food to be sniffed in the air, and a restaurant without the smell of food is as depressing as a dark, empty theatre. There were only a few customers—men with their shirt collars open and women in peasant dresses—who were sipping beer, and they stared at us morosely. Four gypsy musicians were playing as if they were about to fall asleep. We walked out onto the restaurant terrace and sat down. From the terrace, three steps led directly to the street. The steps were not guarded.

"There you are," my friend said. "They guard the side doors but it never occurs to them that anyone might use the front entrance. That's the way their minds work."

A sad-faced waiter came up and handed us a greasy menu. When I ordered a glass of red wine, the waiter looked even sadder. There was no wine, he said.

My friend looked at the waiter banteringly. "No wine," he said. "Remember when it was easier to get a glass of wine in Budapest than a glass of water? I wonder what has happened."

Now the waiter looked utterly miserable. He may have been an informer for the secret police—most waiters have to be—and he may even have been a convinced Marxist, but he was, above all, a Hungarian. "You might find some wine down in the city," he said, pointing at the street. I looked at my friend. He looked at me. Neither of us said a word as we got up to leave. We walked down the steps. No one paid any attention to us. As far as I could see, we were not followed.

The street in front of the station, and the next street, and all the streets we came to as we walked toward the center of the town were gray and drab. Paint was peeling from the sides of many of the buildings, and the windows in some of them were cracked. The goods in the shops were shoddy. Lawns were uncared for. Most of the men we passed were wearing ancient, scuffed shoes, and their suits gave the impression of having been turned inside out. A few dilapidated taxicabs rattled by noisily, looking as though the junk yard might well be their next stop. And Budapest had once been one of the truly splendid cities of Europe. Mingling with the taxis were some Russian-made Pobeda cars, bearing government license plates, and a few fast Vauxhalls, which, my friend said, were used by the police. A number of heavy trucks loaded with soldiers rumbled by. Traffic was directed by police girls, and they

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appeared to be doing their job efficiently. One lectured us sternly because we'd crossed a street without waiting for the lights to change. Along the sidewalks, peasant women with kerchiefs on their heads were selling scrubby-looking provisions. The only likenesses of Communist leaders I saw were two small bronze busts of Stalin and Mátyás Rákosi, the General Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, in the window of an antique shop. Rákosi was priced at eleven hundred and forty forint (about a hundred dollars), and Stalin at eight hundred and fifty forint. Most of the restaurants were empty and cheerless. We finally got a glass of wine in one, after my friend had done some fast talking and tipping, but it was hardly worth the effort. There has been no first-rate restaurant in Budapest, once a major center of fine dining, since Charles Gundel, Hungary's foremost chef, left the country five years ago and his two restaurants were nationalized.

WHEN my friend and I got back to the station platform an hour or so later, the pretty Communist Youth girl came up and handed me a parcel containing my supper—salami, bread, and peaches—with the compliments of the Communist Youth Organization. Also on the platform was an older Hungarian woman, whom my friend knew and greeted. Her suit, obviously made long, long ago by a superlative tailor, was frayed at the edges. She said she had come to see a Frenchwoman off, and turned to stare longingly at the sign on the side of the sleeping car that read, "ARLBERG-ORIENT-EXPRESS, BUCURESTI-BUDAPEST-WIEN-LINZ-INNSBRUCK-BUCHS-ZURICH ENGE-BASEL-PARIS." "For years I've been seeing people off here," she said. "I don't think I can do it much longer. There's always that sign with all those places I'll never be allowed to see again."

A whistle blew and doors banged. I said goodbye to my friend. The Communist Youth girl came to the window of my compartment, shook hands with me, and wished me a pleasant trip. The train started to move. "I'm terribly sorry you couldn't see our beautiful city," she said as she walked slowly beside the car. Her expression was serious but her eyes were smiling. I'm not at all sure how much she knew about my truancy. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

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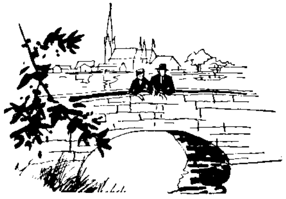

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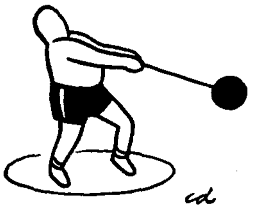
SCARBOROUGH, N.Y.,
JANUARY 27, 1954

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

I READ with sympathetic interest James A. Maxwell's recent account in your columns of the experiences of a friend of his who had been living with thirteen pedigreed Great Danes—mother and twelve young. I gather from Mr. Maxwell's chronicle of the ordeal that his friend's main difficulty was in disposing of the litter. Was *that* all?

I have been living lately with ten pedigreed Labrador retrievers—mother and nine. (There are a human mother and three human children in my household, too, but the hell with them; nobody has had time to pay any attention to them lately—or to me, either.) Labradors, to be sure, are slightly smaller than Great Danes, and nine is a smaller number than twelve, but I suspect that I can play in Maxwell's friend's league nonetheless. Great Danes, I surmise, are easier to breed and raise than Labradors. At any rate, Maxwell made no mention of his friend's continually getting to work late because of the time consumed every morning in scooping soft-boiled eggs out of their shells. Two-minute eggs, the vet told me—one per puppy. Daily.



MY wife and I got involved with Labradors three and a half years ago, when we acquired, as a house pet, a female puppy from a litter bred by a neighbor of ours in Westchester, who lives on Teatown Road and had named his bitch Sable of Teatown. When we got around to choosing a formal name for ours—a family council had already settled upon Cleopatra as an apt first name—we followed my friend's precedent. We live on Holbrook Road, so Cleopatra of Holbrook she became and, as such, was duly registered with the American Kennel Club. After she grew up, we were anxious to breed her, but for one reason or another circumstances never seemed propitious until late last fall. Unfortunately, we misjudged the moment of her coming in season, with the result that when she did, we had no mate lined up for her. A friend of ours came to our rescue by recommending a friend of his—a Long Island lady who breeds Labradors. I telephoned her, explained my predicament, and asked if she had a good dog standing at stud. The Long Island lady said she did indeed, but before committing herself she wanted a few facts about my bitch's background. The only facts I had then were the names of Cleopatra's parents, which had been all anybody in Westchester cared about, since Cleo is only a pet. But that wasn't enough for Long Island. No indeedy. Long Island wanted to know did my bitch have in her some of the Timbertown strain, or some of the Arden, perhaps? I said abjectly that I hadn't any idea.

"What's the name of your bitch, anyway?" asked the Long Island lady.

"Cleopatra," I said. "Cleopatra of Holbrook."

"Mmm, Holbrook, Holbrook," said Long Island. "I don't believe I'm familiar with that particular strain."

I was obliged to confess miserably that Holbrook was not a strain at all but merely the road I live on, and no great shakes of a road at that.

The Long Island lady, after a shocked pause, directed me sternly to obtain a three-generation pedigree from the Kennel Club and report back to her. I got one all right, and learned from it, to my amazement and delight, that Cleo is chock-full of acceptable strains; one of her paternal great-grandfathers turned out to be an Arden bench champion, and her maternal ancestors included a whole host of Timbertowns. Much set up, I called the Long Island lady again, to convey this heartening information, and on the receipt of it she consented to receive my bitch and my stud fee.

I drove Cleo to Long Island and deposited her in one of the fanciest dog-and-cat hospitals I have ever seen (it resembled a funeral parlor for human beings), and there she was successfully mated. I had already learned that sixty-three days is the usual gestation period for dogs, and it was simple enough to compute when Cleo would whelp—four days after my own birthday, according to the calendar. This not only made the anticipated date of the puppies' arrival easy to keep in mind but proved a source of considerable relief to my wife, who was planning a birthday party for me and didn't want a yelping brood of puppies underfoot.

A week or so before my birthday, I took Cleo, then promisingly bulging, to our local vet, who said she was coming along fine and predicted—with what, from my amateur viewpoint, turned out to be astonishing accuracy—that she would have between eight and ten pups. He asked me if I had ever delivered a litter, and I said only of cats. (I once had eleven cats in my house, but that is quite another story, and not a very pretty one.) The vet said he thought my wife and I could manage all right, and he warned me to keep an eye on Cleo as her accouchement drew near; dogs tend to try to have their puppies out-of-doors, he said, and I should be alert for any flurry of hole-digging by Cleo. For several days, whenever I let her out, I sneaked after her. But Cleo is no fool; she would let me tiptoe behind her for a while, and then, after I had hidden behind some bush or tree, would suddenly wheel and bark at me, pretending she thought I was a trespasser. It was an embarrassing situation for both of us.

THE day of my birthday, our house was a busy place. On the theory that I could persuade Cleo to have her litter indoors, I had built a large whelping box, fitted it out with blankets and pillows, and installed it in the basement. That afternoon, my wife, with the instinct females have about each other, suddenly decided that Cleo was going to have her puppies, whenever she had them, in our bedroom, so I dragged the whelping box up there. Then I showed it to Cleo, who not only seemed to approve of it but climbed right in and went to sleep. At about that time, a piano tuner turned up to loosen a couple of stuck keys, and he was still around, sprawled beneath our piano, when my wife and I went upstairs about six-thirty, to dress.

While I was shaving, my wife, who was dressing in the bedroom, called to me in an urgent voice. The first puppy had arrived. I rushed to the head of the stairs to summon the children, who were downstairs watching television. They ran up. So did our cook, who had been preparing dinner. So did the piano tuner. In about fifteen minutes, the second puppy was born. After that, my oldest child, announcing that he now understood how *that* worked, returned to the television set. He had barely got back to it when he sounded a frantic alarm. From the tone of his voice, my wife and I could tell something was seriously wrong. We scrambled downstairs to find the kitchen full of flames. The cook had left a frying pan on the range with some oil in it, and the oil had somehow blazed up and

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flames were licking the ceiling. By the time we had put the fire out, the third puppy had arrived and the piano tuner had fled into the night. (We haven't seen him since, and lower C is still stuck.) The first dinner guests arrived concurrently with the fourth puppy.

THE remainder of that evening is a bit hazy in my memory. My wife and I somehow finished dressing, and we took turns at the whelping box. The last puppy arrived at around one o'clock in the morning, and somewhere in the interval drinks and food must have been served. I do recall very clearly, however, my anguish when one of our guests presented me with two hundred tulip bulbs as a birthday gift, accompanied by the cheerful counsel that I should get them into the ground as soon as possible, since frost was threatening. As each new puppy emerged, my wife or I ascertained its sex, and when the litter was complete, we compared notes and calculated that we had six males and three females. Cleo had them with no trouble, and they all looked healthy and handsome. That good old Holbrook strain asserting itself, I thought smugly.

Shortly thereafter, I registered the puppies with the Kennel Club (the breeder is supposed to do this, and later the owners of individual dogs register theirs separately), noting that we had six males and three females. A few days ago, my wife and I were showing the dogs to a prospective purchaser who wanted a bitch, and we undertook to extract three females from the squirming, frolicking, fascinating mass of growing dogs that have taken over our guest room. To our consternation, we each came up with two females. It seems we must have made a mistake on my birthday. I am probably in a terrible jam with the Kennel Club for filing a false affidavit with it. Our kitchen is in a terrible jam, too, preëmpted, as it has been, by huge quantities of Pablum, cod-liver oil, mineral powder, Karo syrup, milk, soft-boiled-egg shells, oatmeal, and other foodstuffs that young Labradors seem to require, including various fancy cuts of meat. (My wife bought some ground chuck steak for the puppies the other day, but our cook inadvertently fed it to the children, who thrived on it, as well they should have, considering what it cost.) Practically the only thing that puppies don't have to be given to eat, it seems to me, is tulip bulbs. I wish they were on the list. I have two hundred of them still on hand, and the ground is frozen solid.

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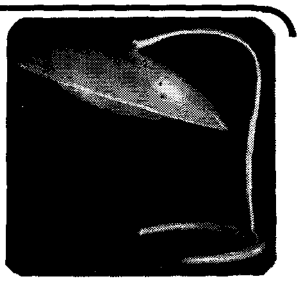
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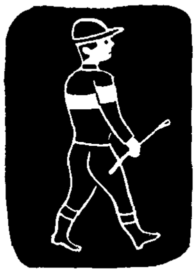

THIS review of the Maturity Stakes, won by Apple Valley at Santa Anita last weekend, can be summed up as follows: "Well, I'll be jiggered!" That's my considered opinion of the race, even after giving the winner's past performances an old second-guesser's perusal. Frankly, Apple Valley has never looked very promising. He didn't race as a two-year-old (he's four now), and last season he was first in only three of his thirteen starts. True, he won the Del Mar Derby in August, but he had a big advantage in the weights. He was one of the lightweights in the Maturity, too, but what did the trick for him was his ability to run well in mud. As I've probably said before, there is no rule of thumb for picking out superior mud-runners. An animal's conformation, the shape of his feet, and the length of his stride haven't much to do with his ability to make time in the sludge. Some horses can; others can't. That's all.

Because of the mud that has plagued the California track for weeks, the Maturity wasn't a particularly exciting affair. If you look it up in the charts, you'll find that Apple Valley led for most of the mile and a quarter, with the other starters strung out behind, and that at the end of it he was four lengths in front of By Zeus. Cerise Reine came in third, half a dozen lengths back, and Straight Face, the favorite, was a floundering fourth. Despite Apple Valley's unimpressive record, he paid only $21.30 in the two-dollar mutuels. That's easily explained, however. He was saddled by Red McDaniel, who has been the leading trainer on the West Coast—and in the whole country, for that matter—for the past four years, and has as big a following as Hirsch Jacobs had in his heyday. For the record, Apple Valley is a light-bodied bay colt by Eiffel Tower, and is owned by Mrs. A. W. Ryan, who bred and raised him on her ranch in the nearby San Fernando Valley. There's a bonus of ten per cent for California-bred horses who win the Maturity, and this brought his share of the purse to $85,025. Now he'll be pointed for the Santa Anita Handicap on February 27th. If you care at all, the last I heard he was 30–1 in the Santa Anita future book. Take your time; don't crowd.

It grows increasingly clear that Straight Face is not a lucky horse. Although he has won in the mud, the track was too much for him this time. In fact, it was so heavy that his trainer wouldn't gallop him over it before the race. And not only that, but there is apparently a special hex on racers who go to Santa Anita by plane. Armed flew out there in 1947 for the Santa Anita Handicap and ran fifth. And anyway it would seem that favorites simply don't do so well in the Maturity. Look at Bed o' Roses and Counterpoint.

NOW for another debacle—for horseplayers, at any rate. At Hialeah last Saturday, Count Cain beat eleven first-rate older runners in the Royal Palm Handicap, a public trial for this weekend's fifty-thousand-dollar McLennan Handicap. Count Cain, who was a bit over 21–1 in the betting, led all the way. Capeador was second, Quiet Step was third, and among the also-rans were Royal Vale (he was one of the topnotchers last spring and summer), Sunglow, and the indefatigable Royal Bay Gem. Come to think of it, Count Cain's victory wasn't really a reversal of form—if you throw out his previous race, a sprint in which he was outrun. He met Capeador in the Tropical Handicap last month, and Capeador won by a scant length; last Saturday, with a one-pound shift in the weights to his advantage, Count Cain won by a nose. (That's pretty good handicapping.) Incidentally, Count Cain was well handled by Permane, who, you may remember, was among our leading riders before he had a bad spill several years ago. Until last Saturday, he hadn't been getting the breaks in his comeback.

My Florida spy reports that the Hialeah meeting is booming along to new highs in the mutuel handle, and that the tipsters have lost none of their cunning in picking the daily double. This, he says, still leaves them with no cunning at all.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

In other words, between 6:30 and 6:45, he whipped upstairs, stripped, put on his mackintosh, murdered his wife, dressed, took a bath, and left the house in search of "Mr. Qualtrough," all in 15 minutes. If that story is true, Wallace should have been entered in the Olympic Games instead of being tried for murder!—*"45 Murderers," by Craig Rice.*

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Eddie Condon's music salon, just below Washington Square, is still, after all these years, the city's jazz powerhouse, as essential, in its way, as either Consolidated Edison or New York Steam. The other night, making what has become an annual pilgrimage to the place, I found all the seven regulars in the ensemble on hand and performing splendidly. Sparked, on guitar, by Condon himself—who, as far as I know, never takes a solo but who, the story goes, keeps the boys at concert pitch—the band played with a resourcefulness, ease, and group spirit superior to anything I could recall hearing there in the past. Now and again, as you are probably aware, the personnel of the ensemble changes—one man or another lets his ambition or wanderlust get the better of him for a spell or, occasionally, for good—but most of the members of the present group have played together so often (Gene Schroeder, the pianist, and, of course, Condon have been there since the establishment opened, some eight years ago) that they are extremely sensitive to each other's styles and humors. Come to think of it, the changes in personnel may have had a salutary effect, because I've run across a couple of small jazz ensembles that have kept the same personnel through the years and they have gone to seed. Right now, the Condon unit is composed of the mighty Wild Bill Davison, on cornet; Cutty Cutshall, a trombonist whose playing, like Davison's, combines lyricism and drive; Edmond Hall, a superlative clarinettist; Walter Page, a gifted man on bass; Cliff Leeman, whose immensely alert drum work, along with the leader's guitar playing, helps keep the lads on their toes; Schroeder, an accomplished pianist; and Condon. In addition to increasing its internal rapport, the Condon band has, it seems to me, developed in at least one other respect. As I remember, it was a determinedly orthodox Dixieland outfit to begin with, but now it drifts easily and unobtrusively into the rocking rhythms of swing. For example, the band's stimulating opening to "The Sheik of Araby"—a passage in which Hall improvises suspensefully before his colleagues all pounce on the piece—is strongly and agreeably reminiscent of a device the old Benny Goodman band often used. Then, too, the soloists play with such complete freedom that the music often has a thoroughly modern sound. One night last week, for example, a slow medley consisted of a quiet and poetic trombone chorus of "I Got It Bad," a glancing piano solo of "Lover Man," a delicate clarinet reading of "Sleepy Time Gal," a nimble bass chorus of "The Talk of the Town," and, finally, a beautiful, slowly building trumpet chorus of "I Can't Get Started." In stricter observance of the Dixieland tradition, the band also offered enjoyable interpretations of "I'm Comin', Virginia," "Basin Street Blues," and "Beale Street Blues," and wonderfully rousing performances of "Milenberg Joys" and "Livery Stable Blues," the latter bedizened with a neighing trumpet and other colorful effects.

Jazz of a more uncompromisingly traditional brand is unleashed at Jimmy Ryan's, a West Fifty-second Street room hemmed in by shrines devoted to the art of strip-teasing. Here, Wilbur de Paris's six-man band (trombone, trumpet, clarinet, banjo, piano, and drums) not only makes lively music but displays a happy addiction to old-fashioned vaudeville showmanship. When I was there recently, five of the musicians left the stand at one point and stood against the walls while the drummer, Zutty Singleton, indulged in some fancy percussion work. Then, still leaning against the walls, they joined in to ride the number out. The band's particular appeal lies in its joyous playing of the venerable Dixieland pieces, along with several unfamiliar ones you are not likely to run across anywhere else in town.

Joe Bushkin, a dazzling jazz pianist with an incredibly light touch, is back at the Embers, a cozy East Side nook he inhabits for long periods each year. With him are three other talented musicians—a drummer, a bass player, and a guitarist. The guitarist, Johnny Smith, is especially brilliant, and because he is allowed plenty of latitude, he gives the quartet an extra dimension. It may be his presence that has persuaded Bushkin to occasionally interweave the two sets of strings—his piano and Smith's guitar—which produces the effect of a

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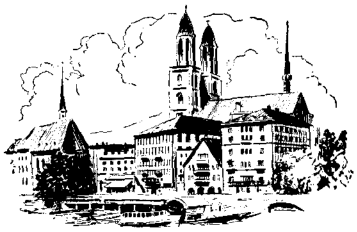
musical arrangement. In a piece like "You Go to My Head," strings vibrate darkly and approximate the timbre of a gypsy ensemble. A moment later, the boys, with Bushkin's piano going full tilt, will be whipping themselves into a frenzy with one rapid chorus after another of "The Lady Is a Tramp" or some equally viable number. Incidentally, if you should happen to be in the Embers some evening, you might send up a request to Bushkin to play a piano solo of a piece called "Dearest Dear," a beguiling tune he came across among the manuscripts of the late Vincent Youmans.

DOLORES GRAY, a lusty singer caught in that dreadful transitional period between a stage career and a movie career, has wisely gone to work in the interval, and is singing hard these nights in the Empire Room of the Waldorf. When I was there, Miss Gray, a tall, curvy blonde with the assurance of a tigress and at least as much controlled energy, purred and howled her way through a wide variety of numbers, most of them dandies. Starting off with an old musical-comedy piece somewhat deceptively entitled "Should I Be Sweet?," she continued with "I Love Paris," "S'posin'," "Someone to Watch Over Me," "'S Wonderful," "A House Is Not a Home" (this turned out to be a rather dreary piece of special material), "Pink Champagne," "I've Got the World on a String," "Stranger in Paradise," and "The Olive Tree" (the last two are from the score of "Kismet"), "From This Moment On," and, out of "Annie Get Your Gun," in which she played the title role in London, "I Got Lost in His Arms." As you can see, Miss Gray doesn't spare herself. Her efforts are enhanced by an excellent musical background set up by Nat Brandwynne's house orchestra. . . . The stocky but shapely Denise Darcel, stuffed into a satin evening gown, is wriggling her way around the floor of the Pierre's Cotillion Room these nights, and now and then doing some husky singing. I can't say that I remember much of what she sang, and I'll bet she doesn't, either. There was something in which she kept repeating "Boom, Boom, Boom!," something that began like "Tea for Two" but didn't get very far along those lines, and a piece, interspersed with a great deal of conversation, that she offered from a prone position atop the piano. Miss Darcel is probably the vaguest entertainer in town at the moment.

—D. W.



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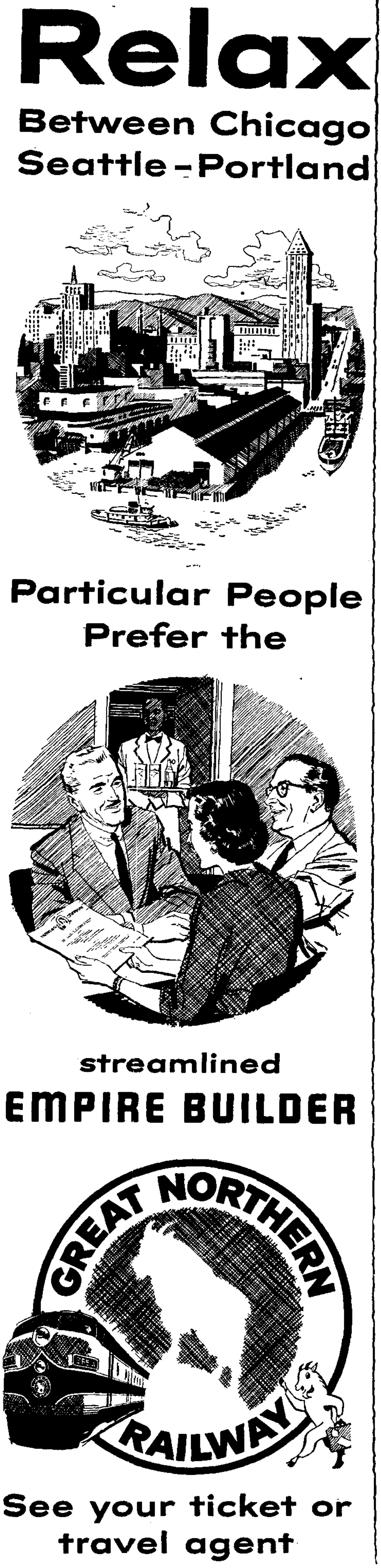
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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Rake Revisited

Igor Stravinsky's opera "The Rake's Progress" turned up again one evening last week at the Metropolitan, and gave many New York operagoers, including me, a chance to form some second thoughts about it. Its composer is, of course, one of the most celebrated figures in contemporary music, and a man whose remarkable feats in certain branches of the art entitle him to respect. After taking these points into consideration, and listening to it all over again with painstaking attention, however, I can only conclude that my first thoughts on the subject were correct and that it is not, in fact, much of an opera.

For one thing, W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, the authors of its drama, seem to have set themselves the impossible task of proving that the death in a madhouse of a lonely and erotically somewhat bizarre hero is a gay and amusing spectacle. As a matter of fact, the experiences of this hero, Tom Rakewell, are anything but rakish. They constitute a kind of psychopathic case history, the prevailing morbidness of which contrasts in extremely bad taste with the atmosphere of horseplay that surrounds it. The result is neither farce nor tragedy but an uneasy and painful attempt to combine the two. Any sympathy one might feel for the harassed characters is effectively forestalled by the authors, who seem bent on demonstrating from the start that they themselves have no sympathy for them. This sort of treatment doesn't make for convincing operatic drama, or, for that matter, convincing drama of any kind.

For another thing, the music that Stravinsky has written for this strange concoction is decidedly artificial, satirical in its treatment of emotion, and full of self-conscious tricks—a combination of qualities that might be quite appropriate to a dashing bit of musical millinery but that, spread over a long evening of opera, strains one's patience to the point of boredom. It is not that the music is in any way inferior Stravinsky, for there are passages in the "Rake" that are as provocative and ingenious as anything he has written. The trouble is, rather, that the fashionable, witty, and essentially satirical idiom to which Stravinsky has devoted his career is altogether out of place in serious opera. To me, the conspicuous flaws of the "Rake" served only to confirm something that I had long thought to be true of Stravinsky; namely, that for all his eminence in the contemporary scene, he is a very specialized and limited kind of composer.

Despite a lot of high-sounding aesthetic mumbo-jumbo on the part of Stravinsky enthusiasts (and a certain amount of similar mumbo-jumbo on the part of Stravinsky himself), I have never been able to see that his music is in any sense profound. His art is a light, sometimes diverting, and basically decorative one, which stands in relation to the more serious branches of music somewhat as the art of scenic design stands in relation to the art of painting. He will be remembered, I think, mainly as a superb creator of flashy and adroit musical backdrops for the ballet—which is what most of his greatest works ("The Firebird," "Petrouchka," "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Orpheus," and so on) have been written for. He is one of the most resourceful technicians in the history of music, and a supreme master of the use of artifice. His style is remarkably lucid and easily grasped, and this is one respect in which he is clearly superior to many of his contemporaries. When one considers him as a major composer of emotionally meaningful music, however, I think one is placing him in a category where he does not belong. I do not know of a single Stravinsky work (and this includes such avowedly serious compositions as the "Symphony of Psalms") that succeeds in conveying any very deep human message, and I know of few that even make the attempt. Moreover, notwithstanding his mastery of exotic and provocative mannerisms, I do not find him a particularly original composer. The arresting dissonances, the nimble tricks of orchestration, the witty phraseological distortions are all pure Stravinsky, but when one looks beneath them for the musical substance, one finds that it is usually borrowed from somewhere else—from Russian folk music, from African tribal chants, from street-band music, from Pergolesi or Bellini or Handel. A great deal of his work consists of clever satire on the styles of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century composers. This, of course, is no crime, and the satire is often highly amusing. But the nature of this satirical spirit is basically critical rather than creative; it produces an aesthetic commentary on

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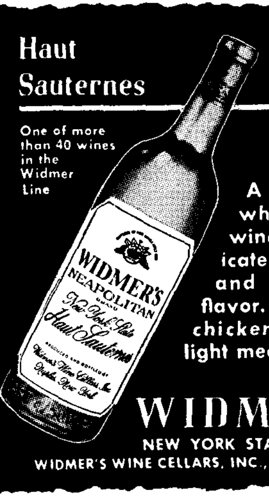
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music rather than a human commentary on life, and thus limits Stravinsky to a sophisticated and entertaining but not very serious world of ideas.

In "The Rake's Progress," Stravinsky has borrowed largely from Rossini and Handel—composers of originality, whose methods of expressing emotion are very familiar to us. And it is interesting to note that in the few passages of the opera expressing any emotion at all, the emotion is expressed in Rossini's or Handel's language, not in Stravinsky's. Throughout the score, Stravinsky has made his presence felt by his handling of dissonance and orchestral coloring, and by the characteristic twists he gives his Rossinian and Handelian phrases, but the curious fact remains that the parts of the "Rake" that are human and emotional are not Stravinsky, and that the parts that are Stravinsky are not human and emotional. There are many reasons "The Rake's Progress" is a poor opera, and not all of them have to do with Stravinsky. But I have yet to be convinced that, even with the finest possible dramatic material at his disposal, Stravinsky is a composer of sufficient depth and originality to write a good one.

It should be stated that the performance given the opera was generally of the highest quality, though Alberto Erede's conducting was a shade less spirited than that of Fritz Reiner at last year's première. Hilde Gueden did some magnificent singing in the role of Anne, and Eugene Conley, as the Rake, and Blanche Thebom, as the Bearded Lady, performed with both gusto and distinction. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Jazz Influence

M-G-M RECORDS has just brought out what is, to the best of my knowledge, the first American recording of music from "Die Dreigroschenoper," the celebrated "jazz opera" that the late Kurt Weill constructed around a modern German version of the libretto of "The Beggar's Opera." The recorded portion, entitled "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik," is an orchestral suite in eight short sections that Weill put together in 1929, the year after the Berlin première of "Die Dreigroschenoper," and its release coincides fittingly with the preparation here of a new production of the work in English, using Weill's score. The music of the suite is haunting, disturbing, and possessed of a kind of fitful beauty. It is undeniably jazzy, but in a completely corrupt

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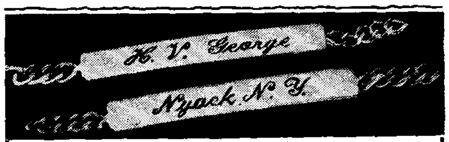

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sense, for its musical genre is the German jazz of the twenties, and this was derived more from the standard American dance arrangements of the day and the pseudo-jazz style, the so-called "symphonic jazz," of orchestras like Paul Whiteman's than from the felicitous arrangements made by people like Fletcher Henderson or the pure stuff then being played by Louis Armstrong and Jelly Roll Morton and their kind.

To approximate the slovenly sound of German jazz, Weill chose a curious orchestra, consisting of two flutes, two saxophones, two clarinets, two bassoons, two trumpets, a trombone, a tuba, a piano, a set of drums, a banjo, a guitar, and a bandonion, the last a close relative of the concertina. This ensemble bays, chatters, keens, complains, and implores in a series of humors ranging all the way from a sweetly sad section called "Polly's Lied" to the febrile measures of the "Kanonen-Song." The melodies themselves are resolutely cheap, almost to the point of sounding worthless, for the basic idea behind Weill's score is the apotheosis of the second-rate, and he is careful not to get too original. (For example, the beginning of a fidgety section of "Die Ballade vom Angenehmen Leben" is almost identical with the beginning of "Dancing Tambourine," an inane popular American piece of the period.) Subtly and skillfully, however, Weill retains his own individuality and authority throughout, imparting an agonizing quality to all these trivial tunes by causing them to take desperate little turns and to flirt with improbable harmonies.

Weill is supposed to have remarked, "I don't give a damn about writing for posterity. I write for today," and the tremendous success of the original production of "Die Dreigroschenoper"—it ran in Berlin for almost five years—would seem to have borne him out, at least as far as Berlin goes. Due to his continued efforts to please the public, his musical language gradually lost most of its acerbity after he came to this country, in 1935, and he was developing into an almost purely lyric composer of impressive ability when he wrote his last works for the Broadway stage. Nevertheless, "Die Dreigroschenoper" remains, in many respects, his most important work.

On the other side of this record, the conductor Izler Solomon, who treats the Weill score with admirable regard for its peculiar values, leads a chamber orchestra of more conventional character through Aaron Copland's five-part

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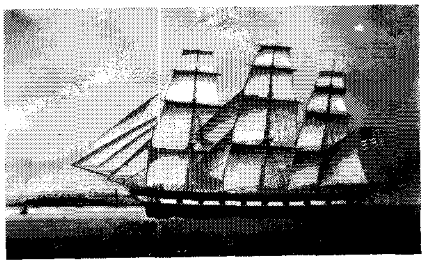

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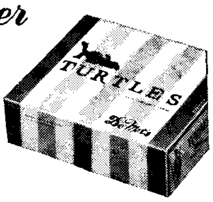

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concert suite "Music for the Theatre." This, too, is a serious work based on jazz forms, and it was composed a few years before "Die Dreigroschenoper." As you know, some of the leading composers, both in this country and abroad, were fascinated during the twenties by the jazz idiom, and made use of it in concert works. They were, however, borrowing from the jazz speech mainly to spice up their own phraseology, and as a result their efforts did not find a wide public; certainly they made no impression on the multitudes for whom jazz was the natural—and, indeed, the only—musical speech. (The one entirely successful composer of any artistic rank who worked the jazz vein was George Gershwin, but the jazz idiom was Gershwin's natural musical speech. What he did, in the main, was extend its vocabulary and usage.) As you might expect, Copland's jazz is closer to the genuine American article than Weill's. At the same time, it is far less communicative, for while Copland had a greater instinctive knowledge of true jazz than Weill had, he was far more capricious in his employment of it. In "Music for the Theatre," Copland's use of jazz is for the most part an intellectual exercise, and he is at his most persuasive in those passages containing no trace of jazz. Here, in startling contrast to the elaborate high jinks of such sections as "Dance" and "Burlesque," the ground swell of the strings in calm, deliberate, and evocative measures foreshadows the composer to come, with his broad and individual lyric capacities and his warm interest in the American folk scene. An expert but, on the whole, unsuccessful work, "Music for the Theatre" is absorbing mainly for its illuminating contrasts. The recording is first-rate.

MAURICE RAVEL, the French composer, was attracted to jazz, too, and I remember reading somewhere that he was very much impressed by Gershwin. At any rate, in the early thirties Ravel wrote his Concerto in G Major, in which, consciously or not, he paid high tribute to Gershwin. Ravel once said, "I wrote this concerto as, in the most exact sense of the word, a concerto, and in the spirit of Mozart's and Saint-Saëns'." No doubt this is true, but in the first movement, which is an artful combination of styles, he has borrowed so liberally from the vigorous measures of the "Rhapsody in Blue" that the whole section seems almost to be a frolic presided over jointly by Gershwin and Ravel. In the two suc-

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ceeding movements, Ravel is more himself.

I bring all this up here because a new recording of the Concerto in G Major has been issued by Angel, with Marguerite Long, the pianist, who introduced the work and to whom it is dedicated, as soloist. Her performance, with an orchestra conducted by Georges Tzipine, is most expressive, and particularly sensitive in the lovely, effortlessly flowing second movement. On the other side of this record, Mme. Long, supported this time by an orchestra under the direction of André Cluytens, offers an appropriately graceful rendition of Fauré's Ballade in F Sharp Major.

SPEAKING of Fauré, I should like to call attention to an excellent new Capitol recording of his "Requiem," a work of extreme beauty and gently compelling sincerity. It is a love poem of the highest order, at once irresistibly human and completely devout, and vocally it is a delight from beginning to end. Fauré started the "Requiem" as an expression of his feelings about the death of his father, and while he was working on it, his mother died. It was performed at his own funeral in 1924. In this recording, conducted by Roger Wagner, the Roger Wagner Chorale and the Concert Arts Orchestra are heard. The two solo parts, for soprano and baritone, are sung by Patricia Beems and Theodor Uppman. Her "Pie Jesu" is very touching, and he is impressive in the "Offertorium" and "Libera Me."

IN the fourth volume of its American Music Festival Series—seven volumes of this have been released to date—Mercury has turned out an attractive collection of contemporary American works for solo winds and a string orchestra. Howard Hanson conducts the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra in short compositions by himself, Aaron Copland, Wayne Barlow, Bernard Rogers, Homer Keller, and Kent Kennan. —D. W.

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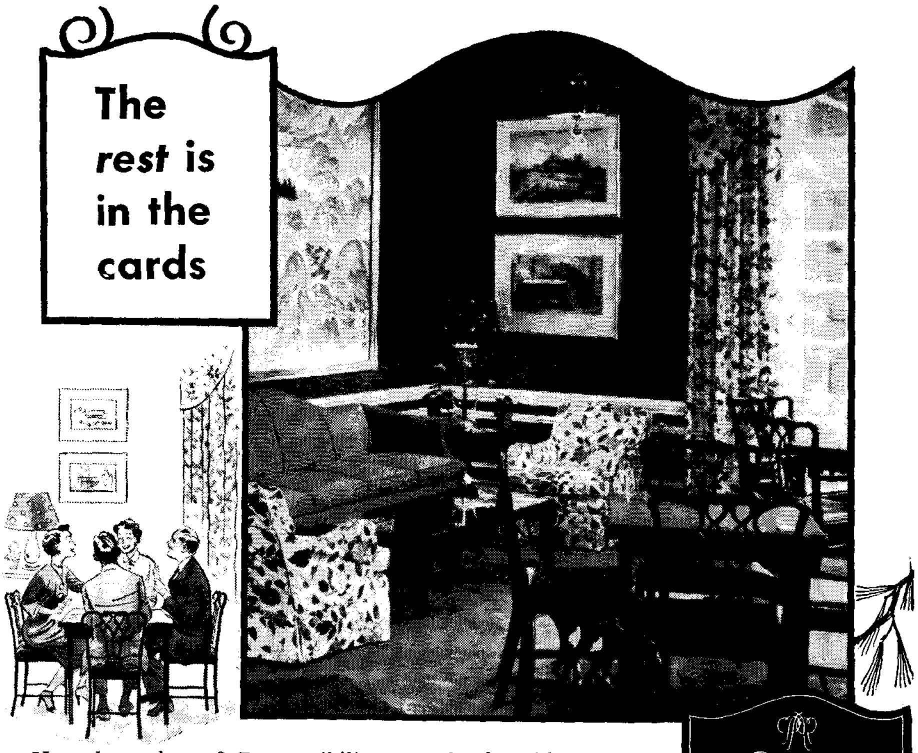
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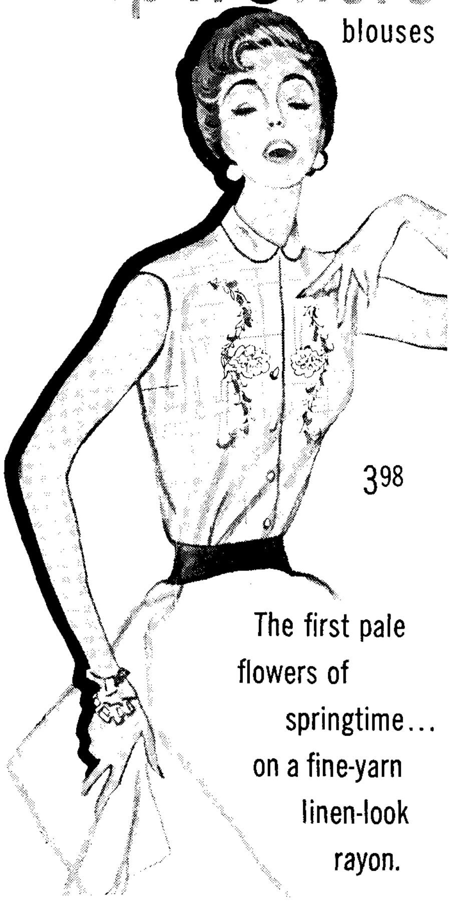

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 27

THE quietest place in London at the moment is Westminster, where Parliament got back to work last week in an atmosphere pretty nearly as placid as that of a parish meeting. For one thing, the basket of assorted measures that are up for legislative hatching this session does not contain as many brittle ideological eggs as others have (the bill to introduce that by no means unanimously admired blessing of modern civilization, commercial television, will probably produce the sharpest talking, although, from all accounts, it will be at least 1956 before sponsored programs can get started here). For another, all the important issues that Parliament and everybody else would like to hear about are waiting upon news of things that are happening or have happened elsewhere. Mr. Eden is in Berlin, and Mr. Butler has not yet got back from Sydney to tell the House the results of his talks with the other Commonwealth Finance Ministers, which presumably included some discussion of how they propose to steady the Commonwealth boat if it should be rolled this year by even a slight American recession, a possibility that has caused so much worried talk here.

There is a feeling that the Conservative Government has so far had a lot of good breaks and that this year will be tougher. On the industrial side, 1954 opened ominously with a packet of new wage disputes and a strike of electrical workers, called by the Communist-controlled Electrical Trades Union, but on these matters, too, the Opposition seems accommodatingly ready to wait before attacking the Government. All this sweet reason and light may not last long, but for the electorate, reading its papers to see if its elected Parliament is giving it a good, constructive pennyworth, they make a nice change right now.

Before leaving for Berlin, Mr. Eden made a broadcast that did not get much of a play in the press but that enormously impressed everybody who was lucky or alert enough to catch it on the radio. It seemed to many listeners to state for the first time the exact British position for the talks—squarely behind NATO, free elections in Germany, and (the Churchillian note) the view that not only France but also Russia may want—and, if so, should be given—guarantees against the spectre of a once more united and military Germany, a spectre that does not much warm the cockles of British hearts, for that matter. Though there was such fervent emotional backing here for Sir Winston's original idea of a Big Four meeting, it is hard to find anyone now who feels optimistic about the results of Berlin. Maybe the most hopeful thing people are saying is that if the results are nil, it will be disappointing but not absolutely fatal—and this can't be rated very high in the way of hopes. Under the circumstances, even one solitary feather of good news would look like the whole dove.

The political scene being so becalmed at the moment, the only lively talk and speculation going around Westminster and Fleet Street concern the future plans of Sir Winston. Several Members of Parliament have had something to say on this topic, basing their statements, they report, on authoritative information received from the highest possible source—always excluding, of course, the highest impossible source, who sits cherubically smiling and saying volumes of masterly silence. It has been announced as various people's absolute conviction that the Prime Minister will resign within two months, or in May, when the Queen gets back from her tour; that he is shortly to be spirited to the House of Lords with an earldom; that he has snapped his fingers at medical advice and will continue in harness and in the Commons indefinitely as plain Sir Winston (a title that is fancy enough for lots of Britons who absent-mindedly stick to the unvarnished "Mister"). If the walking enigma offered any clues to the world's journalists at Parliament's opening session last week as he lumbered slowly to his place clutching his hearing aid—this instrument, incidentally, has added a gesture to the Churchill repertoire, for he raises it to his ear with something of the bland deliberation, and occasionally the glee, with which an eighteenth-century statesman might have raised his quizzing glass and raked the opposite benches—they certainly supported the last prediction. To judge by his form at question time, the Prime Minister was not thinking of retiring. In this Indian summer of a Churchill, it is the calendar that seems out of whack.

SINCE Dylan Thomas's greatly mourned death, his friends have been rallying to assist his widow and three young children, who find themselves in the tight financial straits that beset the surviving families of so many other men of genius. T. S. Eliot, Walter de la Mare, Augustus John, and others recently made an appeal on behalf of the Dylan Thomas Memorial Fund, which will help provide for and educate the children. The *Sunday Times* and the Group Theatre joined forces to aid the fund last Sunday evening with a presentation called "Homage to Dylan Thomas," for which literary and artistic London turned up in force at the Globe Theatre. As is often the case with such tributes, the performance appeared somewhat hit-or-miss, though mostly hit. Against a décor by Ceri Richards, Edith Evans read a lament by Dr. Edith Sitwell, and Richard Burton and Emlyn Williams superbly spoke some of the poems and several extracts from "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog." Louis MacNeice read part of his "Canto in Memoriam Dylan Thomas," a new work in which contemporary characters are referred to by pseudonyms and Thomas figures as "Gwilym." The longest section of the program was given over to the reading of a shortened version of Dylan Thomas's last work, the radio play "Under Milk Wood," in which the men and women of a little Welsh sea town pour out their dreams, their loves, their griefs, and their small scandals throughout one spring day. (The B.B.C.'s Third Programme presented it in full this week.) Ironically, in spite of all the remarkable talents concentrated on the occasion, the most moving, unforgettable moment was at the end, when the stage was empty and from it boomed Dylan Thomas's magnificent voice in a recorded declamation of "And Death Shall Have No Dominion." It seemed that the evening had been about the shadow, and that suddenly the substance had opened the door and walked in. The loss is bitter.

A NEW literary review, the *London Magazine*, edited by John Lehmann, appeared on the bookstalls this month like a bright-blue badge of courage—English readers having notably failed to support its predecessors while grumbling heartily about the absence of anything of the kind in the field of letters. (Dr. F. R. Leavis's *Scrutiny* was the last casualty.) Thirty thousand readers hungrily snapped up Mr. Lehmann's first issue, which is encouraging. The review is a handy size, printed in a handsome new type face designed by the late Eric Gill, and inherits its name from an old "miscellany" periodical that went into a somewhat unusual—not to say sharp—

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decline in 1821, when its editor, John Scott, was killed in a duel with a supporter of its fierce rival, *Blackwood's*. The earlier *London Magazine* managed to print contributions from Keats, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Lamb, and De Quincey before it succumbed, too. The first issue of its namesake has contributions from the old guard of established writers, such as MacNeice, Henry Green, and Elizabeth Bowen (a chapter from her new novel, describing, in the later James manner, a dinner party of "the displaced rich" in a much titivated and made-over Irish castle—a Jamesian theme as well). Among the contributions by the interesting younger writers are three poems by Elizabeth Jennings, whose impressive collection of verse won the Arts Council Prize recently. The *London Magazine* is backed by the *Daily Mirror*, a combination that many people find piquant. Its appearance as London's only purely literary journal (Stephen Spender's and Irving Kristol's *Encounter* is literary-political) is indeed a cheering event.

IT is seldom that an English musical show becomes the rage here, since it has long been accepted with melancholy that enchanted evenings and beautiful mornings have to be imported from across the Atlantic, where the pace is apt to be swifter and the scores more tuneful. "The Boy Friend," however, has been taken to London's heart and will reverse the usual procedure by being exported to New York later this year. The show, a pastiche of the musical comedies of the twenties, was written by Sandy Wilson, a young man of twenty-seven who presumably gathered his material as a preternaturally sharp-eyed infant taking notes at matinées. The young, largely unknown cast is first-rate, and Vida Hope's brilliant production and Reginald Woolley's sets and dresses have resulted in a funny, touching play that is today as much of a period piece as, say, a Restoration comedy, though cleaner. "The Boy Friend" is full of the innocence of the time when waists were low and hopes were high, when no one worried about the atom, and when a musical-comedy plot hinged easily upon Pierrette finding her Pierrot. As a rest from the fifties, Londoners think it's wonderful.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*L. L. Day in the Saturday Review*]

After all, if we must use clichés, let's not use stale ones.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sticky Wicket

WHEN I set out to see the English picture called "The Final Test," which deals with cricket, I hoped that it would include a character or two as funny as the pair of sporting enthusiasts who turned up so pleasantly in "The Lady Vanishes" a few years ago. But, alas, neither Anthony Asquith, the director of the current film, nor Terence Rattigan, the author, has succeeded in extracting much amusement from their cricket fanatics. As a matter of fact, the first part of the picture is rather solemn, although Mr. A. and Mr. R. clearly never intended it to be. The story concerns a notable cricketer (Jack Warner) who is about to play his last Test Match, against Australia. This muscular type is distressed because his adolescent son (Ray Jackson) is more interested in poetry than in wickets, fast bowling, slow tea, and white flannel bags. The poetry that particularly fascinates the youth is presented as bravely avant-garde, though it reminded me of Tony Wons' stuff. When the big match rolls around and Dad is getting ready to take his final swipe at a cricket ball, our poetry fancier is off visiting one of England's leading practitioners of lame-verse drama, who, as portrayed by Robert Morley, is a kind of road-company Sheridan Whiteside, sedulously maintaining an air of indignation and indulging in broad insults. Another ingredient of the plot is a low-voltage romance between the cricketer, who is a widower, and a Cockney barmaid (Brenda Bruce). This doesn't help matters much, nor does the introduction of an American senator who is allegedly making a study of English customs. Eventually, the whole package is tied up when Mr. Morley is revealed as an impassioned follower of cricket.

Recently, in the course of some remarks about "The Final Test" in the *Herald Tribune*, Mr. Rattigan said, "Our national game, in fact—and remember it is a fan who speaks—is a joke, a glorious joke to those of us who can appreciate it with that love in which, as in all great loves, there is so strong an element of masochism. It is a good joke even to those who don't love it at all, to those who hate it, and to those 'lesser breeds without the law' who don't even know the difference between a leg slip, a short leg, and a silly-mid-on." With all this joking going on, I feel boorish not to be able to join in the laughter; on the other hand, Mr. Rattigan may be in the position of the raconteur who prefaces an anecdote with the announcement that he's going to tell us the funniest damned story we ever heard. In any case, it is only fair to report that "The Final Test" was listed among the best ten movies of last year by a good many English reviewers. Apparently they agree with Mr. Rattigan's notion that you shouldn't expect excitement at cricket any more than you'd expect melodrama at Chekhov.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Peggy claims no talents other than her "gay wit and sparkling repartee." Her friends are inclined to agree with her on the language score. She can make a walk around the block sound as exciting as a trip to the moon.

Peggy is president of a literary society and the daughter of a former English professor. However, she has temporarily discarded the king's English for a new language of her own, which has been picked up by her friends.

"Durlin', let's take heed to the flicks this afternoon. We can fill up on corn and cola," in translation is an invitation to the movies where popcorn and cokes will be consumed.

To Peggy, all fraternities and sororities are "cults" and the places where they live are "lodges." Other important nouns in her vocabulary include "W's," an abbreviation for "weeds," which are cigarettes, and "fire," used to denote anything from which a "w" is lit.

"I ain't makin' no speeches," is another popular expression that originated with Peggy. It is used whenever anyone wishes to remain silent on any given subject.

Another negative expression which enjoys great popularity is, "I ain't playin' that game." This is used when a person objects to a rule that has been passed, or when someone declines to follow a customary tradition. However, it is usually only a dissenting opinion, and the person probably "will play the game."

A perfect stranger must be on his toes to converse successfully with Peggy.

—*Bethesda (Md.) Record.*

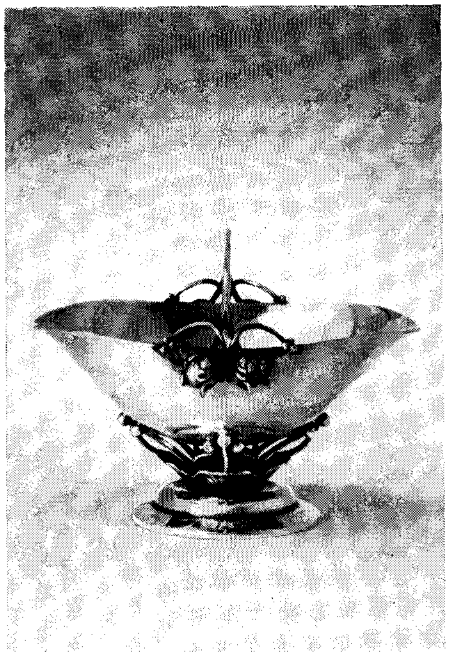
Or he could just take to his heels.

•

CHARACTERIZATIONS WE DOUBT OFTEN GET USED BY FRIENDS

[*From the Bronxville (N.Y.) Review Press & Reporter*]

Mr. Dolan is often referred to by his friends as "Just Plain Active Bill."



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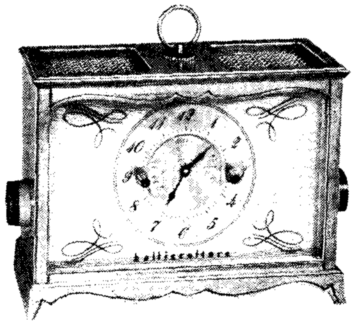

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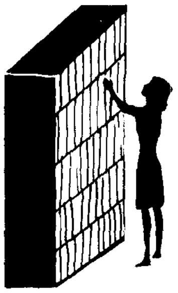
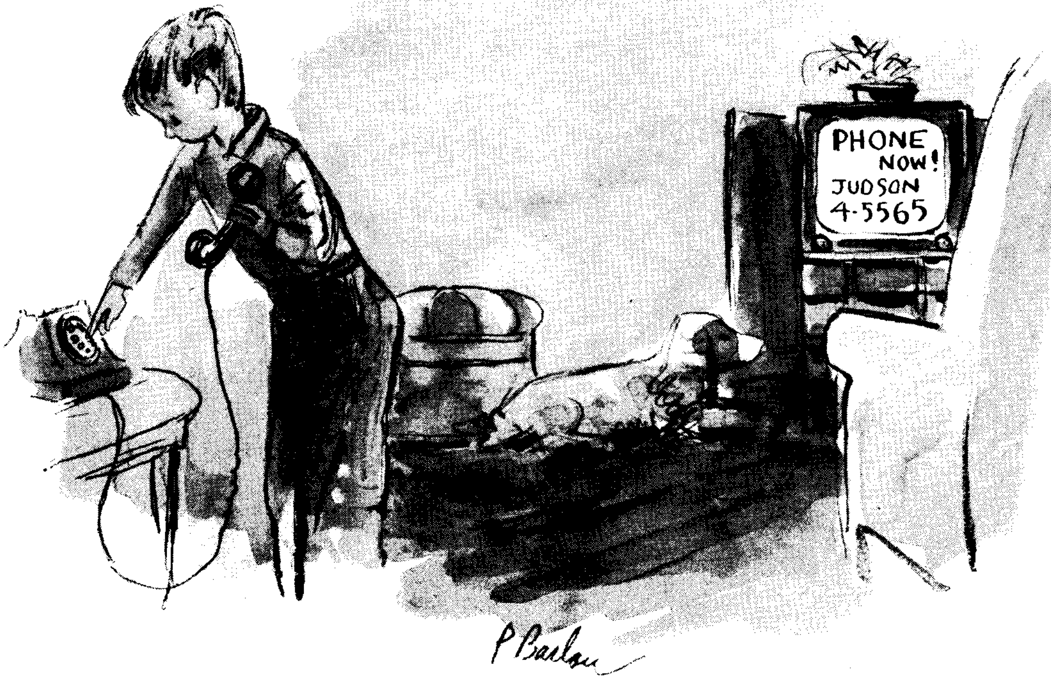
The Talker



ARLAND USSHER'S "Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce" (Devin-Adair) is a slight and stimulating book by a Dublin essayist who is fond of intellectual fireworks and gives the exhilarating impression that he is a free man who enjoys thinking for himself. Ussher must be the only Dubliner who is an expert on both Existentialism and Gaelic; he is obviously a man of wide European education, with a particular closeness to German philosophy and French literature; like so many other Irish Protestants, he appears to find it easier to interpret his country than to feel part of it. He writes about Ireland as if he were looking at it through the eyes of a Western European intellectual who happens to have been born in the country and who lives in it, as Ussher says he does, by choice. His earlier "The Face and Mind of Ireland," written "to explain Ireland to the English," seems to a foreigner in Dublin to explain a great deal; the Irish consider it a remarkable analysis of the national character. Ussher has even written a book on the Jews, "The Magic People," whose unending succession of bright sayings becomes wearing and yet which is probably the only recent book on the subject without the usual caution or the slightest partisanship.

Ussher may live in Ireland, but he writes like a man who thinks from outside it. It is this that distinguishes "Three Great Irishmen" from whatever else has been written on Shaw, Yeats, and Joyce either by the Irish or by foreign critics; it is not a profound book, but it occasionally achieves an oddly affecting detachment and wisdom. Apparently it helps, if one is studying one's own country, tradition, manners, and literature, to feel just a little outside it. Of course, one should not overdo it; Ussher, brilliant as he is, never gives me the assurance that he is entirely sound. There is a strained, highbrow quality to some of his passages—as of a man altogether too conscious of his own cleverness—which suggests that he likes to get close to his material for the points he can make about it, and not because of a deep unconscious knowledge and attachment. And he does tend to impersonate his countrymen, in the style of the old Anglo-Irish drawing-room comedy. There is an almost fatal mimicry in his writing that seems designed to make us say of every page, "How Irish all this is!" He gleefully opens his essay on Joyce by imagining a "spiritualist symposium" on "Finnegans Wake" in which Shaw, Chesterton, Yeats, and an Irish fellow-traveller rake Joyce over, each in his special manner and caught to the very life. You may have a good time with Ussher, and you may not; he writes like a man who certainly enjoys his own jokes.

Still, he sees things that another Irishman would think too familiar to notice and that a foreigner can never even name. Ussher is conscious of "the *emptiness* and the peculiarly electric air" of the country; he thinks that "in Ireland drinking is not so much a weakness of the flesh as a form of flight from the flesh; and the pub is the layman's monastery," but he can also say, "The Irishman, who fears passion, may discover its secret, because he has guarded (even if in a negative sense only) the old religious awe of the body, he is safe alike from sticky sensualism and the beautiful reasonableness of the modern lecture rooms." He is always concerned with the cultural isolation of the country, which can be so stupefying to a visitor but to Irish Catholics is the mark of the country's spiritual strength and to disaffected Irish Protestants a constant challenge to find some belief of their own. Ussher says that he sees in his three subjects "something like a complete truth by which a man can live;" an Irish Catholic would think this statement preposterous or pathetic, but he would recognize the spirit that prompts it. In a wonderful passage on the choice of beliefs open to Protestant writers of Yeats' generation, Ussher says that Yeats' choice of "the modern esthetic aim of self-discovery . . . was common to poets about that time, affrighted by 'materialism' and born too soon for the discovery of the Unconscious—placed chronologically, so to speak, between the rationalism of Shaw and the surrealism of Joyce. For them there were but two alternatives: to join the Roman Church, or to link on with the 'Secret Tradition' of Europe—surviving from pagan times and just then reinforced by a new interest in the religions of India. For the first, Yeats had too much independence of mind, and the drab methodistical Catholicism of Ireland could make no appeal to him. Therefore he chose the second. The same geographical isola-



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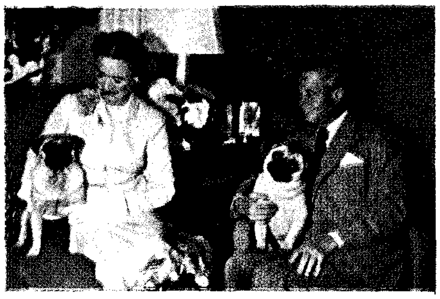

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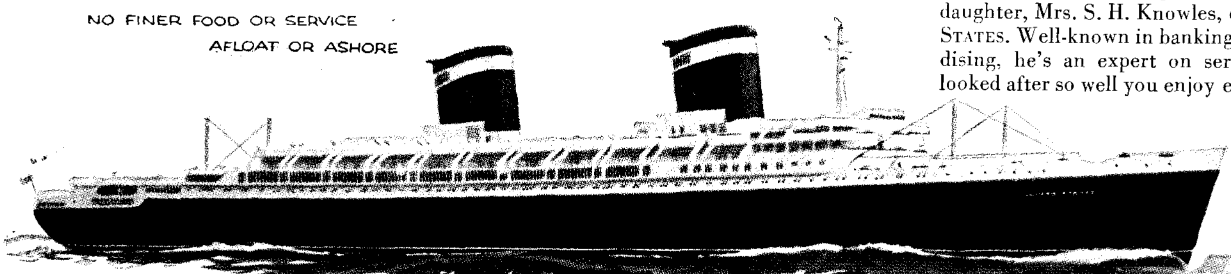

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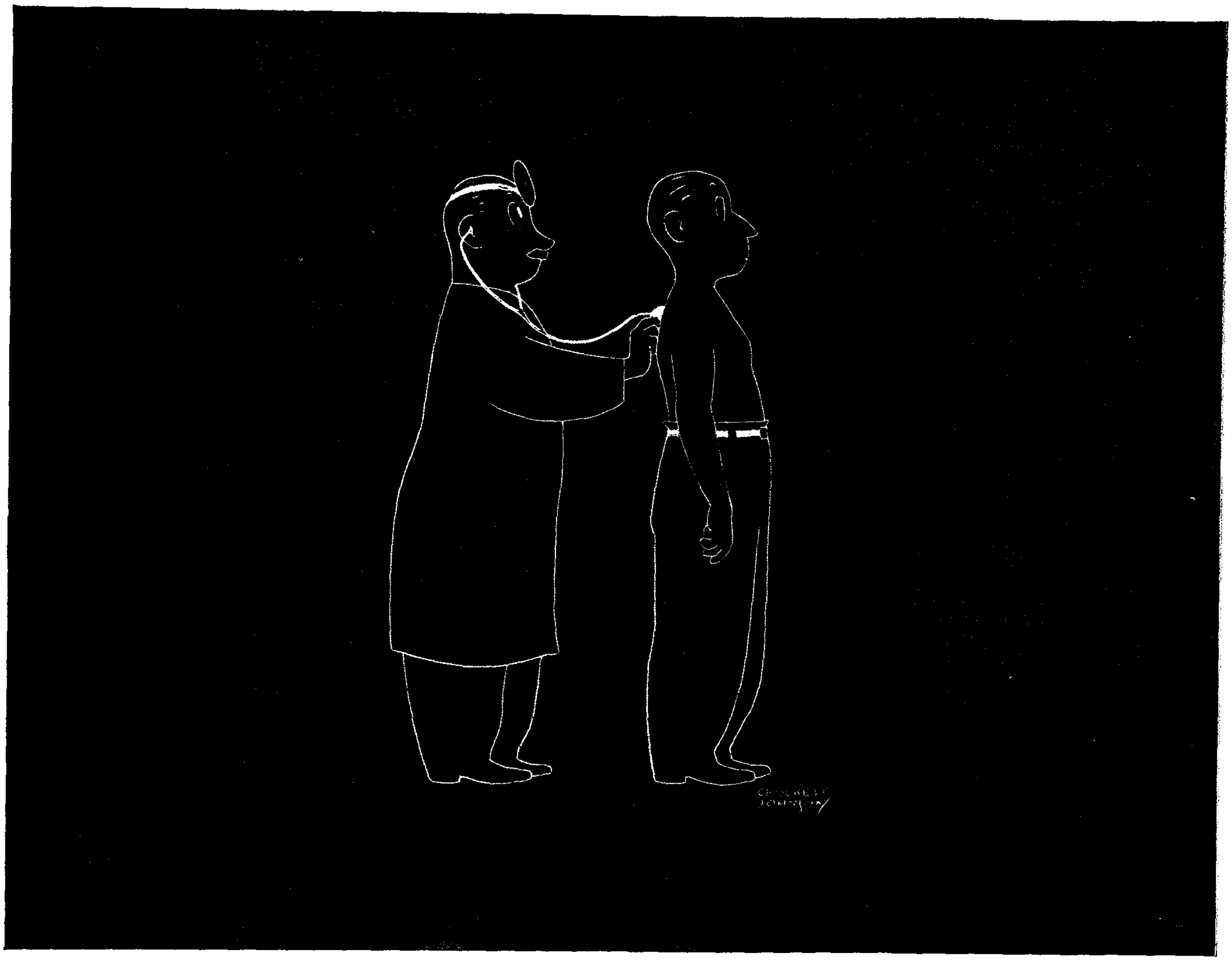

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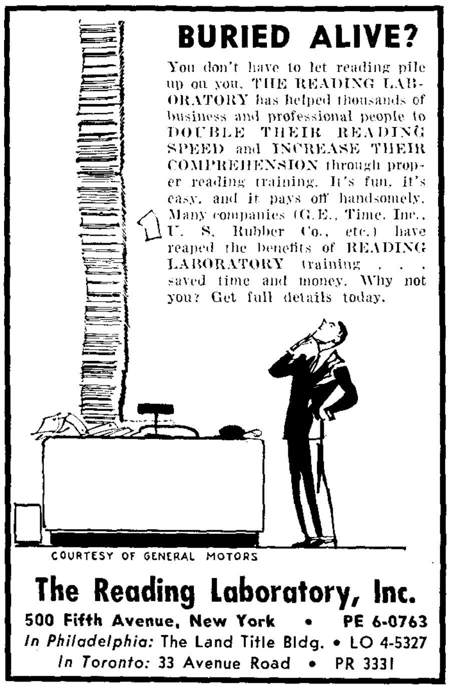

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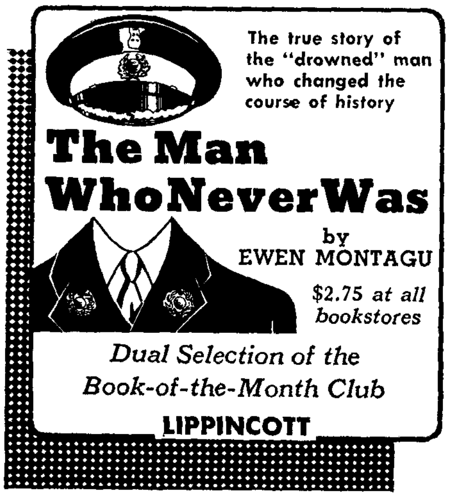

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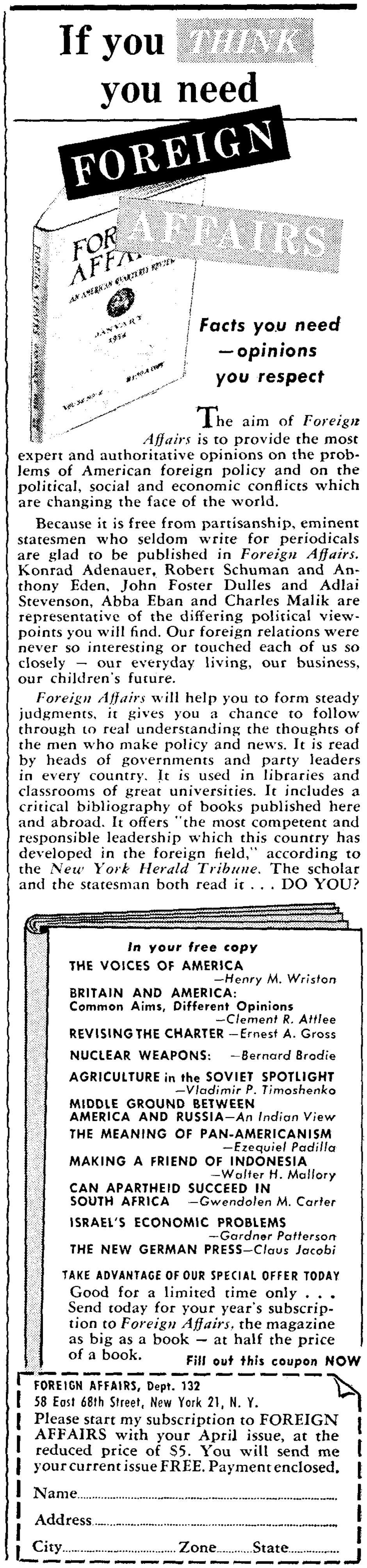
tion which made John Scotus in the ninth century a belated Neoplatonist made W. B. Yeats in the nineteenth century a Rosicrucian."

It is not customary in Ireland to call Shaw, Yeats, and Joyce "the three greatest Irishmen of the century." Although it is easier these days in Dublin to praise Joyce than it used to be, it is still easier to praise him than to get hold of his books. Ussher complains that "Catholic Ireland, by and large, has not yet heard of her greatest son—or heard of him only as a squalid expatriate who wrote some blackguardly books in Paris, calling for immediate suppression by the authorities." Ussher is a critical admirer of Shaw, and on the subject of Shaw's appalling tolerance of dictators he remarks that if Shaw had written the Apology of Socrates "he would have turned it—even against his will—into an apology for Socrates' judges." But he honors the one-man revolution that Shaw carried on for so many years, and wishes that "Ireland—land of missionaries—had sent forth a Shaw to every European capital at the beginning of the century; the world today might wear a different aspect. . . . As Wesley saved England from the French Revolution, so Shaw may have saved her from the Russian." And of Yeats, whose work he loves so deeply that he can also laugh a little at the role the man tried to play, Ussher says that he "was always, for good and ill, a little outside of time and space. Yeats should have been, and had dreamed of being, the flower and crown of his nation in its greatest century. . . . This he failed to be: partly because the time of homogeneous nations is gone, partly because he was too little interested in ordinary people to be a popular dramatist. . . . His poems on the Easter Rising—magnificent though they were—seemed to his countrymen aloof and patronising, like unasked-for 'official poems' from a self-appointed laureate. . . . The New Ireland did not see itself in Crazy Jane and Tom the Lunatic. . . . In short, the Irish Leda would have none of the Swan. There were to be burnings enough, but no second Troy, no Irish Homer."

Despite his ability to see these things with an outsider's eye, Ussher *is* Irish. He likes to remind you that the study of Gaelic is an Ussher family tradition, Englishmen and landlords though they may have originally been. He may not be as good on "Ulysses" as certain foreign critics, but he does not have to look up street maps of Dublin in order to explain a detail in Joyce that all the other



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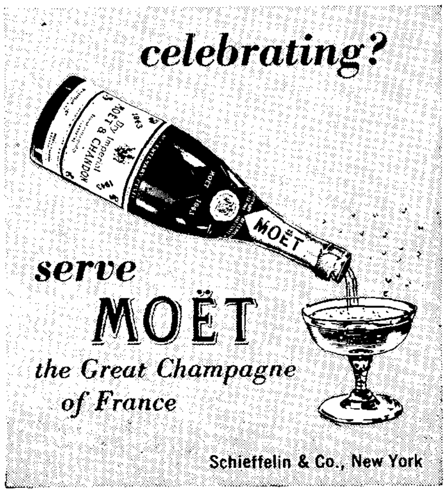

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critics have missed. Ussher has the whole Irish story in his bones; he is defending these "great Irishmen" to the Irish themselves. There are things he does not have to explain. It is always from within a body of common knowledge, though certainly not of common values, that he is trying to get the Irish to take back as their own a Socialist playwright who has been a perpetual scandal to the land of his birth, a poet who restored to the world a vision of Ireland that many Irishmen think quaintly out-of-date, and a novelist who in exile lived so much with his native city that even when he was in Paris at the beginning of the war, "his radio set would be constantly tuned in on remote neutral Dublin, and on no other station."

Although Ussher's purpose is to restore these men to Ireland, he would just as soon not stick to *any* purpose. He is a talker; he will talk about any topic within reach; he will talk himself right out of the subject in hand. Ussher's manner can be refreshing in a time when criticism has departed so far from the fine old tradition of causerie. He has notions about everything; he makes a point of never saying anything on one page that he cannot qualify or take back on another; he will cheerfully interrupt himself at any time to explain Shaw's vegetarianism as a reaction to English cookery or to rewrite a passage from "Finnegans Wake" to show how it should really be done. The vividness of his work recaptures what is in all spontaneous good talk when a man feels himself among friends.

Ussher not only makes a point of never agreeing with himself if he can possibly help it; he has even raised paradox to the status of a method, which he calls "the continually shifting viewpoint." As he explains, "It is not merely that one likes and mislikes, but that one praises and censures for partly the same reasons. This 'ambivalent' approach should need no apology in the age of psychoanalysis and relativity; and it would seem especially well adapted to the study of three characters who, whatever their divergences, were all of them masters of irony—even of 'romantic' irony." This is a fair specimen of a certain literalness and abstractness in Ussher's approach, of a continuous failure to meet his three subjects on their own ground as creative artists. No one would ever guess, from Ussher's account, what is peculiarly original to the work of these men. It is not their practice as writers that really interests him; it is the fact that they are all so Irish. He is talking about

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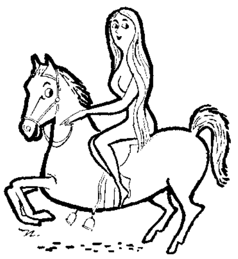

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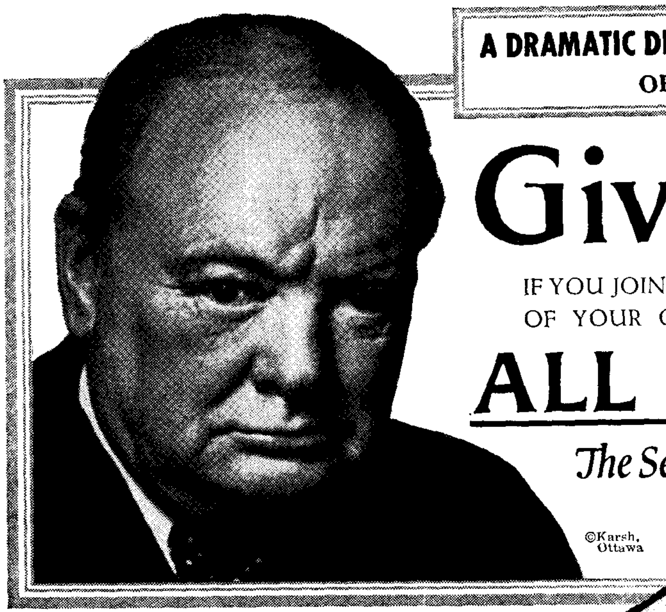
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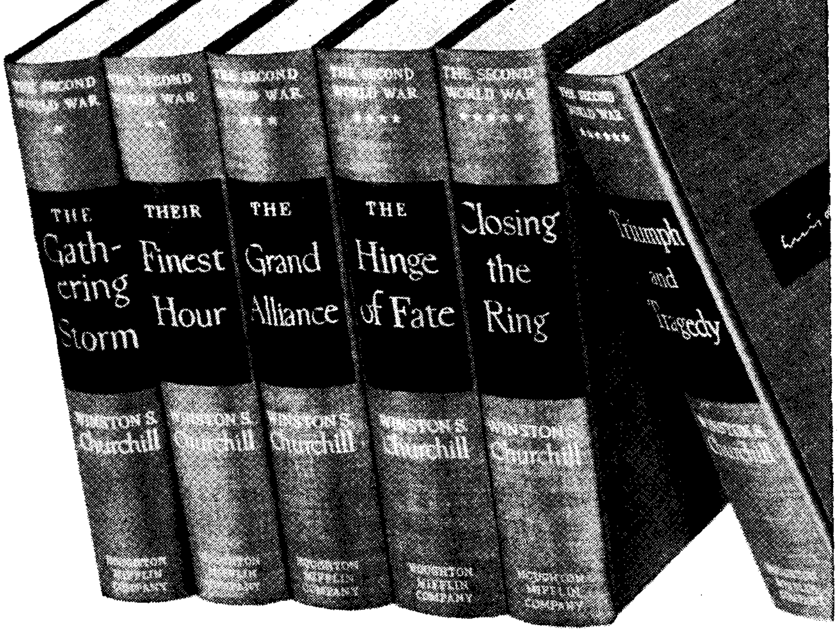

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family matters, and it is always Ireland herself that teases and attracts him back into defining a country that is not entirely his own.

Yet precisely here is the value of Ussher's book for those of us who are not Irish, whose Ireland is a handful of incomparable books that have tempted us so often to find the connection with the country itself, to discover the national secret. Ussher is not of the company he writes about, but he knows the hidden places of the mind they write from. He not only shows us what Ireland is; he can explain what it represents to itself—the horizon, the innermost ideal that puts a literature into motion. No wonder he can say of Yeats that he was "a philosopher of an almost forgotten kind, of a time when truth and beauty grew from the same stem, and were known by the now remote-sounding name of 'wisdom.' Yeats' inhumanity puzzles, repels, and a little frightens, but it frightens us into a sort of metaphysical awareness, like that of a citizen of the 'other world' who returns to tell us its secrets."

—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE, by Egon Larsen (Philosophical Library). The life and times of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, the celebrated eighteenth-century expatriate whom Franklin Roosevelt once linked with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson as one of "the three greatest minds that America has produced." Rumford was indeed a man of extraordinary gifts, and he had an even more extraordinary career. Born in 1753, the son of a backwoods Massachusetts farmer, he was apprenticed at thirteen to a Salem merchant. At nineteen, he was a major in the British Colonial Army. Two years later, at the outbreak of the Revolution, he was one of General Gage's most talented secret agents. At thirty-one, in return for this and other services, he was knighted by King George III. At thirty-nine, having drifted to Bavaria, where he made himself politically useful, he was ennobled by the Emperor Karl Theodor. But Rumford was a great deal more than a resourceful adventurer. In the course of his wanderings, which terminated in Paris in 1814, he invented the soup kitchen, a drip coffeepot, a heating stove, and the modern kitchen range; he conceived and laid out the

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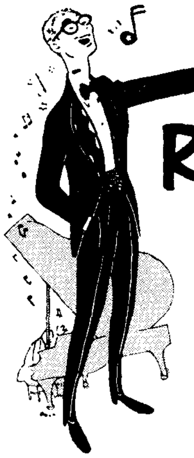

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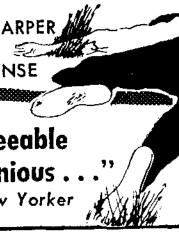

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famous English Garden in Munich; he rid the streets of Munich and Edinburgh of beggars; he pioneered in unravelling the nature of heat; he worked out the first rational system of nutrition; he founded the Royal Institution of Great Britain; he discovered the chemist Humphry Davy; and he established the Rumford professorship of natural science at Harvard. And not only that. As Mr. Larsen makes plain in this brisk, businesslike, and wonderfully entertaining study, he also married and deserted two wives; he had three children, of whom only one was legitimate; he was vain to the point of lunacy; and from beginning to end he was probably the most detestable and detested man of his time. Photographs.

CRATERS OF FIRE, by Haroun Tazieff, translated by Eithne Wilkins (Harper). Another harrowing glimpse of the internals of the earth by the Polish-born Belgian geologist who gave us the recent highly successful speleological thriller "Caves of Adventure." M. Tazieff happened to be in the neighborhood when, in the spring of 1948, two new volcanoes erupted into devastating life in the equatorial highlands of the Belgian Congo, and his government hurried him to the scene to observe and record their birth. In this book, he tells of that experience, which included a scorching escape from a cataract of liquid stone, a cruise on a boiling lake, and a stroll around the lip of an exploding crater, and of several subsequent volcanological pilgrimages, to Nyamlagira, Stromboli, Etna, and elsewhere. He also discusses the nature of volcanoes, some of the more celebrated eruptions of modern times, and the techniques now employed to forecast future upheavals. Maps, drawings, and photographs.

A STUDY OF BOLSHEVISM, by Nathan Leites (Free Press). This is a most thoroughgoing piece of work, and one of great value. The author is not concerned with Communist ideology; what he wants to do is show, by analysis of the writings of Soviet leaders, how the Bolsheviks' minds work in matters of political action, how their code has been formulated, and what its mutations have been over the years. He is especially interested in the transition from the dogmatic bluntness of the Lenin period, when Soviet leaders cheerfully laid their objectives on the line for all to see, to the evasive statements of policy in the published works of the Stalin-

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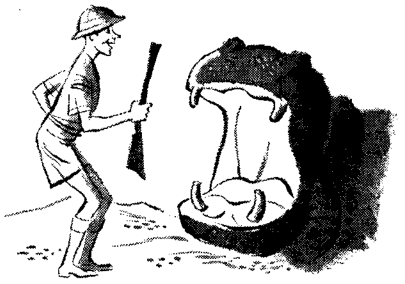
Malenkov era. He deals with the Soviet leaders' attitudes toward violence and toward the masses (and the danger they feel is inherent in any spontaneousness among the masses); their fear of the enemy within; and their techniques for dealing with the outside world—the enemy without. Some of Mr. Leites' conclusions, such as his feeling that the top men in the Kremlin suffer from "unconscious guilt," may be debatable, but it is the material itself and the way he has presented it that count.

The Life and Times of Lucrezia Borgia, by Maria Bellonci, translated by Bernard and Barbara Wall (Harcourt, Brace). A sympathetic study of the sometime ogress of the Renaissance. Like most modern investigators, the author, a young Italian intellectual and feminist, is satisfied that Lucrezia's was largely a case of guilt by association with her profligate parent, Pope Alexander VI, and with Cesare Borgia, her monstrous brother. It is possible, it seems, that Lucrezia had a brief incestuous relationship with her father, it is probable that she had at least one illegitimate child, and it is certain that she had a comfortable sequence of lovers, but as for the rest of the charges—the poisoned cup, the ready dagger, the dark political machinations—they were entirely the creation of contemporary scandalmongers, which Victor Hugo nailed down for posterity in his hair-raising biographical drama. Signora Bellonci supports her indulgent defense with a combination of wit, warmth, and scholarship that could hardly be more persuasive or entertaining.

Raroia: Happy Island of the South Seas, by Bengt Danielsson, translated by F. H. Lyon (Rand McNally). Raroia is the tiny coral atoll in French Oceania on whose tumultuous reef the Kon-Tiki came to rest in August, 1947. Mr. Danielsson, a Swedish anthropologist, was one of the participants in the raft's celebrated voyage, and two years later, accompanied by his wife and in response to a fusillade of invitations from the chief of the island, he beat his way back to Raroia for what turned out to be an eighteen-month visit. In this pleasantly unpretentious book, he attempts, with some success, to recall the feel and the felicity of that languorous immersion in sunshine and blue water. He also describes the easy, irresponsible, but not altogether enviable life of the



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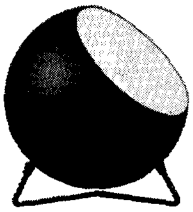

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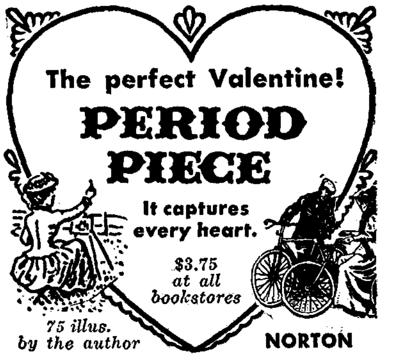

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Raroian natives, the ravelled remnants of Polynesian culture, and such essentials of island economy as the coconut palm, the mother-of-pearl mussel, and the hair-tonic cocktail. Photographs and an endpaper map.

THE SUDDEN VIEW, by Sybille Bedford (Harper). A travel book about Mexico that is unlike any other. Mrs. Bedford, an Englishwoman with almost feverishly acute perception and strong-willed prejudices, can be witty and funny without seeming to try; she saw the gaudy Mexico of the tourist guides, but she also saw the sombre violence, the cruelty, and the underlying ignorance and insouciance. She was constantly aware of the country's "nasty history," too, and devotes several digressive but pithy and illuminating passages to it. The latter half of the book mainly centers on a leisurely visit to the hacienda of a ruined feudal gentleman, where she met a handful of American and English expatriates who sound like strays from a novel by Norman Douglas. A delightful, unclassifiable, and shimmering book.

THE PILLOW-BOOK OF SEI SHŌNAGON, translated by Arthur Waley (Grove). A new and elegant translation of the fragmentary diary of a tenth-century Japanese noblewoman. Shōnagon was at once a beauty, a wit, and the favorite lady in waiting of the Empress Sadako, and in this record, presumably prepared for her own delectation, she notes with the fragile ferocity of that most decadent time the triumphs—amorous, intellectual, and political—that she was able to achieve. Since many of her entries are reports of conversational exchanges in the allusive, rose-petal verbal poetry required of medieval Japanese courtiers, the result is not only an unusual period trifle but an enchantingly lyrical one as well. Mr. Waley has provided a historical introduction and a helpful commentary.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE PAGAN GODS, by Jean Seznec (Pantheon). An English translation by Barbara F. Sessions of a work, first published in French, in 1940, that pursues the Greek and Roman divinities through their mysterious transformations in art and literature from, roughly, the fall of Rome to the Renaissance. Some of these metamorphoses are as odd and beguiling as anything in Ovid: Andromeda becomes a dromedary through a translator's error; Mercury's winged feet are turned in-

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to a bird flying between his legs by careless and ignorant copyists; Perseus exchanges Medusa's head for the head of the demon Gûl after a sojourn among Arabic manuscripts. M. Seznec, who seems to be an art historian at heart, has produced his book as a scholarly demonstration of the view—often identified in this country with Erwin Panofsky—that there was far more continuity between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance than has been generally recognized. However, most readers will be primarily interested in this volume as simply a big handsome book full of beautiful illustrations. It is all of that.

THE PORTABLE RENAISSANCE READER, edited by James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin (Viking). Attempting to represent the Renaissance in a pocket-size volume is, as the editors acknowledge, "in many ways like attempting to pack the crown jewels into a hatbox," but this is an impressive job. By keeping English contributions to a minimum and ignoring such famous chestnuts as More's "Utopia" and Machiavelli's "The Prince," they are able to include such unexpected and varied delights as pieces of unbuttoned autobiography by Leon Battista Alberti and Girolamo Cardano; Johannes Kepler's cynical horoscope for himself; some first-hand documents of the Peasants' War in the Tyrol; an account by Pope Pius II of the logrolling that brought him the papacy; and a note from Leonardo da Vinci to the Sultan of Turkey asking for a job (this letter turned up very recently). Altogether, one of the best anthologies in an excellent series.

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[Howard Hughes] owns a controlling interest in RKO, one of the world's largest motion-picture studios. (Since he bought it, he has been seen inside it exactly once, at midnight. He walked through the enormous, deserted plant, said, "Paint it," and drove away. It was painted.) —*"The Howard Hughes Story," by Stephen White, in Look.*

Howard Hughes runs one of Hollywood's major motion picture studios. But he has never been inside it.

He confirmed that long-circulated suspicion in a rare personal interview, sitting in his inexpensive, 4-year-old car on a darkened airfield in a driving rain.

Had he ever been on the RKO lot, which he has bossed for years?

"I have never been in the place," said Hughes.—*A.P. dispatch, by James Bacon, in the Post.*

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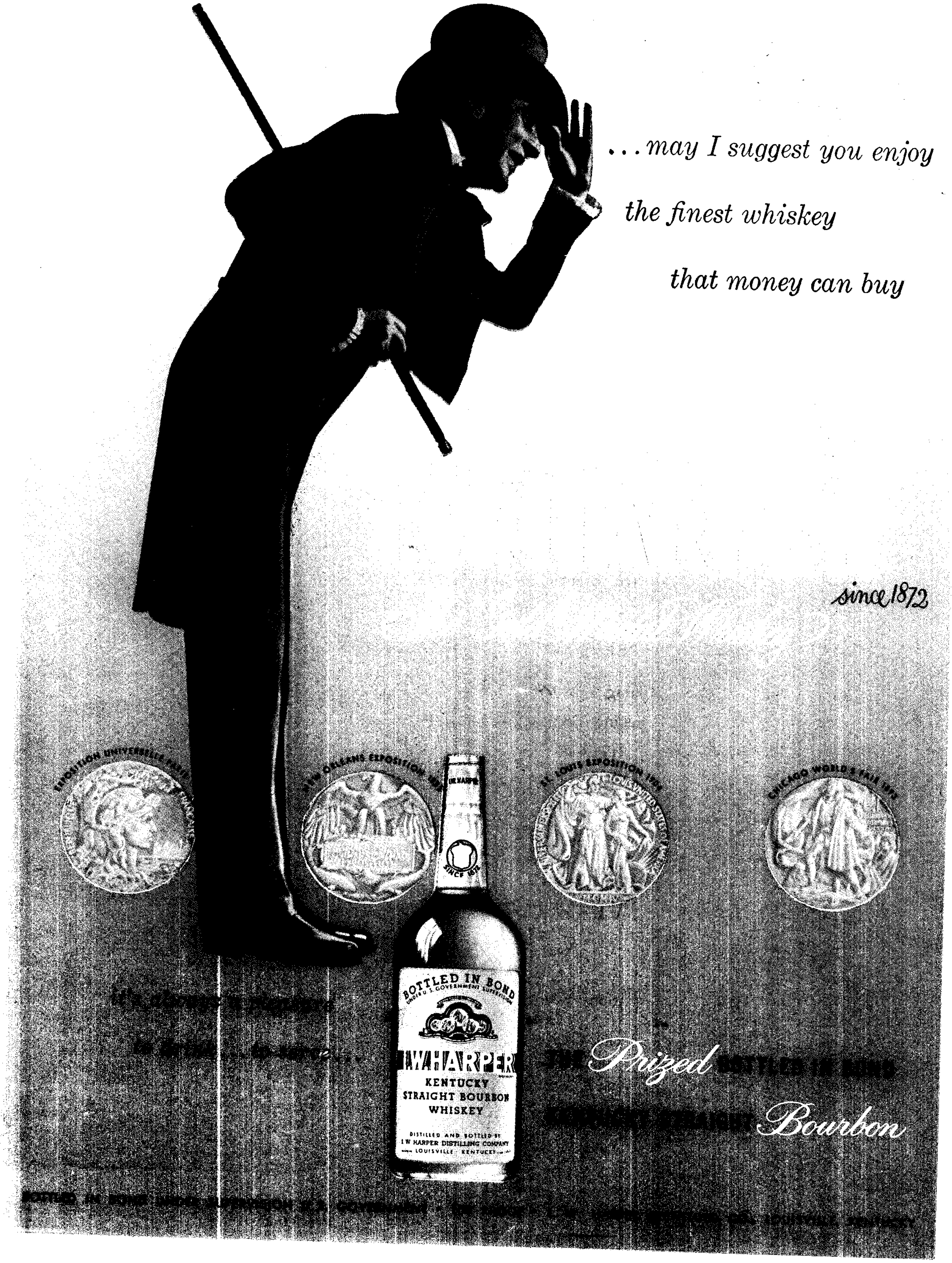
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